THE WORKS OF VIRGIL,

Translated into

ENGLISH VERSE.

By the Right Honourable

RICHARD, late Earl of LAUDERDALE.

------ *Sequiturque Sequentem.* Æn. xi.

The Second Edition.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by W. BOWYER for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the *Temple-Gates* in *Fleetstreet*.

THE WORKS OF VIRGIL.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

G. R. III. BR. MUS.

Vol. I.

Mr. Dryden's *Dedication before* Virgil's Æneis.

THE late Earl of *Lauderdale*, *ſays he*, ſent me over his New Tranſlation of the *Æneis*, which he had ended before I engag'd in the ſame Deſign. Neither did I then intend it; but ſome Propoſals being afterwards made me by my Bookſeller, I deſir'd his Lordſhip's leave that I might accept them, which he freely granted, and I have his Letter to ſhew for that Permiſſion. He reſolv'd to have printed his Work, which he might have done Two Years before I cou'd have publiſh'd mine: And had perform'd it, if Death had

had not prevented him. But having his Manuſcript in my Hands, I conſulted it as often as I doubted of my Author's Senſe: For no Man underſtood *Virgil* better than that learned Nobleman. His Friends have yet another, and more correct Copy of that Tranſlation by them, which had they pleas'd to have given the Publick, the Judges muſt have been convinc'd that I have not flatter'd him.

N.B. *In this Edition the Reader will find what uſe Mr.* Dryden *made of this Tranſlation: The Lines marked thus* " *being entirely borrowed, and thoſe marked thus* ' *with little Variation.*

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I.

OR,

TITYRUS and MELIBOEUS.

The Argument.

Virgil, *in the Person of* Tityrus, *declares his own good Fortune, and extols the Goodness and Generosity of* Cæsar. *On the other hand, he introduces* Meliboeus, *who complains that his Estate is confiscated, and himself driven into Banishment.*

MEL. NDER a Beech, supinely laid along,
Thou, *Tityrus*, enjoy'st thy rural Song.
While we're despoil'd of all our pleasant Fields,
And banish'd those Delights our Country yields.

Thou, *Tityrus*, canst quietly possess
Thy charming Mistress, all her Beauties praise,
And make the echoing Woods resound thy Lays.

Tit. This soft Retirement some kind God bestow'd,
At least, I always shall esteem him God,
O *Melibœus!* I'll my Firstlings bring,
And make the tend'rest Lambs his Offering.
Do you not see my Cattle wand'ring roam
At their own pleasure, yet come safely home?
He 'tis that suffers them to go astray,
And me upon my rural Reed to play.

Mel. I envy not so much your grateful Ease,
But wonder rather at your present Peace.
Since all our Fields are with Confusion spread,
And dire Distraction sits on ev'ry Head.
Your Eyes may read in me a just Complaint,
That with my Goats alike, am fit to faint.
This, *Tityrus*, you find, won't travel on,
And that just cast her Twins on the bare Stone,
'Mong the hard Flints, upon that barren Rock.
She lost her young, the hope of all my Flock.
But why thus long ha'n't we these Ills foreseen?
Such Ills as these have seldom on us been.
Tho' Fate foretold oft, by the boding Crow
From hollow Oaks struck by the Light'nings glow,
Which we were then too ignorant to know.
Now, prithee, *Tityrus*, come tell me true,
Who was this friendly God so kind to you?

TIT. I truly was so much a silly Clown,
To think that Town call'd *Rome* just like our own;
Where Shepherds, such as we, us'd keep the Fair
With sucking Lambs we wean'd, and sold off there.
So Whelps like Bitches, Kids like their Dams we see,
And Little things with Great compar'd may be;
But *Rome* o'er all mounts her aspiring Head,
As Groves of Cypress top the bending Reed.

MEL. But what cou'd tempt you to the sight of *Rome*?

TIT. My Liberty long slighted, lately came
And visited my Sloth, with quick'ning Flame.
After gray Hairs adorn'd my Beard like Snow,
She came at last, tho' all her Steps were slow.
But since my *Amaryllis* I adore,
And *Galatea*'s left, I think of her no more;
Link'd while I lay in *Galatea*'s Chain,
I never thought of Liberty again;
But careless of my Flocks, my Cattle stray'd,
Tho' all my Sacrifice was duly paid,
With choicest Cheeses the richest Cream affords,
No Money came to fill my House or Hoards.

MEL. I wonder much to thy lov'd *Mantua* why
So oft thou call'd'st the Gods with mournful Cry,
Why the lov'd Fruit upon the Trees so long
For *Tityrus*' absence still ungather'd hung;
For thee, the Springs their Mother Fountains leave;
For thee, the winged Groves their Motion wave.

Tit. What wou'd you have me do? Break my own Chain,
Or else the Gods, by whom we live, prophane?
Have I not seen the Youth, my *Melibœus*, here,
Whom we with Incense serve each Lunar Year?
He 'tis has answer'd ev'ry kind Desire;
Bid, mind my Tillage, and in Peace retire.

Mel. Thou art a happy aged Man t'obtain
Thy spacious Farm, tho' but a marshy Fen,
Or barren Soil; 'tis thy old Pasture where
Thy Flocks can graze, without distrust or fear
Of neighb'ring Cattle to infect them there.
Happy old Man, 'mongst thy frequented Streams,
Where the green Sallows shade from scorching Beams,
And *Hybla*'s Bees a grateful Balsam yield,
Sweet as the Slumbers of the fertile Field.
Where from steep Cliffs, shrill Linnets stretch their Throats,
And Turtles, from high Elms, complain in mournful Notes.

Tit. First nimble Deer on empty Air shall feed,
And on the naked Shore Seas leave their finny Breed;
The Sun-burnt *Parthian* drink the rapid *Rhosne*,
Or droughthy *Germans* to the *Tygris* run;
Each Nation to each others limits fly,
E'er his lov'd Image in my Bosom die.

Mel.

MEL. But some of us must wander *Africk* o'er,
Rest on those parched Sands, or *Scythia*'s Shore,
Or else *Oaxis*' rapid Streams explore.
At length on some divided Land be hurl'd,
As *Britain* is from all the other World;
Might I but hope ev'n at the end of Time
To visit once again my native Clime;
Once my poor Cottage Roof of Sods to see,
I have admir'd, and thought a Royalty?
But now our new Improvements Soldiers seize,
And barb'rous Troops our hopeful Crops possess.
Thus we may see what Civil Discord yields,
And for whose use we till'd our fruitful Fields.
Go, *Melibœus*, now. Wretch that I was,
To prune my Vines, or plant the Peary Race.
My once dear Flock, my Goats, I bid adieu;
No more shall I on Banks and Cliffs for you,
Extended, watch how you in safety go,
When climbing heights, or feed on Shrubs below.
I to my Flock no more shall sing soft Strains,
As I was wont when grazing on the Plains,
Or lead them where luxuriant Trefoil grows,
Or on the Sallow's bitter Rind to browze.

TIT. With me this Night a homely Lodging take,
A leafy Carpet for your Bed I'll make;
New Cheese and Chesnuts are our Countrey Fare,
With mellow Apples for your welcome Chear.

See from those Shepherds Cots the Smoke arise;
The length'ning Shade of yonder Hill descries
The Night's approach, as Light forsakes the Skies.

PASTORAL II.

OR,

ALEXIS.

The Argument.

In this Pastoral, the Poet, shadowing himself under the Person of Corydon, *complains of the Coyness and Disdain of* Alexis; *and resolves to forget his fruitless Passion, and betake himself once more to his former Business.*

ALEXIS Charms fire *Corydon* the Swain,
But his Lord's Joy checks all his Hopes again:
Yet he frequents the shady Beechen Grove,
And in the lonesome Covert sighs his Love.
To Woods and Mountains softly does complain,
While all his studious Words are spent in vain.
Cruel *Alexis!* thou neglect'st my Song,
Shew'st no Compassion to my warbling Tongue,
But let'st me perish e'er thou hear my Wrong:
Now to the cooling Shades our Cattle fly,
And in their secret Holds the Lizards lie.

Now

Now *Thestylis* prepares some savoury Meat
Of Garlick, Thyme, and od'rous Herbs to eat,
Such as refresh the Reapers fir'd with Heat.
Whilst in the scorching Sun thy Steps I trace,
The merry Insect whistles on apace,
In ev'ry Copse and ev'ry shady Place.
Had I not better born my Mistress Frown,
And all her haughty Looks have undergone?
Nay, better born *Menalcas'* slighting Air,
Though he was black, and thou so charming Fair.
My pretty Boy, depend not on a Face
Too much, for Beauty's but a flatt'ring Glass.
The fairest Flow'r often neglected lies,
When many gather up the Blackberries.
I am despis'd: Nor does *Alexis* care
What Man I am, from whom I come, or where;
How rich in snowy Cattle I abound:
My thousand Lambs roam on *Sicilian* Ground.
I want no Milk in Winter's pinching Froft,
And my full Pails in Summer I can boast.
My Notes are sweet, as were *Amphion's* lays,
When he near *Thebes* tended his Flocks to graze.
I'm not so ugly, for I've lately seen,
My Face in the calm Ocean, when serene;
I fear not *Daphnis*, tho' thy self were by
To judge, my Glass can't always give the Lye.
Oh! wouldst thou but inhabit with me here,
Pleas'd with a homely House and Countrey Fare,

I quick-

I quickly cou'd diverting Paſtime find,
To ſhoot the Stag, or hunt the ſwifter Hind.
The goatiſh Herd drive to the Mallow Buds,
Or imitate with me *Pan* piping in the Woods.
Pan, who firſt taught us to conjoin our Reeds,
Pan, who protects the Sheep, their Maſters feeds.
What wou'd *Amyntas* not have done t'have known,
That Muſick thou wilt ne'er repent to own?
I have a Pipe of ſeven Reeds compact,
Damœtas gave me as his dying Act;
And ſaid, Thou'rt the next Owner of this Reed;
Fooliſh *Amyntas* envy'd this his Deed.
Beſides, I ventur'd for too little Goats,
Whoſe downy Skins were fleck'd with ſilver Spots.
They ſuck two Ewes each Day, which for thy ſake
I keep; tho' I've been aſk'd a Gift to make
To *Theſtylis*, which now I ought to give,
Since thou diſdain'ſt my Preſents to receive.
Oh beauteous charming Boy! come here and ſee;
Baskets of Flow'rs the Nymphs cull out for thee:
Lillies and pale-look'd Violets they bring,
And the fair *Naids* crop the early Spring.
The fragrant Sweets with artful Hands they join.
Where Poppey-heads and Daffodils combine.
Caſſia and Dill are added to the Store.
With Cowſlips, Marygolds, and many more
In order wove, a Garland to compleat,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Flow'r, and ev'ry Sweet.

But Nectarines and Peaches I admire,
And Chesnuts which my *Amaryllis* does desire:
Plumbs too, and Apples do deserve our Praise,
And you, O Bays and Myrtles, crown our Lays,
Because you gratefully your Odours raise.
But *Corydon*'s a Swain, his Bribe's too poor,
Alexis scorns his Gifts, his Master can give more,
Thou striv'st in vain to offer all thy Store.
Alas! what wou'd'st thou do? leave all astray,
Let Storms thy Garden spoil, or Flow'rs decay;
Or in thy Meadows let the savage Boar
Pollute thy Springs, and thy tender Plants devour;
What dost thou fly? the Gods themselves do dwell
In Shades; and *Paris*' Court was but a Cell.
Let *Pallas* live in Cities she has made,
We are far happier in the Sylvan Shade.
The Lion hunts the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid,
The wanton Goat on Trefoil loves to feed:
So *Corydon Alexis* does pursue,
And ev'ry Man the Pleasure in his view.
Behold the Bullocks now their Labours end,
And the declining Sun the Shades extend,
Yet raging Love burns my desiring Breast,
For where's the Cure to give a Lover rest?
Ah *Corydon!* thou homely hopeless Swain,
What foolish Madness has possess'd thy Brain?
That on the Elm, thy Vine luxuriant spreads,
Or else below's o'er-run with Leaves and Weeds;

Better

Better do something to divert thy Mind,
With bending Twigs the limber Branches bind:
What if *Alexis* shou'd disdain thee still?
If he's not kind, thou'lt meet with others will.

PASTORAL III.

OR,

PALÆMON.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS and PALÆMON.

The Argument.

A Contention arising between two Shepherds, which of them could sing best, a Challenge ensues, and Palæmon *is chosen Judge; but leaves the Victory undecided.*

MEN. IS this, *Damœtas*, *Melibœus'* Herd?

DAM. No, *Ægon's*: *Ægon* lately made my Ward.

MEN. Unhappy Flock! that never can be blest,
Whilst he *Neæra* harbours in his Breast,
Burns with a restless Fire of Jealousie,
And fears more favours are bestow'd on me.
This stranger Swain permitted here to keep
The Flock, twice ev'ry Day milks the poor Sheep:
Thus

Thus of their Milk he cheats the tender Lambs,
And of their Food defrauds their bleating Dams.
DAM. Be ſparing how you charge with Crimes unknown.
But ſtill remember thoſe that are your own,
We know what you committed too, and where,
When the He-Goats look'd on your wanton Fare;
We know where you profan'd the ſacred Place,
Though the Nymph's pardon'd with a ſmiling Grace.
MEN. Then I believe that was in *Micon*'s Ground,
When cutting of his Vines, I was in Roguery found.
DAM. Rather beneath yon aged Beach's Bough,
Where you broke *Daphnis*' Arrows and his Bow;
Which when you ſaw giv'n to the Lad again,
The obſtinate *Menalcas* did complain;
For ſo unluckily thy Youth begun,
Thou dy'dſt that Day ſome Miſchief was not done.
MEN. What may not Maſters do at this fine rate,
When ſuch a ſawcy Fool as you ſhall prate?
Did I not ſee you when you went about
To lay a Snare for honeſt *Damon*'s Goat,
Till the Dog bark'd aloud, and I cry'd out,
Where runs the Rogue? *Tit'rus* look to your Flock?
Then 'twas you fled and ſculk'd behind a Rock.
DAM. Why did he not then pay the Wager gain'd,
The Goat by Conqueſt fairly was obtain'd;
My Voice and Muſick did o'er his prevail,
And in my Poetry I did excel:

The

The Goat was mine, you knew not that before;
This *Damon* own'd, but durſt it not reſtore!

MEN. Thou vie with him in Poetry, poor Swain!
Whoſe wretched Pipe cou'd never play one Strain;
Some Ballad Tunes perhaps thou might'ſt compoſe,
Or elſe ſome diſmal Verſe far worſe than Proſe.

DAM. Let us both try our Skill, what each can do,
I'll ſtake this Heifer, do'nt refuſe me now;
She brings her Milk twice to the Pail each Day,
Suckles two Calves beſide. What is your Wager? ſay.

MEN. I dare not venture any of my Flock,
My Father and Step-Mother know our Stock:
Twice ev'ry Day themſelves a Reck'ning keep,
One counts the Kids, the other tells the Sheep.
I've ſomething I can ſafely ſtake you down
Since you brag thus, will equal yours, you'll own;
I'll lay my beechen Bowl, a Work divine,
Made by *Alcimedon*, of *Jove*'s great Line,
Who turn'd with wondrous Art theſe various Shapes,
The leafy Vine, pale Ivy, cluſter'd Grapes.
Betwixt theſe two, *Conon*, and who d'y' call
The Man whoſe Arms ſuſtain the World's great Ball;
Inſtructs the Hind when 'tis fit Time fit to ſow,
When beſt to reap, or when he ought to plough?
This ſacred Cup is cleanly kept and neat,
That ev'n my Lip has not defil'd it yet.

DAM. Two Bowls by the ſame skilful Hand I've turn'd,
The Handles round, and with green Leaves adorn'd,

Of

Of ſoft *Acanthus*; in the midſt is plac'd
Orpheus, with dancing Trees around him grac'd:
My Bowls are not leſs cleanly kept, or neat,
Nor has my Lip ever defil'd 'em yet.
What ſay you to the Heifer that I brought?
As for your Bowl you praiſe, I value't not.

MEN. Don't fly me now, I'll meet you where you will,
And let the next Man judge of either's Skill.
Here comes *Palamon* ready to decide,
I'll make a Tryal leſt thou ſhou'dſt deride.

PAL. Here on the tender Graſs ſit down and ſing,
Now Nature has produc'd the verdant Spring:
The Groves with Leaves adorn the Infant Year;
And in their annual Liveries appear.
Damætas then, I'd have you firſt begin,
And you, *Menalcas*, follow every Strain;
Alternate each your moving Lines rehearſe;
The gentle Muſes love alternate Verſe.

DAM. Almighty *Jove* my Muſe ſhall firſt revere,
He clothes the Earth, for *Jove* is ev'ry where,
And makes our Songs his own peculiar Care.

MEN. Me *Phœbus* loves, he is the God I own,
And with my Bays and Hyacinths will crown.

DAM. My wanton Jade pelts me with Apples round,
Then ſcowrs the Lawns, but yet wou'd fain be found.

MEN. My Miſtreſs is more kind, we meet alone,
Not *Delia* to our Dogs is better known.

DAM. I've mark'd the very Place in yonder Field,
Where I obſerv'd two cooing Stock-Doves build;
Theſe I deſign a Preſent for my Love.

MEN. I've done the beſt I can, my Dear to move,
Ten Golden Pippins, all my Stock, I've ſent,
My Boy gets more to Morrow for the ſame Intent.

DAM. How oft have we, claſp'd in each others Arms'
Made the Grove echo *Galatea*'s Charms?
Ye Winds convey each Word of what ſhe ſaid,
See to the Gods that ev'ry Word's convey'd.

MEN. What profits it, or what can I expect,
Altho' *Amyntas* does me not neglect?
The ſavage Boar ſhe hunts with eager Chace,
And if I hold the Net, that's all my place.

DAM. This is my Birth-day, let my *Phyllis* come,
Iolas, when I make my Harveſt-home.

MEN. *Phyllis* to all the World I muſt prefer;
She wept ſo, when I took my leave of her;
A ſhow'r of gentle Tears at parting fell,
My fair *Iolas*, thus ſaid ſhe, Farewel.

DAM. Wolves 'mong the Flocks, Winds in the Woods we fear,
And raging Storms to blaſt the fruitful Year,
But *Amaryllis*' Frowns more dreadful are.

MEN. In fertile Dew the tender Blade delights,
And the green Shrub the wanton Kid invites.
The Cattle love on ſallow Stalks to feed,
But I the lov'd *Amyntas* only need.

DAM.

DAM. *Pollio* admires our Countrey Songs to hear,
The Muſes for their Gueſts a Calf prepare.
MEN. *Pollio* himſelf does oft new Songs compoſe,
Feeds for his Uſe a Bull that dreads no Foes,
But ſpurns the Sand and ſtrait prepares for Blows.
DAM. Who loves thee, *Pollio*, all thoſe Bleſſings ſhare
Sweet Honey yields or Myrtles which thy Hedges bear.
MEN. Whoever hates not *Bavius* ſorry Rhyme;
With *Mævius* Verſe will pleaſe himſelf in Time;
Who can do that as eaſily may ſtroke
The Rammy Goat, or ſubtle Foxes Yoke.
DAM. You that on cover'd Beds, or ſhady Bow'rs,
Gather the Strawberry and fragrant Flow'rs,
Beware, Oh ye unheedful Youths, alas!
The deadly Snake oft lurks within the Graſs.
MEN. Be not too raſh, but ſpare the ſluggiſh Sheep,
And from the dang'rous Banks in ſafety keep,
That ev'n the Ram himſelf his Fleece may dry.
DAM. O *Tityrus*, quickly from the River fly,
And drive thy well-fleſh'd Kids in time away,
I'll waſh them in the Spring ſome other Day.
MEN. Drive Home the Ewes, my Lads, leſt Heat reſtrain
Their Milk, as late we preſs'd their Dugs in vain.
DAM. How lean my Bull in this fat Paſture looks?
This Love deſtroys the Shepherd and his Flocks.

MEN. Love ne'er can be the Cauſe why they're ſo lean,
Their pointed Bones ſtrike thro' the cleaving Skin,
Sure ſome ill Eye has on my Lambkins been.

DAM. Tell me, and thou my Oracle ſhalt be,
Where Heaven's meaſur'd but by Fathoms three.

MEN. Tell in what Countrey, Princes Names are known
By Flow'rs inſcrib'd, and *Phyllis* is thy own.

PAL. I not pretend this difference to decide
You both deſerve the Calf you can't divide;
Though each alike to other fairly prove,
You both have felt the Pangs and Sweets of Love:
'Tis high time now, ye Swains, your Strife to ceaſe,
The fated Meads deſire to be at Peace.

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

POLLIO.

The Argument.

The Poet celebrates the Birth of Saloninus, *Son of* Aſinius Pollio, *who was born ſoon after the taking of* Salonæ *in* Dalmatia.

THE Paſt'ral Muſe takes now a nobler Flight,
Not all in humble Countrey Cotts delight;

If

If *Sylvan* Shades we praiſe in Ruſtick Strain,
Ought not thoſe Shades to fit a Conſul's Reign?
The time is come, the *Sybils* long foretold,
And the bleſt Maid reſtores the Age of Gold,
In the great Wheel of Time before enroll'd.
Now a great Progeny from Heav'n deſcends,
The ſacred Babe is born, Mankind defends;
From the old iron Age of Sin makes free,
And gives again the golden one of Liberty.
Oh chaſte *Lucina!* aid th' auſpicious Birth,
Thy own *Apollo* governs now the Earth.
Thee Conſul *Pollio* crowns this glorious Year,
Led on by thee our happy Days appear:
If any Steps of ancient Crimes remain,
That ſaving Hand ſhall waſh the guilty Stain,
And free the fearful World in thy bleſt Reign:
The Life of Gods he lives, and lives to be
Mix'd with the Hero's of Eternity.
They ſhall behold his Glories with delight,
Who rules the ſinful World by his great Father's Might.
To thee, ſweet Babe, the Earth until'd, ſhall yield
The choiceſt Product of the fruitful Field;
Berries or Ivy creeping ev'ry where,
The *Ægyptian* Bean, or Flow'rs that Night-ſhades bear;
The Goats diſtended Udders home convey,
Herds fearleſs of the Lion freely ſtray;
Around thy Cradle fragrant Flow'rs ſhall ſpring,
And the old Serpent loſe his fatal Sting.

No pois'nous Juice the treach'rous Plant ſhall bear.
But Myrrh and Frankincenſe be ſcatter'd ev'ry where.
Soon as the Youth the Hero's praiſes knows,
His Father's Actions, and to Virtue grows;
Unſown the Fields ſhall ſpring with yellow Corn,
And cluſter'd Grapes hang on the ſpiky Thorn,
The firmeſt Oak a gummy Dew ſhall yield,
And Honey ſweet as from the Flowry Field.
Some Tracts of former Frauds will ſtill remain,
And ſome will venture the falſe Waves again.
Some ſpacious Towns with lofty Walls ſurround,
In Furrows, ſome divide the unplough'd Ground.
Another *Typhis* then ſhall live again,
And *Argo* waft bright Heroes o'er the Main,
Another War ariſe, which will employ
The great *Achilles* once again at *Troy*.
But when full Age thy manly Vigour ſhows,
The Sailor then his dear-lov'd Sea foregoes;
The Merchant trades no more with Goods abroad,
But ev'ry place with ev'ry thing is ſtor'd.
The Ground unharrow'd lies, unprun'd the Vines,
And Bullocks reſt unyok'd by able Hinds.
The Wool ſhall not deceive with artful Dye,
But on the Rams a lovely Scarlet lye;
A Saffron yellow all their Fleeces change,
And ſucking Lambs with native Scarlet range!
The Fates agreeing with eternal Doom,
Cry'd thus, May ſuch bleſt Ages ever come:

Go then of Race divine, *Jove*'s high-born Son,
This is the time to wear thy mortal Crown.
And now behold th' unſtable tott'ring World,
Seas, Earth and Heaven in Confuſion hurl'd:
Nature again puts on a ſmiling Face,
And all with Joy th'approaching Age embrace.
O that ſuch length were added to my Days,
Songs worthy of thy glorious Deeds to raiſe,
And render me Immortal as thy Praiſe.
Not *Thracian Orpheus*, ſhou'd with me compare;
Nor *Linus*, were the Father, Mother here;
Calliope, who did the *Thracian*'s Breaſt inſpire;
Or thou great *Phœbus*, *Linus*' lovely Sire.
Shou'd *Pan* himſelf contend for Victory,
And his own lov'd *Arcadia* Judges be,
I know the Conqueſt wou'd be giv'n to me.
Begin, dear Babe, with Smiles thy Mother bleſs,
Ten Months with tedious Qualms thou didſt oppreſs,
But now the World's delight; begin, dear Boy,
Tho' yet thy Parents cannot ſmile with Joy.
No God has yet a Table for thee ſpread,
Or any Goddeſs deign'd to grant a Bed.

PASTO-

PASTORAL V.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

The Argument.

This whole Paſtoral conſiſts of an Elegy and Apotheoſis: Mopſus *bewails the Death of* Daphnis, *and* Menalcas *proclaims his Divinity.*

MEN. SAY, *Mopſus*, why, ſince opportunely met,
We ſhou'd not 'mong theſe Elms and Hazels ſit;
Thou entertain us with harmonious Verſe,
And I thy moving Poetry rehearſe.
MOP. *Menalcas*, you are eldeſt, lead the way
To thoſe pure Shades, where wanton *Zephyrs* play;
Or will you to yon' cooler Cave retire,
Where the wild Vine climbs with its ſpreading Wire?
MEN. *Amyntas* only is thy Match in all theſe Plains.
MOP. But what if he vies with *Apollo*'s Strains?
MEN. I value't not; dear *Mopſus*, firſt begin,
If thou haſt ought of *Phyllis*' Flames to ſing.
Can'ſt *Alcon*'s Praiſe, or *Codrus*' Brawls rehearſe,
Tityrus ſhall feed the Goats: Repeat thy Verſe.

MOP.

Mop. First then, I'll ſing thoſe pleaſing Lines I made,
And pen'd in the green Beech's Bark and Shade;
I form'd that Song for an alternate Voice,
And ſet this task *Amyntas* as my choice.

Men. The Sallows might as well with th'Olive vie,
Or wither'd Spikenard with the Roſes Dye,
As in our Judgment that *Amyntas* dare
With *Mopſus'* Wit and Poetry compare.

Mop. No more of that, enter this Cave, dear Swain,
Where *Daphnis* is attended by a Train
Of Nymphs that mourn the Loſs of ſuch a Swain.
Ye beauteous Flood-Nymphs witneſs, O ye Woods,
When the ſad Parent curs'd the Stars and Gods;
When ſhe embrac'd the lifeleſs Trunk, her Son,
Thus ſhe exclaim'd: Hard Fates! what have I done?
No Herdſman then his Flocks to Water drove,
The Bullocks to the Stream or Covert Grove:
Nor wou'd the Beaſt to pinching Hunger yield,
But quite diſdain'd the Herbage of the Field.
The *Lybian* Lions griev'd for *Daphnis'* Death,
The Woods and Mountains met th' expiring Breath.
Daphnis firſt taught to tame the Tyger's Rage,
To draw his Chariot Wheels did firſt engage:
Daphnis to *Bacchus* new Oblations paid,
When he the Spear with twining Ivy made,

As Vines adorn the Trees, as Grapes the Vines,
As Bulls the Herd, as Corn in richeſt Paſtures ſhines;
So *Daphnis* was the Glory of the Field,
Till cruel Fate compell'd the Swain to yield;
Then *Pales*, happy Goddeſs! left the Plains,
And bright *Apollo* all our rural Strains.
Thoſe Furrows once that noble Barley bore,
Now with wild Oats and Darnel are run o'er.
For Daffodil and ſweeter Vi'let, there
Thiſtles and Thorns, with ſharp'ned Arms, they bear.
Ye Swains, ſpread all the Ground with ſacred Flow'rs,
And o'er your Fountains raiſe ſweet ſhady Bow'rs;
'Twas *Daphnis*' great Command this ſhou'd be done;
That to his Mem'ry we erect a Tomb,
And on it write this juſt Encomium:
Daphnis the Swain o'er all the World renown'd,
Kept a fair Flock, himſelf more fair was found.
MEN. O heav'nly Bard! ſuch are thy charming Lays,
Like Reſt to wearied Travellers they pleaſe,
Or the cool Stream, that to our Thirſt gives eaſe.
Thou'ſt equall'd now thy Maſter's Verſe and Reed.
Fortunate Swain, t' *Apollo* next ſucceed.
Thoſe Verſes which from thee derive their ſtrain,
We will alternately repeat again.
And mount thy *Daphnis* to the upper Skies,
Daphnis who lov'd us to the Stars ſhall riſe.

Mop. What nobler Subject can my Friend rehearse?
The gallant Youth deserves the brightest Verse;
Nay *Stimichon* himself did lately praise
The sweet Composure of these happy Lays.

Men. *Daphnis* with wonder viewing *Jove*'s high Seat,
Saw Clouds and starry Orbs beneath his Feet.
Pan fills the Swains and *Dryads* with the Sight,
The Woods with Joy, the Countrey with Delight.
No more the Wolf lies for the Lamb in wait,
Or Nets are made the nimble Deers deceit,
Kind *Daphnis* loves a rural cool Retreat;
The rugged Hills cast out loud Sounds of Joy,
That with their rocky Tops just kiss the Sky;
The humble Shrubs echo to them again,
And cry, *Menalcas*, he's the God of Men.
Be kind then, *Daphnis*, and auspicious be,
Since we two Altars have design'd for thee,
Two more for *Phœbus* we with joy prepare,
And with new Milk, two Bowls for thee each Year;
Two Cups of purest Oil I do design,
And *Bacchanalian* Feasts stor'd with rich Wine.
Before the Fire, if cold; hot, in the Shade;
My Wine shall flow, and Banquets shall be made;
Damœtas, *Ægon*, both with me rejoice;
Alphesibœus adds his Legs, as they their Voice.
These Rites to thee for ever we will pay
With solemn Vows, on ev'ry Year that Day
The Rustick Deities the Field survey.

Whilst

Whilſt the fierce Boars the Mountain tops delight,
Whilſt Streams the Fiſh, and Thyme ſhall Bees invite,
The Graſhopper on Dew make his repaſt,
So long thy Honour and thy Name ſhall laſt;
As we to *Bacchus*, or to *Ceres* give
Our Countrey Vows each happy Year we live.
So may'ſt thou awe us with thy Power divine;
And make Oblations on thy Altars ſhine.

Mop. What ſhall I give thee for thy grateful Song,
Soft as the murm'ring South Wind, as his Blowing ſtrong,
Pleaſant as Waves that play upon the Shore,
Or a ſwift Rill, the Pebbles gliding o'er?

Men. This ſlender Reed we give to thee again,
Which play'd, *Alexis' Charms fir'd Corydon the Swain*;
Or taught to ask, *Are theſe old Melibœus Sheep?*

Mop. Take thou this Hook, I did on purpoſe keep;
Antigenes ask'd oft, but never cou'd obtain,
Altho' he worthy was of Love again;
This carving Work was of *Menalcas'* Make,
And I eſteem it better for his ſake.

PASTO-

PASTORAL VI.

OR,

SILENUS.

The Argument.

Silenus *ſings the Origine of the Univerſe, according to the* Epicurean *Doctrine; and intermixes in his Song ſeveral of the moſt remarkable Tranſformations that had happen'd in Nature ſince her Birth.*

MY Muſe deſcends to low *Sicilian* Strains,
Nor bluſhes to inhabit on the Plains.
When Royalty or Battels I wou'd ſing,
Apollo kindly clips my ſoaring Wing.
Thus chides, go *Tityrus* home, thou Countrey Swain,
Go feed your Sheep, and mind your rural Strain:
Now I with ruſtick Lays my Warmth purſue,
And on ſoft Reeds my humble Song renew.
For many wou'd great *Varus'* Praiſe rehearſe
In warlike Deeds, who want a noble Verſe.
Nor ſhall I ſing without a juſt Command;
For Love compels, and I obey the Hand:
Each Copſe and Grove ſhall hear of *Varus'* Name,
Nothing more grateful can my Muſe proclaim,
Than on each Tree, and ev'ry Leaf his Fame.

Say, Muſe, how in the Cave the Youngſters found
Ancient *Silenus* ſleeping on the Ground;
His Veins puft up with his Debauch o'er Night,
The Garland from his Head divided quite;
His maſſy Can hung by the Handle down;
The Lads now thought their Hopes at laſt to crown;
For the Old Man had Promiſes beſtow'd
Of Verſes on 'em, when they cou'd him load.
Therefore with his own Laurel Wreaths they bind
His aged Hands; and then the Youths were join'd
By tim'rous *Ægle*, faireſt of her Race;
Who, when ſhe ſaw the *Bacchanalian* rouze,
Bedawb'd with ſanguine Mulberries his Brows.
He ſmiling at the Trick, ask'd; Why thus bound?
Looſe me, my Lads, it is enough you've found;
What Verſes pleaſe you, take; the Debt I own,
I'll pleaſe the Maid ſome other way. Then thus begun:
Now was the time the Ferial Kind were free
From Fear, and Fawns rejoic'd with Liberty;
The ſturdy Oaks their verdant Summits ſhook,
And *Phœbus* danc'd on high *Parnaſſus'* Rock.
He ſung how from the ſpacious Void of Heav'n,
Earth, Air and Fire, and ſtormy Seas were driv'n;
How from thoſe Principles all things aroſe,
And did this beauteous Infant World compoſe;
How Earth condenſing, Seas excluded were,
And by degrees did various Forms appear.

The

The Sun our Wonder next; by whoſe great Pow'rs
Vapours aſcend to Clouds, deſcend in Show'rs;
When firſt the leafy Groves began to play,
And wand'ring Beaſts o'er unknown Mountains ſtray.
Pyrrha's Production next, and *Saturn*'s Reign,
And great *Prometheus*' Puniſhment he ſang.
To theſe, adds *Hylas*; when the Sailors roar,
Echo's to *Hylas* ring from ev'ry Shore.

Happy *Paſiphae*, hadſt thou not Cattel known;
Or ſnowy Bull with fated Love o'ergrown;
What Madneſs, fooliſh Virgin, made thee yield!
Tho' *Prætid*'s Lawns were with falſe Lowings fill'd.
The Bull's ſtill ignorant of thy Deſire,
And fears the Yoke *Paſiphae* did admire.
Unhappy Maid, thou wander'ſt o'er the Hills,
Whilſt he regal'd with Flow'rs, and pleaſing Rills,
Chewing the Cud under ſome grateful Shade,
Or on a moſſy Bank at eaſe is laid;
Doats on ſome other ſhe, among the Drove.
Unhappy Nymphs, ſhut up your wanton Grove;
Permit no Entrance, leſt ſome Wand'rer ſtray,
And lead th' unlucky Bull that fatal way.
Perhaps delighted with the pleaſant feed,
He roves about, and by the Herd is led,
Till he at laſt, ſtrolling around does find
Gortina's Heifer, to his Wiſhes kind.

And now he ſings of *Atalanta*'s Suit,
The wond'rous Virgin, and th' *Heſperian* Fruit;

Of *Phaeton*'s three Sisters bath'd in Tears,
How rising to a Poplar each appears,
Now sings of *Gallus*' Journey to the Streams,
Of clear *Permessian* Springs, and *Phœbus*' Beams
That shine upon him, while the Muse invites
Gallus to see th' *Ionian* Mountain-Heights;
Great *Linus* then in sacred Numbers read,
Veiling his flow'ry Garland, thus to *Gallus* said.
Here, take these Reeds, the Muses by Decree
Gave to old *Hesiod* once, but now to thee.
With these the Poet cou'd their Glory crown,
And stately Trees from lofty Hills bring down;
With these describe *Grynæus*' sacred Grove,
Lest great *Apollo* shou'd some other love.
Why shou'd I sing of *Scylla*, since the Fame
Of her white Rocks, and foaming Seas gains her a Name;
Where tim'rous Pilots dread the cruel Shore,
And bulging Waves, when her fierce Monsters roar?
Next let's of *Tereus* Transformation tell,
And the dire Present made by *Philomel*.
How from his Rage to Deserts she withdrew,
How the bold Ravisher did then pursue,
And o'er her Palace how th'Unhappy flew.
Of these before *Apollo*'d spoken long,
Eurotas heard the old *Silenus*' Song,
Which to the Skies the echoing Valleys rung.
He bids them house their Flocks, and count the Sheep,
While Evening Light does o'er *Olympus* peep.

PASTO-

PASTORAL VII.

OR,

MELIBOEUS.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, and THYRSIS.

The Argument.

This Paſtoral contains another Conteſt of Singing between two Shepherds, on the Subject of Love.

MEL. AS the two *Swains* were driving on the Flock,
Daphnis by chance was ſet beneath an Oak;
Tho' both were join'd, the Ewes were *Thyrſis'* Lot,
And *Corydon's* the full-dugg'd milky Goat.
Both in the Bloom of vig'rous Youth appear,
And both *Arcadia's* happy Shepherds were.
Both Rivals too, in Poetry and Wit,
And each to anſwer th' other was as fit.
But whilſt the tender Myrtles were my Care
To guard from Cold, this happen'd to me here.
The leading Goat of all my Flock did ſtray:
When I ſaw *Daphnis* coming on that way,
And he beholding me again, thus ſaid,
If you're at leiſure, Friend, advance with ſpeed;

Your Goat's not loſt, your Kids in ſafety all;
Therefore ſtay here, if Buſineſs do not call;
Refreſh your ſelf under theſe pleaſant Shades.
The BuHocks come to water through the Meads,
Where wanton *Mincius* cuts his verdant way,
Thro' bending Reeds his winding Currents play.
And in the ſacred Oak the Bees abound
With humming Noiſe that o'er the Fields reſound.
What cou'd I do? *Phyllis* was not at Home,
Nor did *Alcippe* in due Seaſon come,
To ſuckle by the Hand, then from the Dams
Take with great Care, and houſe the tender Lambs.
And now the Match betwixt the Swains begun,
The Rival Swains, *Thyrſis* and *Corydon*:
For this Diverſion I laid all aſide,
While each in Verſe, after the other try'd,
Alternately their Numbers they rehearſe,
For the kind Muſes love alternate Verſe.

Cor. Y' indulgent Muſes, ever fair and young,
Equal to *Codrus*, now inſpire my Song;
He with *Apollo* match'd his tuneful Lays;
But ſince that all Men cannot reach the Bays,
This Reed unworthy me, I here diſown.

Thyr. With Ivy then, ye Swains, your Poet crown,
Let *Codrus* break with Spite his working Brain,
Or praiſe too much, to make his Praiſes vain.
Surround my Brows with *Bacchar*'s powerful Charm,
Leſt ſome bewitching Tongue your Poet harm.

Cor. *Mycon* to *Delia* ſends this wild Boar's-Head,
The Branches of a Stag, as yet, ſcarce dead;
If this ſh' accept, a Statue he will raiſe
Of *Parian* Marble buskin'd to her praiſe.

Thyr. We Curds and Cream to *Priapus* afford
Yearly, as of our homely Gardens Lord,
And can but now in Marble make thee ſhine,
But ſhall hereafter render thee Divine;
If ſtill our Flocks increaſe, we'll form a Mould
And caſt thy Image in the brighteſt Gold.

Cor. Sweeter than *Hybla*'s Thyme, than Swans more fair,
With freſheſt Ivy, *Galatea* may compare.
If thou of *Corydon* haſt any care
When thy fat Bulls are ſtall'd, thou may'ſt come here.

Thyr. May I as ugly to my Miſtreſs ſhew
As he that does *Sardonian* Poiſon chew;
Nay, than the Holm may I much rougher ſeem,
Or ſtink like *Owze* caſt from the ſedgy Stream;
If this ſame Day has not more tedious been
Than any Year my Eyes before have ſeen.
If any Modeſty is left behind;
Go Home and feed thy Bullocks, ſilly Hind.

Cor. Ye moſſy Fountains, Graſs more ſoft than Sleep,
And leafy Shades which you in coolneſs keep,
Protect my Flocks, the Summer heat comes now,
When pregnant Buds ſwell from the ſmiling Bough.

Thyr.

THYR. We have choice Wood, keep ſuch a conſtant Fire
No Furnace yields more Smoke, or mounts up higher;
Cold Northern pinching Blaſts we fear no more,
Than Wolves our Sheep, or torrent Streams the Shore.
COR. The Cheſnut here, and Juniper we ſee,
And Apples ſcatter'd under ev'ry Tree.
Now all things ſmile, but if the beauteous Swain
Forſake theſe Hills, he will the Rivers drain.
THYR. The Fields are parch'd, the wither'd Herbage dies,
And *Bacchus* to the Hills the ſhady Vines denies.
At *Phyllis* coming all the Woods grow green,
And *Jove* deſcends in plenteous Show'rs again.
COR. To *Hercules* the Poplar we aſſign,
To *Phœbus*, Bays, *Bacchus*, the fruitful Vine.
To the fair Goddeſs, Myrtles we allow,
And *Phyllis'* Pride is in her Hazel Bough;
If that's prefer'd to all the *Sylvan* Field,
Myrtle and Laurel muſt to Hazels yield.
THYR. In Groves the Aſh, in Orchards Pines appear,
Poplar near Streams moſt beautiful and fair,
And tow'ring Firs the lofty Mountains bear.
But if fair *Lycidas* ſubmits to me,
Thou 'mong the Trees the well ſhap'd Aſh ſhalt ſee,
And Orchard Pines bend down their Heads to thee.
MEL. Theſe things in Memory I will retain,
And conquer'd *Thyrſis* now contends in vain;
Hence *Corydon* I count the happy Swain.

PASTO-

PASTORAL VIII.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

DAMON and ALPHESIBOEUS.

The Argument.

This Paſtoral has two Parts: The firſt is a Complaint of a deſpairing Lover; the ſecond, A Magical Incantation.

THE mournful Muſe of two contending Swains,
Of ſlighted Love and Witchcraft each complains.
The wondring Cattel quite forget their Food,
The *Lynxes* at their Verſe amazed ſtood;
And the ſwift Flood takes on the Banks his Seat,
While we the Swains rejected Songs repeat.
And thou, great Prince, whether thou paſſeſt o're
Timavus' Rocks or coaſt th' *Illyrian* Shore,
Aſſiſt my trembling Muſe, whilſt I rehearſe
Thy mighty Triumphs in immortal Verſe;
In lofty Numbers bright Ideas raiſe,
Worthy the Buskins of great *Sophocles*.
Receive the Numbers thou may'ſt juſtly claim;
Due to thy great Commands and to thy Name;

And

And ſuffer 'mong thy conqu'ring Laurels now
This humble Ivy to adorn thy Brow.
Scarce had the Shades of Night forſook the Sky,
And the cool Dew on tender Graſs to lie,
When *Damon* to repeat his am'rous Song,
Reclining 'gainſt an Olive thus begun.

DAM. Bright *Lucifer*, thou that prepar'ſt the way
Before the Sun, for the approaching Day,
Go on, whilſt I of *Niſa*'s Perjury complain.
Cry to the Gods for Aid, but all in vain.
Begin, my Pipe, with me, play the *Menalian* Strain.
Man'lus does always hear the echoing Groves,
The lofty Pines, and Swains diſtreſſed Loves.
And active Reeds were ſtill employ'd by *Pan*,
Begin, my Pipe, with me, play the *Menalian* Strain.
Fair *Niſa*'s Charms on *Mopſus* are beſtow'd,
Hopes are for ev'ry Lover now allow'd.
Now may the Horſe and Gryphin friendly greet,
And tim'rous Deer with Dogs at watring meet.
Cut your freſh Torches, *Mopſus*, opportunely made,
You now have got a Wife to light to Bed;
Diſperſe thy Nuts about to pleaſe the Boys,
And ſolace all the Night in Nuptial Joys.
Heſper forſakes his Bed, while I complain,
Begin my Pipe, with me, play the *Menalian* Strain.
You are well match'd, and ſlight the courting Swain,
Whilſt you with Pride my Pipe and Goats diſdain.

Care-

Careleſs, diſtracted now my Looks appear,
My comely Chin o'erſpread with buſhy Hair,
As if the Gods regarded not my Pain,
Begin, my Pipe, with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.
I was the forward Lad, when in our Ground,
Gath'ring of ruddy Apples, you I found,
Though ſcarce arriv'd to thirteen Years of Age,
The yielding Boughs for you I did engage;
But as I look'd I dy'd, and gather'd all in vain,
Begin, my Pipe with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.
I know what Love is now, its Birth muſt be
On horrid *Iſmarus*, or cold *Rhodope*,
Or *Libya*'s Wild ſupplies thy barb'rous Veins,
Begin, my Pipe, with me, begin *Mænalian* Strains.
Dire Love, firſt taught the Mother's Hand to ſin,
And with her Childrens Blood ſhe did begin.
Inhuman Parent! to deſtroy her own,
Was ſhe more cruel, or her impious Son?
The Boy was baſe, her Cruelty remains,
Begin, my Pipe, with me, begin *Mænalian* Strains.
Hence let the tender Sheep the Wolves provoke,
And golden Apples bud upon the Oak,
The Alder bear *Narciſſus*' gentle Flow'r,
And ev'ry Shrub the pureſt Amber pour.
With Swans, the Owls contend on ev'ry Tree,
And *Tit'rus*, *Orpheus*, in the Woods with thee,
The Dolphins with *Arion* on the Main,
Begin, my Pipe, with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.

Let

Let all things find a different Courſe to live,
Ye *Sylvan* Shades, your Verdure ſtill ſurvive,
From yonder Precipice I'll take my Flight,
And drench my ſelf in Floods far from her ſight.
This Legacy beſtows a dying Man,
Ceaſe now, my Pipe, ceaſe the *Mænalian* Strain.
Theſe Words poor *Damon* ſpoke without diſguiſe,
To which *Alpheſibœus* thus replies.
The ſacred Muſes their Decrees can tell,
All Men alike cannot all things reveal.

Alph. Bring me ſome Water here, this Altar fence
Around, with Vervain, Oyl and Frankincenſe,
That by ſome ſacred Magick I may find
A certain way to change his fickle Mind;
Nothing is wanting, but my Charms remain
To bring Home *Daphnis* from the Town again.
For Charms will make the Moon dance from her Sphere,
Ulyſſes Friends by Charms transformed were:
Charms will in Fields, deſtroy the deadly Snake,
And from the Town my Charms bring *Daphnis* back.
Thrice round about his Head three Fillets tye,
Of various Colours and of different Dye,
Thrice round theſe Altars bear his Effigie.
In the odd Count the Gods ſome Pleaſure take,
Then from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.
Three different Dyes let *Amaryllis* bring,
And tye in treble Knots the Magick String.

Then

Then ſay, theſe are Love's myſtick Knots I make,
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.
As Fire melts Wax, or hardens ſtubborn Clay,
So ſhall my Love make *Daphnis'* Heart obey.
Sprinkle the Cake, and burn with ſulph'rous Steam,
The crackling Laurel, *Daphnis* does the ſame,
And I for him this raging Fire maintain,
To bring back *Daphnis* to my Arms again.
Daphnis is ſeiz'd with ſuch deſiring Love,
As a young Heifer that around does rove,
To ſeek the Bull through ev'ry Copſe and Grove.
Near purling Streams, on the green Bank lies down
Loſt to her ſelf, nor thinks the Night comes on,
When to th'expecting Herd ſhe ſhou'd return:
Such is fond *Daphnis'* Love, nor ſhall I eaſe his Pain,
Oh let my Charms from thence bring *Daphnis* back again.
The perjur'd Man theſe Garments left behind,
The only Pledge remaining that he once was kind,
Which after him to Earth ſhall be confin'd.
Theſe Pledges I beſtow for *Daphnis'* ſake,
Then from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.
Mæris on me theſe Magic Drugs beſtows,
Plenty whereof in *Pontus* daily grows:
With theſe into a Wolf he's often chang'd
Himſelf, and in the Woods at large has rang'd:
Often I've ſeen him from the Grave return
Poor wand'ring Souls, that in dark Regions mourn,

Remove to his own Fields another's ſtanding Grain.
Then from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back again.
The ſacred Aſhes *Amaryllis* bring,
And throw them o'er thy Head into the running Spring.
Look not behind, theſe Rites for *Daphnis* are,
Who ſlights the Gods and Philtres we prepare;
Bring back, ye ſacred Herbs, and powerful Charms,
Bring back lov'd *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.
See now the Aſhes round our Altar play,
And of themſelves their trembling Flames diſplay,
Whilſt in ſuſpence I'm kept with his Delay.
I know not what the Omen means, but hark,
There's *Hylax* at the Door begins to bark.
We muſt believe the beſt, as thoſe who love
Their Dreams to their own Fancies ſtill improve.
Then, *Amaryllis*, let's forbear our Charms.
I've brought my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

PASTO-

PASTORAL IX.

OR,

LYCIDAS and MOERIS.

The Argument.

Virgil, *going to retake Poſſeſſion of his Eſtate, was like to have been kill'd by the Centurion* Atius: *Of this he complains in the following Paſtoral, where we find likewiſe ſeveral Verſes in Praiſe of* Auguſtus.

LYC. WHither does *Moeris* thus concern'dly haſte;
That he purſues the Road to *Rome* ſo faſt?
MOER. 'Tis much we have eſcap'd thus far alive;
This Day I thought not, Shepherd, to ſurvive:
When I ſhou'd hear a Stranger ſay; This Ground,
And all theſe fertile Fields by me are own'd:
Be gone, you Raſcals, from this pleaſant Farm;
Diſconſ'late we depart, for fear of Harm.
Since Fortune over all things bears the ſway,
What can remain for us but to obey?
Two fatted Kids to the proud Rogue I bear,
That they may choak him is my conſtant Pray'r.
LYC. I heard indeed from th' foot of that high Hill;
That by degrees deſcends to yonder Rill;

And where the dodder'd Beech hath ſtood ſo long,
Menalcas ſav'd that Land with his diviner Song.

Moer. You heard ſo, and loud Fame proclaim'd it true;
But it was not our Verſe alone wou'd do.
For War, O *Lycidas*, is more ſevere;
And Doves with Eagles might as well compare;
The boding Chough from an old hollow Tree
Advis'd to ceaſe our Strife, and to agree;
Had he not taught us theſe dire Ills t'avoid,
Nor *Mœris*, nor *Menalcas* had this Life enjoy'd.

Lyc. Who could have perpetrated ſuch a Deed,
So cruel, as to make *Menalcas* bleed?
Who of the Nymphs wou'd then bright Songs have made,
The fruitful Soil with fragrant Flow'rs have ſpread,
Or ſhelter'd Fountains with a leafy Shade?
Compoſe ſuch Songs as late from thee I took,
When on our *Amaryllis* thou didſt look,
And with her Beauty charm'd, caſt down thy Hook;
And ſaid, Pray feed theſe Goats for me, dear Swain,
And water them, I'll ſoon return again;
I have not far to go, howe'er take heed
Of that old Ridgling with the Butting Head.

Moer. To *Varus* ſuch like Strains he did rehearſe;
Varus, whoſe Name's worthy immortal Verſe,
If we in *Mantua* can but reſt in Peace;
Ah! 'tis too near *Cremona* for our Eaſe:

But

But if thou canſt preſerve thy *Mantuan* Plains,
Our Verſe ſhall ſoar above the winged Swans.
LYC. So may thy Swarms avoid the *Cyrnean* Yew,
And Milk in plenty from thy Heifers flow;
Begin, if thou'ſt the Gift of Poetry
The Muſes lately have beſtow'd on me.
I have made Verſes too, to fix my Fame;
And all the Swains give me a Poet's Name.
I'm not ſo vain to credit what they ſay;
I can't yet pleaſe my ſelf, in my own way.
Cinna nor *Varus* have vouchſaf'd to hear;
Therefore like gaggling Geeſe 'mong Swans I muſt appear.
MOER. I'm thinking, *Lycidas*, I can rehearſe,
If I remember right, a noble Verſe;
Advance, fair Nymph, my *Galatea*, hear;
What Paſtime is in gentle Streams, declare;
Here Flow'rs the Spring, and there the pregnant Soil
On ev'ry Bank does with freſh verdure ſmile,
Round ev'ry Flood delightful Objects riſe;
White Poplar here the naked Bow'r ſupplies;
And tender Vines compleat the cooling Shade,
Whilſt raging Floods th' unbounded Shore invade.
LYC. Something I heard thee ſing alone laſt Night;
I have the Tune, cou'd I the Words recite.
MOER. Why on th' old *Æra*, *Daphnis*, doſt thou pore?
Since *Ceſar*'s time, that Reck'ning is no more.

'Tis *Cæsar*'s Star, that makes the joyful Field,
And on the Hills the Grape her Purple yield.
Graft Pears for *Daphnis*; After-Ages may
Be glad to crop, and bleſs the joyful Day.
'Tis Time brings all things forth, we all decay;
I when a Boy conſum'd a Summer's Day
In ſinging; but my Voice, alas! is gone;
My Voice and tuneful Notes fled with my Song,
As if I'd ſeen a Wolf; but yet you can,
If you're requir'd, repeat them o'er again.

Lyc. You raiſe my Expectation by delay,
Tho' all the Fields are peaceable and gay.
See all things now ſo much to Reſt inclin'd,
The trembling Leaves ſcarce feel the murm'ring Wind.
And on our Journey we are got half way;
Bianor's Tomb does now its Top diſplay.
On theſe ſtript Leaves here let us ſtretch along;
Here lay the Kids, and ſing a merry Song.
We've time enough to reach the Town by Light;
Or if we fear the gathering Clouds e're Night,
A pleaſant Song will ſhorten much the Road;
Come, let us ſing, I'll eaſe you of your Load.

Moer. Let's mind what we're about, dear *Swain*, forbear;
We ſhall ſing better, when my Maſter's here.

PASTORAL X.

OR,

GALLUS.

The Argument.

The Poet comforts Gallus *for the Loſs of his Miſtreſs, whom he immoderately lov'd.*

YOur Aid, *Sicilian* Nymphs, don't now refuſe
To finiſh this laſt labour of my Muſe.
Something that's worthy *Gallus* I wou'd raiſe,
And Verſe that wou'd the coy *Lycoris* pleaſe;
For who to *Gallus* can deny due Praiſe?
Let not *Sicilian* Floods ſlide under thine,
Or *Doris* intermix her Waves of Brine.
With Love's unhappy Paſſion, we begin;
And firſt, of *Gallus'* croſs Amours we ſing,
Whilſt on the tender Browze our Kids rejoice;
We ſing not to the Deaf: Echo exalts her Voice.
Say, ſacred Nymphs, in what cloſe Copſe or Grove
Were you, when *Gallus* was undone by Love?
Parnaſſus' top, nor *Pindus'* lofty height
Have yet delay'd to eaſe thee of Love's weight.
Th' *Aonian* Spring in mourning Drops appears,
The Laurel weeps, low Shrubs are pearl'd with Tears;

And

And cold *Lycæan* Cliffs his State bemoan,
When on Mount *Mænalus* ſtretch'd out, alone
He lies deſponding on the rocky Stone.
The Sheep around him ſtand, while the bleſt Bard,
Nor ſcorns, nor is aſham'd to be their Ward;
Since on the River Banks the beauteous Boy
Adonis kept his bleating Flocks with Joy.
The lazy Herdſmen, and the Shepherds come;
And from cold Winters maſt *Menalcas* flieth home.
All were enquiring whence ſuch Love ſhou'd be.
The wiſe *Apollo* came to viſit thee,
And ſaid, *Gallus*, what Madneſs can poſſeſs thee ſo?
Thy darling Miſtreſs will a Soldiering go,
And follow any Fool, through Rain or Snow.
Sylvanus comes with Ruſtick Honours crown'd,
Fennel and Lilies do his Brows ſurround;
Here comes th' *Arcadian* God, the mighty *Pan*,
We ſaw beſmear'd with th' Elder berries ſtain,
His bluſhing Cheeks confeſs'd the Purple Grain:
There is no Medium 'twixt Extremes, ſays he;
Love values nothing, but its Liberty.
So barbarous! Humane Tears can never pleaſe,
No more than Flow'rs can ſaturate the Bees,
Or Floods can ſatisfie the graſſy Field,
Or wanton Goats with verdant Brouze be fill'd.
Sighing, he cries, O ye *Arcadians!* hear:
Sing on your pleaſant Hills, for you are happy there;

Grief

Grief by your Songs, bleſt Swains, is beſt expreſt;
And here my Bones may take their peaceful reſt.
When on your ſlender Reeds you ſweetly move,
As formerly, the Paſſions of my Love.
I wiſh like ſome of you I had been bred,
To prune the Vine, or tend the fleecy Herd;
Cou'd I gain *Phyllis*', or *Amyntas*' Love,
Or any other's equal Paſſion move.
What tho' *Amyntas* have a tawny Hue,
The Violet and Bilberry are blue.
Under theſe Shades repoſe; by this cool Spring
Phyllis ſhall crop me Flow'rs, and you, *Amyntas*, ſing.
Lycoris, here are Meads, and there a Grove,
Where I cou'd live with thee, and ever love;
A furious Paſſion hurried me away,
To Arms; and foreign Foes enforce my ſtay.
Whilſt from thy Countrey thou art far convey'd,
I ſcarcely can believe thou thus haſt ſtray'd,
To viſit the cold frozen *Rhine* alone,
And paſs the *Alpine* Snow, and cruel Rocky Stone;
Theſe things without thy *Gallus* thou haſt ſeen,
Oh 'tis my hopes, they have not barb'rous been,
That no chill Blaſts have pierc'd thy tender Mould,
Thy ſofter Feet nor pinch'd with nipping Cold.
I'll go and write ſuch moving Verſe again,
As once I did in the *Chalcidian* ſtrain,
When on the Pipe I play'd of a *Sicilian* Swain;

In

In Woods and ſavage Dens my Loſs bewail,
And to the ſpacious World my Suff'rings tell.
On ev'ry Tree, my Paſſion to improve,
Engrave ſome Token of my conſtant Love;
Make ſuch Impreſſions on the tender Rind,
That as the Letters grow, ſo may our Loves extend;
While to the tops of *Mænalus* I ſoar,
Or chace, among the Nymphs, the furious Boar.
None ſhall prevent me when the Game's in view,
I through the thickeſt Woods the Dogs purſue;
There o'er high Cliffs, or echoing Vales I go,
Or pleaſe my ſelf to draw the *Parthian* Bow.
As if theſe Dangers were the cure for Love,
Or that the cruel God wou'd gentler prove;
Nor Wood-Nymphs now, nor can our Verſes pleaſe,
Nor the once ſoft refreſhing Shades give eaſe.
Our former Labours cannot change his Mind,
Was he expos'd to *Boreas'* bleakeſt Wind;
Travell'd o'er Hills, whence coldeſt Froſts do blow,
Drank the chill Ice, or lay in *Scythian* Snow.
Nor wou'd he alter, ſhou'd he dying ſee
The juicy Grape, parch'd, on the ſpreading Tree.
Shou'd we to Southern Climes our Flocks remove;
Love conquers all things, and we yield to Love.
Thus much the Poet thought to ſing of Love,
Whilſt he was ſet, and Oſier Baskets wove:
Ye ſacred Muſes, make this Song divine;
For *Gallus'* ſake let ev'ry Accent ſhine.

His

His am'rous Flame ſpread ev'ry Hour as far
As the green Alders ſhoot each each vernal Year.
Let's riſe, the Shade's too dark, it hurts the Eyes;
Juniper Shades our tender Fruit deſtroys.
Go home, my Goats; my well-fed Kids be gone;
The Evening Shades advance, and Night draws on.

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

BOOK. I.

The CONTENTS.

This Book begins with the Epitome or Subject Matter of the Four Georgics. Next follows the Invocation of the Rural Gods, to whom the Poet joins Auguſtus Cæſar; *a new kind of Flattery in thoſe Days, which* Lucan *in his* Pharſalia, *and* Statius *in his* Thebais *did ſince that time abuſe with more Immodeſty in Praiſe of* Nero *and* Domitian.

The Book it ſelf contains Six Parts;

The Firſt treats of the different Ways of Labouring and Improving the Ground, according to the Nature of the Soil.

The Second, of the Riſe and Original of Agriculture and Tillage.

The

The Third deſcribes the Inſtruments of Tillage.
The Fourth contains the proper Seaſons for Labouring, and other Rural Works.
The Fifth gives an exact Account of the Prognoſticks of the Weather, both from Natural Obſervations and from Aſtronomy.
The Sixth deſcribes and relates the Prodigies that foreran, or followed Julius Cæſar's *Death.*
To all which the Poet adds (by way of Concluſion) a Prayer for the Safety of Auguſtus Cæſar, *and the Proſperity of the* Roman *Empire.*

FIELDS to improve, and when to till the Ground;
How creeping Vines to lofty Elms are bound;
To breed great Cattel, and the Bleating kind;
What Art or Nature hath for Bees deſign'd:
My Muſe, *Mæcenas*, now begins to ſing.
Fountains of Light, from whom the Seaſons ſpring,
Bacchus and *Ceres*, ſince your Pow'r Divine,
'For Acorns gave us Corn, for Water Wine.
I ſing your Gifts, ye *Dryads* of the Plain,
'Ye *Fauns*, propitious to the lab'ring Swain,
Favour my Lays: Great *Neptune* of the Main,
Who by thy mighty Pow'r, and Trident's Force
Did'ſt raiſe on *Athens'* Shore the warlike Horſe
Thou Guardian of the Woods, and Sylvan Toil,
Whoſe milky Droves crop *Ceа*'s fertile Iſle:

If *Manalus* and *Tegea* be thy Care,
Great *Pan*, leave *Lycaan* Groves, and to my Aid repair.
Minerva, (for to thee we Olives owe)
Oſiris, who invented'ſt firſt the Plough;
Sylvanus, who mak'ſt *Cypreſs* Trees to grow:
Ye Rural Gods, who guard the teeming Earth,
And who by nurſing Show'rs the new-form'd Grain bring forth.
Cæſar, ſince thou with Fate and Pow'rs above,
Conceal'ſt the Sphere thy Deity ſhall move:
Wilt thou to Cities or to Thrones give Law?
Or Corn, and Corn-producing Seaſons awe?
With Myrtle crown'd to *Thule* o'er the Main,
With *Thetis* Rule, and over Sea-men reign?
Wilt thou, a heavenly Sign, the Zodiack grace,
Betwixt *Erigone* and *Scorpion*'s place?
Who now to ſtraiter Bounds his Claws confines,
And more than half of all his Heav'n reſigns.
What God above thou art deſign'd to be,
(For Hell dares never hope a King like Thee,
Nor thy great Soul with ſuch a Throne agree)
Tho' dreaming *Greeks Elyſian* Fields admire,
And *Trivia* ſlights her Mother's kind Deſire.
Proſper my bold Attempt, and eaſe my Pains,
Pity both me and the laborious Swains:
Conduct us ſafe through this unbeaten Way,
And uſe your ſelf to hear us when we pray.

The

The Spring returning, when the Snowy Hills
Unveil their Tops, and ſwell the gentle Rills;
When Weſtern Winds diſſolve the mellow Soil,
My well-fed Bullocks, then begin your Toil;
Then to the Yoke your brawny Shoulders yield;
Then let the ſhining Plough-ſhares cleave the Field.
Of Winter-Grain, that's ſown in fallow Mould,
Twice warm'd by Summer, and twice nipt by Cold,
Your Granaries will ſcarce the Product hold.

But e'er you untry'd Grounds begin to plough,
The reigning Winds and Climates Temper know;
Find out the Nature of the Mould with Care,
And what is proper for each Soil to bear.
This Corn produces; there, rich Wines abound;
Here, Fruit-Trees laden Branches hide the Ground;
Without manuring, there, kind Nature yields
Luxuriant Paſtures, and the graſſy Fields.
On *Tmolus'* Hill you ſee the Saffron grow,
And Ivory where *Indus'* Streams o'erflow;
Sabæan Shrubs weep Incenſe, Balſam, Gums;
The Martial Steel from *Chalybs'* River comes;
The Beaver-Stones on *Pontus'* Shores are found;
Olympick Mares feed on *Epirus'* Ground.
To ev'ry Land great Nature hath aſſign'd
A certain Lot, which Laws eternal bind:
E'er-ſince *Deucalion* through the empty Space
Threw Stones, and rais'd Mankind's obdurate Race.

Rich Grounds plough ſtrongly when the Year's begun,
Expoſe the Clods to dry with Summer's Sun;
In Autumn ſlightly till your barren Land;
Leſt choaking Weeds the ſpringing Seed command,
Or nurſing Sap forſake th' unfruitful Sand.
By Intervals your Grounds forbear to ſow,
That ſo the Mould by Reſt may harder grow:
Or change your Seed, and for each Crop of Wheat,
A Crop of Vetches, Peaſe, or Beans repeat.
Flax, Oats, and Poppys burn the tender Soil,
Yet, ſown by turns, they'll recompence your Toil.
As Reſt, and Change of Seed Advantage yield,
Throw Dung and Aſhes on your hungry Field,
From burning of the Soil great Profit's found,
When crackling Stubble flames through barren Ground.
The Earth from thence, by Nature's ſecret Laws,
Some ſtrengthning Nouriſhment or Virtue draws;
Or, purg'd by Fire, which hurtful Moiſture drains,
Or for the fruitful Sap unlocks her Veins:
Or, if too wide, by raging Flames confin'd,
Reſiſts *Apollo*'s Beams, and blaſting Wind.
He, who with Rakes and Harrows breaks the Clods,
Is bleſt by *Ceres* and the Rural Gods:
Who, with a conſtant and unweary'd Hand,
Manures the furrow'd Ground, then ſmooths the Land,
Shall, Monarch-like, the ſtubborn Soil command.
To Pow'rs Divine, ye Plough-men, make your Pray'r,
That Summers moiſt, that Winters may be fair:

For

For dusty Winters chear the teeming Earth,
Which Loads, instead of Crops of Wheat, brings forth.
Such kindly Seasons are to *Mysia* giv'n,
Thus *Gargarus'* Fields are blest by bounteous Heav'n.
Shall I next sing the Swain, (the Seed once sown)
Who breaks infertile Clods; and then lets down
The gentle Streams, or from a Hillock's Brow,
In burning Heats, makes rapid Torrents flow;
That through the Pebbles roll with murm'ring sound,
The Corn refresh, and cool the thirsty Ground?
Or sing of him, who, when the Furrow's Height
The Corn has reach'd, lest bounteous Nature's Weight
O'ercharge the Root, with careful Hand off tears,
And in the Blade crops the luxuriant Ears?
Or here relate the Plough-man's Toil and Pains,
Who from his stagnate Ground the Moisture drains
In Spring and Harvest, when the swelling Floods
With muddy Slime o'erflow the tepid Clods?
While Men and Cattel thus bestow their Pains,
The bitter Endive's Shade, *Strymonian* Cranes,
And rav'nous Geese are hurtful to the Grains.
'Twas *Jove*, who Tillage first uneasy made,
And turn'd the Gift of Nature to a Trade:
He mortal Breasts provok'd to Care and Pain,
And banish'd Sloth from his more active Reign.
Before his time the Ground no Plough-men till'd;
The Land no Masters knew, nor Bounds the Field;

For all lay common; And the lib'ral Earth,
Solicited by none, for all brought forth.
He Serpents arm'd with Stings, taught Wolves to prey,
And with loud Tempeſts ſtorm'd the quiet Sea.
Honey, which drop'd before from Leaves of Trees,
He hid in Flow'rs; new Labour for the Bees.
He harmleſs Fire to flinty Rocks aſſign'd,
And Streams of Wine to cluſter'd Grapes confin'd.
Arts to invent, enur'd Mankind to Toil,
To earn their Living from the ſtubborn Soil.
Then Boats of hollow Trees depreſs'd the Streams;
The Stars the Sea-men number'd, gave them Names;
Theſe which compoſe the *Bull*, and which the *Bear*.
Men then invented, for ſmall Beaſts, the Snare:
Hounds for the nobler Game the Woods beſet,
With Birdlime caught the Fowl; for Fiſh the Net
In Pools they threw, or in the Ocean wet.
Men then found out the uſe of murd'ring Steel,
And Oaks the rugged Saw for Wedges feel.
Thus uſeful Arts invented were of old,
And Want and Labour made Invention bold.
When to Mankind *Dodona* Aid deny'd,
Nor Fruit, nor Acorns for their Food ſupply'd;
Then bounteous *Ceres* Mortals Tillage taught,
That heavenly Bleſſing Curſe and Labour brought.
For Mildews blaſt the Stalks, and rot the Seeds,
The Land's oppreſs'd with Thiſtles, Burrs, and Weeds;

Thick

Thick Briars, Brambles, choak the riſing Grain,
And o'er the Fields wild Oats and Darnel reign.
With Rakes and Harrows *Ceres'* Foes purſue,
Implore the Gods for Rain and kindly Dew;
And ſound away the Birds who Corn invade;
With Pruning-hooks lop off the leafy Shade,
Or you in vain your Neighbour's Wealth ſhall mourn,
And for your former Food to Oaks return.
Next ſturdy Plough-mens needful Tools I ſhow,
For without theſe they neither reap nor ſow.
And firſt of all, the Plough's unweildy Load,
Next *Ceres'* Wains, which ſlowly beat the Road,
Flails, Sleds, and Hurdles by King *Celeus* found,
And Harrows, dragg'd with Toil thro' labour'd Ground,
With *Bacchus'* myſtick Vans: All theſe prepare
In time, wou'd you the rural Glories ſhare.
Young Elms with skilful Force in Copſes bow,
To form the Handles which muſt guide the Plough:
The Beam of eight Foot long to theſe is join'd,
The Head, the maſſy Sock, and Mould-board bind:
Plough-tails which turn the Wheels of Beech, the Yoke
Of Lime, and both are try'd by Fire and Smoke.
Moſt of the Ancients Rules I could declare,
But that you ſhun theſe meaner Cares to hear,
Your thraſhing-Floor delve, mix with Clay, and beat
With Rollers ſmooth, leſt, parch'd by Summers heat,

It chap and cleave, or noiſom Weeds ariſe:
For Crouds of Foes invade the Plough-man's Joys.
There Field-mice keep their Stores, and there the Mole
(Condemn'd to Darkneſs) blindly works her Hole.
Such Earth-born Vermin ev'ry where are found;
The Toads in little Caverns taint the Ground;
The Corn-devouring Weaſels here reſide,
And Ants foreſeeing Age, for Want provide.
Conſider well the Almonds in the Wood;
If Buds and fragrant Flow'rs the Branches load,
Your Seed that Summer yields a mighty Crop;
But if ſuperfluous Leaves the Boughs o'ertop,
That Year your Thraſhing-floor you beat in vain,
Nor ought but Chaff and Straw expect for Grain.
Many, I ſee, to aid the tardy Soil,
Their Seed with Nitre mix, and Lees of Oyl,
To fill the Husks deceive the Lab'rers Toil:
When nicely pick'd, they next expoſe to heat
At gentle Fires the hurtful Sap to ſweat;
Yet that degenerates, unleſs with Care
You cull the faireſt Seed for ev'ry Year.
Thus cruel Fate on all things here below
Imprints Decay, and all muſt backwards go.
To ſtem a Tide thus eager Sea-men ſtrive,
Yet if they ſlack their Hands, there's no Retrieve,
But down the Stream with Violence they drive.

Beſides

Beſides, the Ploughman I no leſs adviſe,
To mark the days, the *Kids* and *Dragon* riſe,
And when *Arcturus* ſhines in Northern Skies;
Than thoſe who homewards make their foaming way,
Through *Helleſpontus'* Oyſter-breeding Sea.
When *Libra* holds the Beam of equal height,
Weighs Shades with Day, and Darkneſs with the Light;
Then till your Grounds, and Winter Barley ſow,
Till cold December's bluſt'ring Tempeſts blow:
Poppy and Lineſeed, when the Glebe is dry,
Be ſure to ſow, and watch an Iron Sky.
Sow Beans and Cinque-foil in a mellow Soil,
And Millet, ſpringing from your annual Toil;
Then when the *Bull* unlocks the op'ning Year,
When backward *Argo*'s Star forſakes the Sphere.
If you deſign a mighty Crop of Wheat,
Firſt in the Weſt let faireſt *Maia* ſet;
With riſing *Phœbus* let her Siſters hide,
And the bright *Crown* adorn great *Bacchus'* Bride.
The Harveſt ended, ſow and truſt your Hope
To ling'ring Clods, for the ſucceeding Crop.
Who ſow before the *Pleiades* go down,
Shall ſee to Chaff their Expectation blown.
But wou'd you Faſel and poor Vetches ſow,
Or wou'd you have *Egyptian* Lentils grow;
Begin when fair *Calliſto* downward bends,
And ſo continue till Mid-winter ends.

The

The Sun the World by equal ſhares maintains,
And through twelve Signs, inſhrin'd with Glory, reigns.
The Heav'ns five Zones divide, the midmoſt burns
With glowing Heat, while ſcorching *Phœbus* turns:
On either Hand the two Extremes bend low,
Congeal'd with Ice, and never-melting Snow;
From bounds of chilling Cold to fiery Heat,
The Gods have for poor Mortals fixt a Seat;
The Zodiack, croſs theſe two, in Oblique Line,
Where twelve Celeſtial Signs, incircled, ſhine.
Two Poles the Globe turns round; this ſeen to riſe
O'er *Scythian* Hills, and that in *Africk* Skies;
This ſhines o'er head to thoſe in *Europe* dwell,
That to th' Antipodes and ſhades of Hell:
Round this the *Dragon's* ſpiral Volumes glide,
Which River-like the *Northern Bears* divide,
Who dread their Bodies in the Waves to hide:
Round that, uninterrupted Night ſuſtains
Her gloomy Empire, and in Silence reigns;
Or when *Aurora* from our Heaven declines,
Thither ſhe flies, and in full Splendour ſhines:
So when her Courſers breathe our Morning Rays,
There *Heſperus'* pale Fires ſhut up the Days.
From hence we may uncertain Seaſons know,
Both when to reap the Grain, and when to ſow;
When we may truſt the raging of the Sea;
When well-arm'd Navies may their Sails diſplay:

The

The proper time to fell and tumble down
Tall Pines, which ſhade the lofty Mountains Crown.
Obſerve the Planets and the Stars with care,
Both when they riſe, and when they diſappear:
Mark how the Seaſons in their turns ſucceed,
Which in four Parts the circling Year divide.
By Winter kept at Home, the Swains prepare
To ſave their Labour, when the Days grow fair:
He Plough-ſhares grinds; he hollows Troughs, and Barks;
His Sacks he numbers, and his Cattle marks:
This Hedge-ſtakes makes, this Forks, this ties the Vines,
And this for Baskets bending Willows twines.
Now dry your Wheat, and now with Marble grind.
Nor are the Swains on Holy-days confin'd
From all their Toils, Law and Religion yield
Your Grounds to water, and to fence your Field;
To ſet the Snares for Birds, or Brambles fire;
To waſh your Sheep, if ſo their Health require:
To drive your Aſs to Town with Fruit and Oil;
Whence Pitch, and Hand-mills load him Home with Toil.
For Work and Labour ev'ry changing Moon
Gives lucky Days; the fifth be ſure to ſhun:
It gave to *Pluto* and the Furies birth,
On it *Typhœus*, born of teeming Earth,
Japetus and *Cœus* were brought forth,

And

And *Titan*'s cruel Race, ſo bold to dare,
T' invade the Skies, and 'gainſt the Gods make War.
Oſſa by them on *Pelion* thrice was thrown;
Olympus thrice did lofty *Oſſa* crown;
Jove thrice with Thunder ſtruck the Mountains down.
Next to the tenth, the ſev'nth to plant the Vine
Is lucky, then unbroken Bullocks join;
'' Then Weavers ſtretch your Stays upon the Weft:
' The ninth for trav'ling's good, and ill for Theft.
' Some Works by cool of Night are better done,
' Or when the Dew prevents the riſing Sun.
' Parch'd Meadows, and dry Stubble, mow by Night;
Then moiſture reigns, which flies *Apollo*'s Light.
Some watch, and Torches ſharp with cleaving Knives,
Till late by Winter Fires; their careful Wives
To eaſe their Labour, glad the homely Rooms
With chearful Notes, while weaving on their Looms;
Or they in Kettles boil new Wine, and ſkim
The Dregs with Leaves, when they o'erflow the Brim.
But reap your yellow Grain in glowing Heat,
And on your Floor with ſcorching *Phœbus* beat.
When Days are clear then naked till, and ſow,
In lazy Winter Lab'rers lazy grow;
For that's a jovial Time, when jolly Swains
Meet, and in Feaſting waſte their Summer's Gains.
' As Seamen come to Port from ſtormy Seas,
'' Firſt crown their Veſſels, then indulge their eaſe.

Yet that's the time to gather in the Wood,
Berries of Bays, or Myrtles ſtain'd with Blood;
Olives or Acorns, your Fore-fathers Food.
Set Gins for Cranes, with Toils the Stags incloſe;
Then hunt the Hare, with Slings purſue the Does:
Then, when the Fields are cover'd o'er with Snow,
And Icy Cruſts on rapid Rivers grow.

Shall I Autumnal Stars and Signs relate,
When Days grow ſhorter and the Heats abate?
Or ſhall I here inſtruct the lab'ring Swain
How to foreſee what Storms in Harveſt reign?
Or when their Show'rs the ſpringing Seaſons end,
And ſtanding Corn, like waving Surges, bend,
And Ears of Wheat their Husks with Milk diſtend?
Oft have I ſeen the Farmer to the Field
His Reapers lead, while they crook'd Sickles wield,
And graſp the brittle Stalks; with dreadful ſound
The jarring Winds range the whole Compaſs round
And by the Roots the Stem tear from the Ground:
While Eddy-winds with tow'ring whirlings bear
Aloft the lighter Straw through troubled Air.
Then a prodigious plump of ſhoreleſs Floods
Breaks from the Sky, and burſts high gather'd Clouds.
The Heav'n deſcends, and deluges the Plain,
And renders all the Bullock's Labour vain,
The unreap'd Seed is bury'd once again.
Torrents and Rivers ſwell with hideous Roars;
The boiling Ocean beats the trembling Shores.

Amidſt the gloomy Horror, *Jove*, from high,
His Lightning flings through the tempeſtuous Sky;
And ſhakes the mighty Globe, while Man and Beaſt
Fly, or fall down, with ſudden Fears oppreſt:
'Gainſt *Rhodope* he flaming Thunder throws,
Ceraunia's ſtruck, and ſteep Mount *Athos* glows:
The Storms roar louder ſtill; the Foreſts round,
And neighb'ring Shores repeat the diſmal ſound.
If this you fear, obſerve the Monthly Signs,
And Planets Aſpects, when their Virtue ſhines,
Join'd in direct, oppos'd in oblique, Lines.
See to what Houſe cold *Saturn*'s Beams repair,
Or where *Cyllenius* points his erring Star:
But firſt of all, Immortal Pow'rs adore,
With annual Rites great *Ceres* Aid implore,
With joy her Altars on the Graſs reſtore.
When grizly Winter with his Storms is gone,
And Spring returns with the returning Sun;
When Lambs are fat, then *Bacchus* crowns the Bowl,
When Trees ſhade Hills, then Sleep relieves the Soul:
Then you and all your Village Neighbours join,
And offer Honey, mixt with Milk and Wine,
To *Ceres*' Name; in ſolemn Pomp lead thrice
Around the Fields the deſtin'd Sacrifice.
With all your Rural Train in Chorus ſing,
And to your Homes with Vows the Goddeſs bring:

Nor

Nor is it lawful to unload the Ground,
Till you perform thoſe Rites with joyful ſound,
And, dancing, ſing her Praiſe, with oaken Garlands crown'd.

Yet that you may by ſure Remarks foreſee,
Heat, Rain, and bluſt'ring Wind; by *Jove*'s Decree,
The monthly Circlings of the Moon foreſhew,
The Signs forerun when Winds deſiſt to blow:
And if the prudent Farmer heed this Law,
He will his Cattel near his Stables draw.
But, e'er the Winds extend their threat'ning Voice,
From lofty Mountains comes a ruſhing Noiſe:
The Ocean works, and ſwells, and beats the Shore,
From far the Foreſts ſend a murm'ring roar.
Then Ships can ſcarcely live in rolling Waves,
Soon as the Ducker diſtant Billows leaves,
And ſtretches to the Land with piercing Cry,
When to the Sandy-ſhore the Fen-Ducks ply:
Or when the Hern her fenny Marſh forſakes,
And through the Clouds her airy Journey takes.
Oft you ſhall ſee before great Winds ariſe,
What we call falling Stars ſhoot through the Skies,
Leaving behind a gleam of trailing Light,
Through gloomy Air, and humid Shades of Night:
Dry Leaves and Straws whisk through the Air by Day,
And on the Water Feathers ſwim and play.
If Thunder from fierce *Boreas*' Empire ſound,
Then all the Villages and Fields are drown'd.

If when two Winds from ſev'ral Coaſts conteſt,
At once it thunder both from Eaſt and Weſt,
The Mariners at Sea hand in their Sails:
Rain unawares no Mortal e'er aſſails.
The Cranes from Fens and Vallies ſee it riſe,
And cut their airy Flight through liquid Skies.
Bullocks turn up their Noſes in the Air,
And ſnuff, and ſmell it coming from afar:
Circling the Ponds and Lakes, ſhrill Swifts you view,
Frogs croak in Mud, and their old Plaints renew.
The Ants through narrow Paths their Eggs convey,
And at both ends the Rainbow drinks the Sea.
The Rav'ns from feeding in great Flocks appear,
And croak with noiſy flutt'rings through the Air.
Moſt Water-Fowl, but above all the reſt,
The Swans, who build in *Aſia*'s Lake their Neſt;
Who Worms and Inſects pick, and ſeek their Food
In flow'ry Meadows, near *Cayſter*'s Flood;
With ſable Oars then cut the Silver Wave,
Their ſnowy Backs their ruſtling Pennons lave:
Now to the Stream they throw their arched Creſts,
Then plough the Billows with their downy Breaſts;
And now they dive, now clap their Wings, in vain
They waſh their Plumes, ſtill pure, ſtill free from Stain;
But ſtill they bathe, and that's a ſign of Rain.
The ſullen Rook ſteps on dry Sand alone,
And bawls for Rain in a hoarſe-ſounding Tone.

Maids

Maids Rain foreſee, who work their nightly Lots,
From ſparkling Lamps, and Smoke, congeal'd to Knots.
As theſe of Rain, ſo, Rain once paſt, appear
Sure ſigns of Sun-ſhine, and of ſettled Fair:
The Stars then ſhine with ſmarter Fires by Night,
And riſing *Phœbe* ſhews ſo flaming bright,
As not depending on her Brother's Light.
No ſtreaming Clouds in thin extended ſtreaks
Fly through the airy Sky like woolly Fleaks;
Nor *Thetis'* Halcyons bask upon the Sand,
Nor to the Sun their glitt'ring Wings expand,
The Hog forgets to ſhred, and toſs about
Bundles of Straw with his polluted Snout.
The Rack flies lower, and the Clouds deſcend,
And o'er the graſſy Plains and Vales impend.
The ſhrieking Owl on lofty Roofs alone,
With ſilence views *Apollo*'s Beams go down:
Niſus appears aloft, in open Air,
Poor *Scylla* dearly pays his fatal Hair;
Where-e'er to ſhun her mortal Foe ſhe flies,
Niſus purſus her, whizzing through the Skies:
Where-e'er he cuts his way through fleeting Air,
She flies him ſtill, her Haſt's inſpir'd by Fear.
The Rooks on Trees, with ſtrain'd and croaking Throats
Redouble oft their ſhrill reſounding Notes:
Struck with unuſual Joy, the Rain now paſt,
They chatter through the Boughs, and then in haſte
Review their callow Young, and pleaſing Neſt.

Not that I think their Breaſts from Heav'n are fir'd,
Or with fore-ſight above their Fate inſpir'd.
But when the Temper of the Elements,
By moiſt'ning Winds, to moiſt from dry relents;
That turn of Nature has the Influence,
Thick to diſſolve, and can what's thin condenſe:
This frequent change, all that has Life inſpires
With other Motions, and with new Deſires,
Than when the Air was rent with Storms and Fires.
From hence theſe Concords, Bird with Bird agrees,
Sheep ſport in Fields, and Rooks who perch on Trees.
Obſerve th' all-liv'ning Sun, who in a Year
His Circle runs around the ſtarry Sphere:
The Moon in ev'ry Month performs the ſame,
With Motions fitted to his brighter Flame:
To Morrows Dawn will never cauſe your fear,
Or Night deceive you when Stars twinkle clear:
When *Phœbe* firſt new-borrow'd Light receives,
And in her Orb her Brother's Courſers leaves;
If ſhe in gloomy Air dull Horns diſplay,
It ſurely rains both on the Land and Sea:
But if a glowing Red o'erſpread her Face,
Then Winds prepare their Courſers for the Race:
That Virgin Goddeſs is to bluſh inclin'd,
Before the riſing of tempeſtuous Wind.
If, the fourth Night, a clear and ſilver Face,
And pointed Horns the changing Goddeſs grace,

Next

Next Day, and all its Race ſhall calmly ſhine,
Till ſhe again *Apollo*'s Orb conjoin.
This is the ſureſt Rule, heed well this Day,
Ye Sea-men, and to *Panopæa* pay
And *Glaucus*, Vows, for Dangers 'ſcap'd at Sea.
The Sun declares the Temper of the Air,
Both when he ſets, and when his Beams appear;
For Signs infallible attend his way,
From Orient Floods to *Thetis*' Weſtern Sea.
If, when he riſes from the Eaſtern Main,
Dull cloudy Spots his glorious Face diſtain;
Or yet behind a dark'ning Cloud retire,
Obſcuring half of his incircl'd Fire;
Then from the Billows South-winds, driving Rain,
Ariſe, to ruin Cattel, Trees and Grain.
If thicker Clouds reſiſt his lab'ring Beams,
That faintly make their way in ſtruggling Gleams:
If, leaving *Tithon*'s Bed, the roſie Morn
With paler Rays her fainting Looks adorn;
Alas! that Day, how ſhall Vine Leaves defend
The cluſter'd Grapes, which nurſing Branches bend
When Storms of Hail on Towns their Fury ſpend?
But it concerns thee more to view the Sun,
When he his Courſe has round *Olympus* run;
For oft his glorious Viſage changes Hue;
It Rain denotes, if it inclines to blue:
And Wind foretels, if of a fiery red:
If dusky Spots with glowing Streaks o'er ſpread

His

His radiant Locks, ſuch diſmal Signs declare,
' Wind, Rain and Tempeſt, elemental War.
For Sea, that threat'ning Night, no earthly Pow'r
Shall tempt to haul my Cables from the Shore.
But if th' all-chearing God ſhine native bright,
Bringing the Day, and yielding Heav'n to Night,
The Thoughts of Storms in vain your Mind affright.
Fair *Boreas* from his frozen Climes ſhall fly,
And fan the Groves, and breathe an azure Sky.
Beſides, the Sun ſhall *Heſperus* direct,
And ſhew what from his Pow'r you may expect.
The South-wind always blows a rainy Sky;
From other Corners dryer Vapours fly:
" And who dares give the Source of Light the Lie?
Beſides all theſe, The Sun oft-times declares,
Murders, Seditions, Tumults, Treaſons, Wars.
He, pitying *Rome*, when mighty *Cæſar*'s Blood
By cruel Hands was ſhed, within a Cloud
Of ir'n Hue did all his Splendour ſhrowd.
Hid from ungrateful Men his heav'nly Light;
' That impious Age fear'd an eternal Night:
His Wounds ev'n hurt the Sea, made Nature bleed,
Dogs, and ill-boding Birds foretold the direful Deed:
How oft from *Ætna*'s thund'ring Caverns came
Vaſt Globes of Fire and ſubterranean Flame!
From its ſulphureous Entrails Torrents ſoar
Of melted Rock, and make the Clouds their Shore.

Round

Round *German* Air the clanking Sound of Arms,
Their ſtubborn Hearts with ghaſtly Fears alarms.
The frozen *Alps* a dreadful Earthquake ſhook,
In Groves loud Cries the ſacred Silence broke.
Pale Ghoſts and Spectres with ſurprizing Fright
Were ſeen to ſtalk through gloomy ſhades of Night;
What's more prodigious, Beaſts, like Men, brought forth
A human Voice: then yawn'd the gaping Earth;
The Rivers ſtop'd: the Statues of the Gods
(Of Ivory) for Grief wept briny Floods;
Cold Sweat in drops from holy Altars fell:
Above his Banks *Po*'s raging Waters ſwell;
He o'er the Fields with boundleſs Fury ſtray'd,
And Flocks and Houſes to the Seas convey'd;
In ev'ry Victim ſome Portent appear'd;
Blood ſprang in Wells, by Night fierce Wolves were heard
Howling in Towns: Almighty *Jove* from high
Ne'er threw ſuch Lightnings through an azure Sky.
Such Thunder ne'er was heard, nor ever ſeen
So many and ſuch dreadful Comets ſhine:
Then curſt *Philippi*'s Fields ſaw once again
Pile againſt Pile, by *Romans Romans* ſlain:
For to the Pow'rs immortal it ſeem'd juſt,
That *Roman* Blood ſhould twice ſtain the *Pharſalian* Duſt.
The time ſhall come when the laborious Swain,
Shall plough up ruſty Darts in *Hæmus*' Plain;

And

And when void Caſques are by his Harrow rais'd,
To view Gigantick Bones ſhall ſtand amaz'd.
Ye *Roman* Gods, who once were mortal, hear;
Great Mother *Veſta*, to our Pray'rs give Ear;
You who defend the *Roman* State and Tow'rs,
You who protect *Etruſcan Tyber*'s Shores;
Deſiſt in Pity, nor your Pow'r engage
To hinder *Caſar*'s Succour to the Age;
Too oft, alas! have *Romans* been undone
For Perjury of falſe *Laomedon*.

Caſar, the Gods thy Abſence long complain,
And envy Mortals thy triumphant Reign;
Since Force and Treaſon, Juſt and Right confound,
Since o'er the Globe, Blood, War and Rapin ſound,
And Villany in all its Shapes is crown'd;
Now ſurly Ploughmen *Ceres*' Garland ſcorn;
For Wreaths of Laurel muſt their Brows adorn:
They crooked Scythes to killing Fauchions turn,
Euphrates and the *Rhine* with martial Ardour burn;
And neighb'ring Cities war, all Treaties broke,
The God of War triumphs in Blood and Smoke:
Thus in the Liſts four fiery Steeds appear,
And ſpring with Fury through the vaſt career,
Forcing along th' unwilling Charioteer:
In vain he pulls, they ſcour the duſty Plain,
They know no check, nor hear the curbing Rein.

The End of the Firſt Book.

VIR-

VIRGIL's
GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

The CONTENTS.

This ſecond Book treats of Planting: Wherein the Poet teaches the various Ways of raiſing Trees; their different Species, and how to manage 'em; in what Soil they will thrive beſt; and by the way, makes a Digreſſion in praiſe of Italy. *Then he again reſumes the Diſcourſe, and directs how to chuſe the fitteſt* Ground; *to dreſs Vines, Olives and other Trees. And concludes with the Happineſs of a Countrey-Life.*

OF

F heav'nly Stars, and when to ſow and plough
My Muſe has ſung, ſhe ſings Thee, *Bacchus*, now;
And with the Fruit-Trees and the Foreſts joins
The tardy Olives to thy chearing Vines:
O thou, whoſe Bounty makes our Fields abound,
For thee the Seaſons ſmile, our teeming Ground
And foamy Veſſels with thy Gifts are crown'd.
Great *Liber*, come, and lay thy Buskins by,
With me thy Thighs in bleeding Cluſters dye
Kind Nature Trees by ſev'ral Means ſupplies,
Spontaneous ſome, as her free Gift, ariſe:
Thus humble Broom our Lawns and Paſtures hides;
Thus Poplars ſpring by winding Rivers ſides:
Thus gentle Oſiers through the Meadows grow,
And woolly Sallows where calm Currents flow.
Some Trees by Seed their Kind produce; thus riſe
The lofty Cheſnuts neighb'ring on the Skies;
With *Jove*'s great Beech, the Sov'reign of the Wood;
Thus Oak, which *Greeks* have worſhip'd as a God.
In ſome an Infant Grove ſprings from their Roots,
Thus Elms and Cherries teem their tender ſhoots;
And thus the Bays adorn *Apollo*'s Head,
Riſe under Cover of their Mother's Shade:

These three are Nature's Ways of raising Trees,
Which grow in Woods and Groves of Deities.
Yet other Means are by Experience found;
This Trees produces from the Mothers Wound,
And plants the torn-oft Slips in furrow'd Ground.
Some fibrous Stocks with Mould in Furrows hide,
Some Standils at one end in four divide;
Or, Stake-like sharp, some Arch-wise Branches bend;
In native Soil, which grow at either end:
Some without Root will grow, nor need you care
If Top or Root-end blossom through the Air.
What now I sing will scarcely Credit find,
Dry Olive Sticks will multiply their Kind,
And tender Fibres shoot; nay, oft we see
One Kind transform'd into another Tree;
Thus by Incision Pears to Apples turn
And ruddy Plumbs by stony Cornels born.
Ye Countrey Swains, with Care apply your Minds
To search the Culture of the diff'rent Kinds.
Wild Fruits your Care must conquer and your Toil,
Lest you possess a lazy barren Soil.
The hilly Grounds for Vines are always best,
Thus *Thracian Ismarus* by *Liber*'s blest.
For Oyl the lofty Mountains best are known,
Thus Groves of Olives great *Taburnus* crown.
O now, *Mecænas*, come, whose glorious Name
Inspires my Muse, to whom she owes her Fame.

O ſhare the mighty Toil I have begun,
And fill my Sails while through vaſt Seas I run;
To compaſs all exceeds my daring Verſe;
Nor could an hundred Mouths the boundleſs Theme rehearſe.
Had I an hundred Tongues they all would tire;
Did brazen Lungs my panting Breaſt inſpire.
Be preſent while I launch into the Deep,
Tho' fearing Tempeſts, by the Shore I keep:
Nor ſhall poetick Fables thee detain,
Nor tedious Preludes ſpend thy time in vain.
Spontaneous Trees, which cleave the ambient Air,
Tho' not ſo fruitful, yet are larger far;
By much the ſtrongeſt of the ſhaded Field;
Nature's their Nurſe, to which the Soil muſt yield.
Yet theſe ingraft, or in dung'd Trenches plant,
By Art they'll gain what they by Nature want;
Or they will change their Nature with the Soil,
And ſoon obey the skilful Gard'ners Toil.
To the ſame Law the tender Saplings yield,
When lopp'd and planted in an open Field;
Their Mother's Branches over-top them ſtill,
Make barren growing, or when fruitful kill.
All Trees which ſpring from Seed more ſlowly grow,
They may your Grand-child ſhade, but never you;
And ſuch degen'rate, ſtill their Fruits decay,
Wild Grapes ſuch Vines produce for Birds of Prey:

To guard their Savour Toil's the only Fence,
Such muſt be conquer'd by a vaſt Expence.
Olives from naked Stems, and Vines ariſe
From Slips, or from a Branch which arch-wiſe lies:
Fair *Venus'* Myrtles from the ſolid Root,
Herculean Poplars from young Scions ſhoot.
Thus *Jove*'s great Oaks *Dodona*'s Foreſts bear,
Thus lofty Aſh ſpring through the yielding Air:
Thus Palms and Haſle propogate their Kind,
And Fir condemn'd to Rage of Waves and Wind.
Ingraft the Walnut with a Crab-tree Bough,
From ſpreading Planes the faireſt Apples grow;
Cheſtnuts to Beach, and Pears to Hornbeam join,
And tow'ring Oaks and Elms yield Maſt to Swine.
T' inoculate and graft are different things:
Where through the outward Bark the Burgeon ſprings;
A Slit is made, then to the humid Rind
A Bud, cut from another Tree's confin'd,
By Art and Nature ſoon together joyn'd.
A clean-bark'd Stem cut o'er, then make a Cleft
Deep in the ſolid Wood; in this ingraft
A fruitful Slip cut from a bearing Tree,
Which with the wounded Stock ſhall ſoon agree:
And Boughs and Leaves ſpread to the azure Skies;
The Mother Trunk beholds with vaſt Surprize
Such Stranger-Fruit from her own Bowels riſe.
Though the ſame Kind, yet ſeveral Sorts there be
Of Elm, Lote, Sallow, and the Cypreſs Tree:

And Olives too of different Shapes we find,
As round, long, bitter, with a dusky Rind:
Limons and Apples differ; Trees which bear
The Pearl, the Bergamot, and Warden-Pear.
And other Grapes *Italian* Vineyards yield
Than thoſe that grow in fam'd *Methymna*'s Field:
Red *Thaſian* Wine, the *Alexandrian* White,
Rich Soil the firſt, the laſt thin Grounds delight;
The *Pſythian* Wine from Sun-dry'd Grapes, is beſt:
Hair-colour'd Wine, though gentle to the Taſte
Will tie your Tongue and dry your Legs at laſt.
There's early and there's Purple Wine: What Lays
Can ſing the noble *Rhætick* Vineyard's Praiſe?
Yet to *Falernum* that the Prize muſt yield,
As that to Vines which grace th' *Amminean* Field,
Moſt rich, moſt plentiful and laſting Juice:
Not all the Wines the *Lydian* Hills produce,
Chios' or *Argos*' Grapes cou'd e'er compare
With this *Campanian* Wine ſo excellently rare.
Nor muſt I here the *Rhodian* Wines paſs by,
Which glad Libations to the Gods ſupply
With ſecond Courſe; nor the huge ſwelling Grape
Reſembling Heifers Teats in Size and Shape:
Wines are ſo many, that in vain my Verſe
Their various Names or Number wou'd rehearſe;
Who thus wou'd do, might with more eaſe tell o'er
Sands driv'n by Tempeſts on the *Libyan* Shore,

Or

Or count the Billows on th' *Ionian* Main
When Eaſtern Winds on foaming Billows reign.
Not ev'ry Ground can ev'ry Tree bring forth,
The mortal Yew thrives in the frozen North;
Spontaneous Alders ſpring in fenny Ground,
And Sallows winding Rivers Banks ſurround:
Wild Aſh the Rocks, the Shore the Myrtle hides,
And *Bacchus* blooms on ſunny Hillock's Sides:
See how the reſtleſs Induſtry of Men
Subdues the Borders of Earth's utmoſt Ken.
The painted *Scythians* and the *Arabs* find
That bounteous Nature has to all aſſign'd
Trees, for each Countrey, of peculiar Kind.
Indus alone can ſwarthy *Ebon* boaſt,
As fragrant Incenſe the *Sabæan* Coaſt:
Why need I name the ſweet balſamick Oyl
Which weeps from Shrubs in *Juda*'s fertile Soil;
Or Gums and Berries by *Acanthus* born,
That fam'd and ever green *Egyptian* Thorn;
Or *Ethiopian* Foreſts, bearing Wooll,
Or Leaves from whence the *Seres* Fleeces pull;
With *China*'s Groves were th' Earth's laſt bounding's ſet,
'Gainſt which the *Indian* Waves with fury beat:
Where Trees ſpring up ſo wonderfully high,
No Arrows flight their lofty Tops out-fly,
Though there be Archers all Mankind defy?
The *Median* Plains the Citron Tree produce,
A bitter Fruit of a moſt generous Juice,

A ſaving Antidote, which ſtrait repels
The Step-Dames poiſon'd Cup with Herbs and Spells,
And the dire Fury of the Venome quells:
A noble Tree, and like a Laurel fair;
But that its blooming Sweets perfume the Air,
It were a Laurel: No bold Winds diveſt
Its leafy Shade, or clinging Flow'rs moleſt;
It can reſtore the *Medians* tainted Breath,
And cure the Phthiſick at the Gates of Death.
But neither *Median* Woods, nor fertile Soil,
Nor pleaſant *Ganges*, *Hermus*' Streams, which toil
Through Beds of Gold, nor *India*'s fragrant Lands,
Baſtra, nor th' *Arabs* Incenſe-bearing Sands;
All cannot, though all boaſt of ſomething rare,
With the juſt Praiſe of *Italy* compare.
Fire-breathing Bulls her Furrows never plough'd;
Nor ſown with Dragon's Teeth, from whence a Brood
Of Infant Warriours, ſtain'd with Brothers Blood.
Her Meads fair Cattel, Wheat o'erloads her Soil,
And ev'ry where ſhe ſtreams with Wine and Oyl:
Her warlike Courſers beat the ſounding Earth,
And tread in Triumph her who gave them Birth.
Thou, gay *Clitumnus*, where thy Currents glide,
There bleating Flocks thy flow'ry Borders hide;
There ſnow-white Bulls, the greateſt Sacrifice,
Deſign'd for *Jove* who rules the Deities,

First

First wash'd and sprinkl'd with thy sacred Flood,
Pay for the *Roman* Triumphs with their Blood;
Eternal Spring and Summer part her Year,
Her Ewes lamb twice, her Trees twice Blossoms bear:
No spotted Tigers in her Forests stray,
Nor roaring Lions on her Cattel prey,
Nor pois'nous Herbs the Gath'rers Hand betray:
No noisome Serpents, with collected Tail,
Wreathe on the Ground, or spiral Volumes trail.
To Works of Nature join the Works of Man,
To shew, by Art improv'd, what Nature can;
Those stately Towns from marble Quarries torn,
Whose ancient Ramparts Crystal Streams adorn.
Or shall my Muse the *Adrians* Praises shew,
Or *Tyrrhen* Seas which round her Harbours flow?
Shall I great *Larius* or *Benacus* sing,
Those Sea-like Lakes from whence great Rivers spring;
Or sing the Harbour of the *Locrine* Bay;
Whose Moles oppose the raging of the Sea?
Which from the Waves the *Julian* Port confin'd,
When *Tyrrhen* Billows Lake *Avernus* join'd.
These Blessings are expos'd to ev'ry Eye,
But she has Treasures in her Entrails lie:
Which Veins of Silver and of Copper hold,
Her Hills are fruitful Casks of shining Gold.
She many warlike Nations has brought forth,
She gave the *Marsians* and *Sabellians* Birth;

Ligu-

Ligurians, us'd to toil in Peace and War,
And the brave *Volſcians*, arm'd with Dart and Spear.
From her the *Decii* and *Camilli* came,
With all the Worthies of the *Marian* Name,
The *Scipio*'s too renown'd for Martial Fame.
And laſt, Great *Ceſar*, Great above the reſt,
Who bears victorious Eagles through the Eaſt,
Who all his bold Attempts with Conqueſt crowns,
And lazy *Indians* drives from *Roman* Towns.
Hail Source of Men and Corn, *Saturnian* Soil,
For whoſe dear ſake I undertook this Toil;
Eternal Lays of hid myſterious Things,
From ancient Art and Labour's ſecret Springs
My Muſe, on *Heſiod*'s Lyre, through *Roman* Cities ſings.
I next the Nature of the Grounds declare
Their Colour, Strength, and what each Mould can bear:
Firſt barren Hillocks mixt with chilling Clay,
Where Briars and Thorns their hateful Shade diſplay;
Minerva's Groves will thrive in ſuch a Ground,
Since there wild Olives of themſelves abound:
That Soil is rich where genial Moiſture reigns,
Which with a graſſy Fleece adorns our Plains;
As oft we ſee to Vales, pent round with Hills,
From rocky Mountains fall the purling Rills,
And roll fat Slime, which all the Valleys fills.
Fields riſing to the South where Ferns abound,
A conſtant Plague to thoſe who till the Ground:

From

From ſuch a Soil one Day expect to grow
Vineyards, ſhall make your foaming Preſſes flow.
Whole Floods of Wine from burſting Grapes ſhall fall,
Such as we pour from Gold at *Bacchus'* Feſtival:
When bloody Victims flaming Altars load,
While the fat *Tuſcan* ſounds to chear the God.
But if to Paſtures you are more inclin'd,
To breed horn'd Cattel and the bleating Kind;
Chuſe diſtant Fields on the *Tarentine* Coaſt;
Such fertile Plains unhappy *Mantua* loſt;
Luxuriant Grounds which *Mincius'* Streams divide,
Where ſiver Swans his graſſy Borders hide,
And cryſtal Fountains for the Flocks are found,
Where Graſs not only grows, but darts up through the Ground:
Thus what is cropt all the long Day before,
Cool ſpringing Dews the next ſhort Night reſtore.
Since we by tilling force ſtiff Grounds to bow
In blackiſh Mould, which ſweats beneath the Plough,
By Nature mellow, the beſt Wheat will grow:
And from no Field in *Ceres'* Empire come
More loaded Wains drawn by ſlow Bullocks home;
Or where the angry Ploughman fells a Wood,
Which long for airy Fowl a Covert ſtood;
Their Neſts pull'd down, the Birds cut through the Sky:
Torn by the Plough-ſhare ſhining Furrows lie;
But hungry Gravel of a hanging Soil,
Scarce yields th' induſtrious Bee ſufficient Toil;

A mould'ring Rock and Chalk where Serpents lie,
To them both Food and Lurking-holes ſupply;
Theſe Grounds from whence thin Clouds and Vapours riſe,
Which greedily drink in the melting Skies,
And then at pleaſure to the Fields reſtore,
Such ſtill with Native Green are mantled o'er.
Nor with a tainting Ruſt corrode the Plough,
There round tall Elms the creeping Vines will grow;
Both Corn and Wine expect from ſuch a Field,
Such Grounds good Paſtures and good Tillage yield:
Such mighty *Capua* tills, and ſuch are found
Where great *Veſuvius* flaming Caverns ſound,
Where *Clanius*' Streams waſte old *Acerra*'s Ground.
But now I mean by certain Proofs to ſhew
How you may rich, from Grounds are poorer know;
One favours Grain, the other nurſes Vines;
Ceres to that, *Bacchus* to this inclines:
Let firſt your Eye the Place obſerve with Care,
Then dig a Well, again the Mould interr,
And tread it down; if any want a Sign,
That Soil is light and fit for Corn and Wine:
But if the ſwelling Mould exceed the Pit,
The Soil is rich, and is for Tillage fit;
And ſhall ſtiff Clods and ſhining Furrows yield,
And try your ſtrongeſt Bullocks in the Field:
A ſaltiſh Mould, and what we bitter name,
Nor Dung nor Art can its ſour Nature tame;

A Soil accurſt, for Corn nor Wine deſign'd.
Apples in that wou'd loſe both Taſte and Kind.
That you may know if what I teach be true,
A cloſe-wov'n Basket with your preſſing Skrew
Take from your Roof, with Earth and Water fill;
When preſt, great Drops run through the Chinks diſtil;
The ſaltiſh Mould will ſoon the Truth impart,
The brackiſh Taſte will make your Palate ſmart.
If Ground be fat you'll quickly underſtand;
It never crumbles in your working Hand,
To which it cleaves like Bird-lime to a Wand.
Moiſt Ground ſtrong Graſs brings forth, O may not mine
To ſuch ſuperfluous Fruitfulneſs incline!
Light Soils and heavy by the Weight are known,
Black and all Colours to the Sight are ſhewn:
What Mould is chilling Cold is hard to ſay,
But Yew and Ivy oft ſuch Grounds betray.
Theſe known, then trench your Fields; expoſe to dry
The new turn'd Mould long in the ſunny Sky;
But let fierce *Boreas* winnow firſt the Soil,
Before your *Vignerons* begin their Toil;
Beſt Moulds turn mellow by laborious Pains,
By fanning Winds and cool refreſhing Rains.
Leſt any Induſtry eſcape your Care,
Two Plots of Ground at the ſame time prepare;
The Firſt a Nurſery where Buds are thrown,
Tranſplant them to the laſt, when ſtronger grown.

But leſt a ſuden Change of Ground they feel,
Upon the tender Rind with pointed Steel
The chearing Quarter of the Heav'n deſign,
And far behind the frozen Pole reſign:
Thus Uſe and Cuſtom tender things incline.
Now firſt a proper Place requires your Skill,
If on a Plain or on a gentle Hill;
And if your Plain ſtrong Ground and fertile be,
Plant thick your Vines; with ſuch Vines ſoon agree;
If on a gentle Hill or ſloping Bank,
In Squares or Quincunx then your Vineyard rank;
Let little Paths, ſquar'd thro' the Rows, agree,
As you in Armies, rang'd in Battel, ſee,
When Legions drawn in Order on a Line,
And dreadful Plains with glaring Armour ſhine,
E'er the determin'd Hoſts in Battel join:
While *Mars* yet doubtful, with his flaming Shield,
Stems the Deciſion of the bloody Field.
Vines order'd thus not only pleaſe the Eyes,
The Ground the Sap more equally ſupplies,
And gives the Branches Scope and Room to riſe.
Next, if you ask the Depth, I wou'd aſſign
For Trenches, in the ſhallow plant the Vine,
But Fruit and Foreſt-Trees ſink deeper down:
Chiefly the lofty Beech, whoſe airy Crown
So far its Height ſhoots through the fluid Air,
As its deep Roots to Hell extended are;

Deſie

Defies the Winter, and contemns the Rain,
And Storms againſt it ſpend their Rage in vain:
Unmov'd it ſtands for rolling Ages down,
While many Ages of poor Mortals run;
Its ſtretch'd out Arms and ſpreading Boughs maintains,
And of it ſelf a mighty Shade ſuſtains.

Ne'er let your Vineyards to the Weſt decline,
Nor with your Vines their Foe the Haſle join;
Nor from the Top-boughs ſliver tender Shoots,
But near their Mother Earth from nurſing Roots;
Nor with keen Steel your ſpringing Tendrils wound,
Nor plant wild Olives in great *Liber*'s Ground:
For oft th' unwary Swain lets fall a Spark,
Which lurks at firſt beneath the oily Bark,
Then fires the ſolid Tree; with dreadful Roar,
The Flames through Leaves and crackling Branches ſoar.
O'er all the Wood triumphant *Vulcan* flies,
Mounting in ſable Clouds through tainted Skies,
Chiefly if from the North fierce Winds ariſe.
If they ariſe, the Stem no Vines ſhall yield,
Nor ſpring again, though lop'd to ſhade the Field;
The curſt wild Olive ſhall alone remain
And all its Boughs and bitter Leaves regain.

Let no Advice perſuade to trench your Ground,
While through the Air fierce *Boreas*' Tempeſts ſound;
When Winter binds the Earth and ſhuts her Veins,
Her Pores reſiſt young Fibres and your Pains.

To plant your Vines expect the ſmiling Spring,
When foreign Storks to Serpents Terror bring;
Or elſe in Autumn when the Summer's paſt,
E'er *Phœbus'* Steeds to the cold Tropick haſte;
The Spring chears Leaves and Trees, the Foreſts breed,
And ſwells the Earth, which gapes for Genial Seed.
Almighty *Jove* in brooding Show'rs deſcends,
And through her Veins prolifick Warmth extends,
Till both, conjoyn'd, promiſcuouſly reſtore
Great Nature's Beauty ſmiling as before:
Then airy Conſorts ſound through ſhady Groves;
The Flocks return to their appointed Loves;
Then teem the Fields, then Breezes warmly blow,
And Nature's Veins with quick'ning Moiſture flow;
Now ſprouting Herbs *Apollo*'s Rays ſuſtain,
Winds from the South rage 'gainſt the Vines in vain.
They ſpread their Leaves, their Burgeons burſt the Rind,
Nor fear they Rain, though driv'n by Northern Wind.
Such were the Days when *Phœbus* firſt diſplay'd
And all the Globe with new-born Light array'd;
Eternal Spring compos'd the rolling Year,
No Winter Blaſts profan'd the balmy Air.
When new-form'd Cattel firſt receiv'd the Day,
And Men were rais'd from Rocks leſs hard than they:
When Stars for Chaos heav'nly Circles chang'd,
And Beaſts of Prey through Wilds and Foreſts rang'd;

Nor

Nor had the Infant World Extremes endur'd
Of Heat and Cold, but, by kind Heav'n ſecur'd,
By temp'rate Spring to future Ills inur'd.

Whatever Plants you to the Earth expoſe,
Dung well their Roots and with deep Mould incloſe.
Or Pumice Stones and Shells around them hide,
Through which the falling Rain may gently glide,
And earthy Vapours mount to airy Skies,
The Shoots young Tops will with more Vigour riſe.
Some Vines with Stones, with Pot-ſherds ſome ſecure
'Gainſt burning Heats, and 'gainſt a Thunder-Show'r:
When once the Slips are to the Ground convey'd,
With Mould oft cover; and oft weild the Spade;
Or let your Ground the cleaving Plough-ſhare feel,
Around your Vines unweildy Bullocks wheel.
Then ſlender Rods to forked Vine-props join,
To guard from Winds and to ſupport the Vine,
Till round the lofty Elms their Cluſters twine.
Nor uſe the Knife while tender Branches riſe,
And leafy Twigs climb blooming to the Skies,
Then crop ſuperfluous Leaves with gentle Hand,
And let your Nails their wanton Growth withſtand:
But when your Vines with ſtronger Arms ſurround
Supporting Elms, they will endure the Wound:
Before, they dread the Steel, but now correct;
Thus, Nature's Haſte, luxuriant Boughs, are checkt.
Beſides, your ſpringing Vines ſecure around
From grazing Cattel with a guarding Mound:

Not only Cold and Heat young Vineyards hurt,
Wild Bufalo's and Goats in wanton Sport,
The Sheep and feeding Heifers Vines annoy,
Whoſe Teeth corrode and ſprouting Buds deſtroy,
More than the chilling Froſt or Winter Rains,
Or *Phœbus'* Rays, which ſplit the flinty Veins.
For this one Crime the Goats to *Bacchus* die,
And conſtant Victims on his Altars lie:
For this th' *Athenians* firſt invented Plays,
Through all their Villages and croſſing Ways:
A Goat's the Prize; they ſing, they ply the Bowl,
And o'er anointed Goat-skin Budgets roll:
Th' *Auſonian* Swains, from *Trojan* Lineage ſprung,
With Masks in Ruſtick Numbers *Liber* ſung,
And, while they danc'd, on Pines his Statues hung.
From hence our Fields with fruitful Vines are crown'd,
Thro' Vallies, Hills and Dales he loads our Ground,
Where-e'er his chearing Looks the God turns round;
Let us with hallow'd Cakes and Off'rings throng
And praiſe great *Bacchus* with a native Song:
The Goat led to the Altar ſhall expire
Roaſted on Haſle at the ſacred Fire.
In dreſſing Vines a greater Toil remains,
And endleſs Labour, endleſs as your Pains;
Four times at leaſt your Vineyards trench a Year,
The harden'd Clods with cleaving Twibils tear,
And fading Leaves from fruitful Branches clear.

Thus

Thus with the Year your circling Labour wheels,
New Toils purſue the former at the Heels.
But when the Vines diveſt their ſpreading Leaves,
When North-wind all the Woods of Shade bereaves,
Not then the painful Hand his Labour ends,
But to th' enſuing Year his Care extends;
With Pruning Hooks Leaves which remain he lops,
Plaſhing the Branches to their friendly Props.
In trenching Grounds to be the firſt aſpire,
The firſt with wither'd Branches heap your Fire.
To houſe your Vine-props always ſhew your Haſte,
But when the Vintage comes be ſtill the laſt.
Twice Weeds ariſe, twice Shade on Vineyards gains,
To prune and weed are Works require your Pains;
To vaſt Poſſeſſions all due Praiſes yield,
But chooſe to cultivate a leſſer Field.
Next from the Woods Vine-ſtakes of Holm provide,
With Willow Stays and Reeds where Rivers glide:
The Vines new ty'd, the pruning Hooks laid down,
And circling Hedges all your Labours crown;
Yet ſtir and break the Mould to raiſe the Duſt,
And dread the Air, ſometimes to Grapes unjuſt.
Minerva's Olives ſlight ſuch Care and Toil,
No Steel their Boughs, no Mattocks cut their Soil;
If they take Root and with the Air agree,
The willing Earth with Sap ſupplies the Tree:
If with a Dibble you but cleave the Ground,
The peaceful Tree ſpreads Fruit and Branches round.

The Apple-Tree grown ſtrong will quickly riſe,
And without Art mount to the ſtarry Skies:
Thus without Help all Trees their Fruit ſhall yield,
As Shrubs where tuneful Birds their Dwellings build,
The Cattel browze on Shrubs from *Cythnos* Iſle,
Torches of Fir-Tree Winter Nights beguile,
Shall Men then think ſuch Trees not worth their while!
Why name I greater, ſince the ſmalleſt yield
At once both Gain and Pleaſure in the Field,
Since Broom and Willows Flocks and Shepherds ſhield?
Browze to the Sheep, and Foods to Bees diſpenſe,
Or, wov'n in Hedges, prove your Corn's Defence:
Cytorus' Box, *Narycian* Pitch Trees riſe
Without Aſſiſtance, charming to the Eyes.
On *Caucaſus*, where daily Tempeſts blow,
Huge Timber Trees for ſev'ral Uſes grow,
The Pine for Ships; for Palaces of Kings,
The Cypreſs, and ſweet-ſmelling Cedar ſprings:
Hence Swains for Wheels the Naves and Fellies take,
And crooked Keels for Boats and Veſſels make;
Wickers the Sallow, Leaves the Elm Tree bears,
Cornel for Darts, and Myrtles fit for Spears:
Of Yews the Bows are made which *Parthians* draw,
Lime-tree and Box receive th' Ingraver's Law;
Down *Po*'s ſwift Current the light Alder drives,
In hollow Oaks the Bees abſcond their Hives.

Can

Can ought more Great than *Bacchus'* Gifts be nam'd?
Yet mighty Ills from theſe ſame Gifts are fam'd:
By his great Pow'r the raging *Centaurs* dy'd,
When brave *Pirithous* preſerv'd his Bride:
He *Rhœtus*, *Pholus*, great *Hylæus* ſlew,
Who' 'gainſt the *Lapithæ* vaſt Goblets threw.
O happy Swains, if they but knew their Joys,
Serene and ſolid, unallay'd with Noiſe;
Indulgent Nature from her boundleſs Store,
All what they need ſupplies, and freely gives them more.
Though with the Dawn no Shoals of Clients ply,
To catch a Nod or Motion of their Eye,
Nor azure Vaults with gorgeous Pride adorn
Their Palaces, on Jaſper Pillars born,
Nor Braſs from *Corinth*, caſt in antique Mold,
Nor Veſts embroider'd, ſtiff and rich with Gold;
Nor in fine Woollen-Purple take delight;
Whoſe *Tyrian* Dye diſguiſes native White,
Nor yet corrupt the Olive's wholſome Uſe
With *Caſſia*, which *Arabian* Shrubs produce.
Yet Life unskill'd in Fraud, a peaceful Reſt,
Laborious Eaſe of large Domains poſſeſt;
Where various Riches the kind Soil ſupplies,
Still new, ſtill freſh, ſtill grateful to the Eyes.
Cool Grottos, Cryſtal Lakes, imbowr'd in Groves,
Their Cattel's lowing balmy Slumbers moves:
The Dens of Beaſts and Foreſts grace their Soil,
Their ſparing Youth inur'd to needful Toil,

Who

Who to their venerable Parents bend,
And ſacred Rites religiouſly attend:
When Juſtice fled to Heav'n and left Mankind,
She here left Tracings of her Feet behind.
For me, the tuneful Nine my Fancy move,
My Soul inſpiring with diviner Love;
Inſtruct me then what Courſe the Planets run;
With the Eclipſes of the Moon and Sun;
What cauſeth Earthquakes, and the Sea to roar
Now o'er its Banks, now far within the Shore;
Why to the Waves the Winter Suns haſte down,
And why the Nights in Summer end ſo ſoon.
But if my dulneſs 'gainſt that Knowledge ſtrive,
Leſt I through ſecret depths of Nature dive,
Let me to Woods and purling Streams retire,
No more to gawdy Pomps of Fame aſpire:
O who will lead me to the bleſt Retreat,
Where *Spartan* Virgins *Bacchus'* Timbrels beat!
Where *Sperchius* murmurs through *Theſſalian* Vales,
Or who will ſhade me in fair *Hamus* Dales!
Happy the Man, who from th' eternal Laws
Of mighty Nature, nat'ral Cauſes draws;
Who with a Mind reſolv'd dares boldly run,
To meet that Fate which he can never ſhun;
In whoſe calm Soul no guilty Thoughts create
Frightful Ideas of a future State.
Nor he leſs bleſt who worſhips Rural Gods,
Great *Pan*, *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs Abodes;

Nor

Nor Rods nor Axes ſtartle his great Soul,
Nor ſceptred Kings his ſteddy Breaſt controul,
Nor State Intrigues, which ev'n make Brothers jar,
Nor *Dacians* from the *Danube* threat'ning War;
Not all the Glories of eternal *Rome*,
Or other States which muſt to ruine come.
Unrack'd with Envy of his Neighbour's Store
He fears no Want, nor wiſhes to have more;
Content with Fruit in his own Orchard ſprings,
And all the Preſents willing Nature brings;
Publick Records ne'er ſearch'd, nor ever ſaw
The unrelenting Furies of the Law.
Through Seas unknown ſome blindly chaſe their Trade,
Some the Retirements of great Kings invade:
In Arms ſome boldly run on Death and Wounds;
This with a Siege a wealthy Town ſurrounds,
And Houſhold Gods and Men at once confounds;
To drink in Cups of *Onyx*, or to lie
On Purple Carpets of the *Tyrian* Dye:
Some dig for Gold, then as a God adore,
And hoard up Treaſures which they trod before.
This at the Bar with Raptures pleads a Cauſe,
Swell'd with the Wind of popular Applauſe.
Full of themſelves at Plays ſome gaping ſit,
Raviſh'd with nauſeous Hummings of the Pit,
Which round the Stage from Box to Box rebound,
Caught with the Tinkling of an empty Sound.

Some

Some through Ambition Friends and Brothers kill
To quench the boundleſs Thirſt of doing ill,
And then their Dwellings and their Countrey fly,
To find new Seats below a foreign Sky.

The Swain to Tillage conſecrates his Pains,
Brings up his Children with his yearly Gains,
The publick Int'reſt and his own maintains:
Feeding his Flock and Cattel from their Toil,
A juſt Reward for lab'ring of the Soil;
His Trees with Fruit, his Meads with Graſs abound,
Wheat burſts his Barns, and loads his fertile Ground.
Mills preſs his Olives, and when Winter's come
His well-fed Hogs from Woods run briskly Home:
Harveſt, the Treaſure of the Year diſplays,
The rocky Ground, reflecting *Phœbus'* Rays
His liv'ning Crimſon to the Grapes conveys.
To ſooth his Toil and to compleat his Joys,
The fawning Kiſſes of his pratling Boys:
But above all the Crown of human Life,
The chaſt Embraces of a virtuous Wife;
His Cows come heavy from the graſſy Field
And dropping Udders to the Milkers yield:
His wanton Kids in flow'ry Paſtures try
Their tender Horns, and with each other vie.

When harmleſs Pleaſures Holy-days inſpire,
He and his Friends around a chearful Fire,
Upon the Graſs their careleſs Limbs recline,
To *Bacchus* quaff, and pour out ſprightly Wine;

Then

Then with a Prize provokes his Shepherds Art,
To ſee who beſt can throw the winged Dart;
Or elſe with moiſt'ning Oyl their Joints prepares,
And for the Wreſtling Prize the brawny Shoulders bares.
Thus the old *Sabines* Fame immortal won,
Thus *Romulus* and *Remus* gain'd a Throne,
And thus th' *Etruſcans* with great Honour ſhone;
Thus *Rome* the World with conqu'ring Eagles fills,
Her Tow'rs erected on ſev'n groaning Hills;
Before the Reign of *Jove*, and ev'n before,
Inhuman Mortals fed on Fleſh and Gore,
That Golden Age when *Saturn* Empire bore.
But I with full Career have run a mighty Courſe,
And now 'tis time t' unyoke the foaming Horſe.

The End of the Second Book.

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

BOOK III.

The CONTENTS.

Virgil *begins this Book with an Invocation of thoſe Deities that preſide over Agriculture and Cattel: And after ſome Encomiums upon* Auguſtus, *he addreſſes himſelf to* Mecænas, *at whoſe command he undertook this Work; and comes to the Matter in hand: Tells how to order Oxen, Horſes, Sheep, Goats and Dogs. Relates the Diſtempers common to Cattel; as the Scab, Murrain,* &c. *Intermixes ſeveral elegant Deſcriptions of a Chariot-Race: Of the Battels of the Bulls: Of the Power of Love: Of the* Scythian *Winter: And concludes with a Relation of a fatal Murrain that once happen'd about the* Alps.

THOU, mighty *Pales*, and ye Gods, belong
To Flocks and Cattel, now aſſiſt my Song;
You, great *Apollo*, from *Theſſalian* Floods,
And *Pan*, who rule *Lycæan* Groves and Woods:
Since others by their Lays have blaz'd aloud,
Vain Fables to amuſe the thoughtleſs Crowd;
Alcides' Labours through the World are fam'd,
Buſiris' Off'rings ſcarcely to be nam'd:
Who has not *Delos* heard, the floating Iſle,
How *Myſian* Nymphs did *Hercules* beguile,
By th' Rape of *Hylas*; of *Hippodame's* Courſe,
O'ercome at laſt by *Pelop's* conqu'ring Horſe?
Thus on the Wings of Fame my Muſe I'll raiſe,
And through Mankind acquire immortal Bays.
If Fate allow, I'll firſt in Triumph bring
The Muſes home from th' *Heliconian* Spring;
To you, dear *Mantua*, conſecrate the Prize
Of conquer'd *Greece*; a Temple ſhall ariſe
Of *Parian* Stone, where *Mincius'* Streams divide
Green Banks of Reeds thro' which his Waters glide,
Full in the midſt erect great *Caſar's* Shrine,
While I in purple Robes as Victor ſhine,
And to his Glory render Rites divine;
Then with a Pomp, exceeding *Roman* Pride,
A hundred Chariots to the River guide;

All *Greece* ſhall throng to celebrate their Names,
And leave th' *Olympick* and *Nemaan* Games:
With Olives crown'd I will in ſolemn guiſe,
Upon the Conqueror beſtow the Prize.
Then to the Temple lead the Sacrifice;
And view with Joy the ſhifted Scenes preſent
The fetter'd *Britains*, as their Ornament:
Auguſtus' *Indian* Wars the Gates ſhall hold,
Emboſs'd on *Lybian* Ivory and Gold;
Great *Nilus* there ſhall flow diſtain'd with Gore,
With naval Columns on his conquer'd Shore;
Sack'd *Aſian* Cities ſhall adorn the place,
Armenians and the Coward *Parthian* Race
Shall *Ceſar's* Pomp with double Triumphs grace.
There *Parian* Statues ſhould to Life aſpire;
Were they but touch'd with bold *Promethean* Fire:
From *Jove* deſcended, the great *Julian* Line,
Aſſaracus and all his Sons ſhall ſhine,
Tros, whom the *Trojan* Race its Father calls,
And *Phœbus*, Founder of the *Trojan* Walls;
Then baleful Envy ſhall with Horror ſhake,
And dread the Billows of th' infernal Lake:
With *Ixion's* twining Snakes and reſtleſs Wheel,
The Stone which *Siſyphus* rolls up the Hill.
Mean while thro' Woods the Flocks and *Dryads* ſtore,
Ill ſing, which *Roman* never ſung before.
Mecænas, you the painful Task injoin'd,
'Tis you alone inſpire my lab'ring Mind;

With

With mighty things proceed; hence all delay,
Nature her ſelf ſhall my bold Muſe obey:
Citharon calls, I hear the bellowing Sounds,
Mix'd with the cry of deep-mouth'd *Spartan* Hounds:
From *Epidaurus* ſtately Courſers neigh,
To whom aſſenting Hills and Woods reply;
This done, my Muſe ſhall *Cæſar*'s Battels ſing
And from its ſource the *Julian* Lineage bring.

Wou'd you breed Horſes for th' *Olympick* Games,
Strong Bullocks for the Plough? Chuſe well the Dams;
Great Heads, long Necks, are ſhapes which beſt agree
To ſurly Cows, with Dewlaps to the Knee:
Their Sides and Body of exceeding length,
Big Feet, huge Limbs, all great in Size and Strength;
Large hairy Ears, with Horns that inward turn,
Theſe I like beſt, whom ſnowy Marks adorn,
The Yoke diſdaining, goring with the Horn.
Fac'd like a Bull, who proudly tread the Ground,
And with their Tails ſweep riſing Duſt around;

From Four complete till Nine fulfils their time,
Theſe Years for breeding, Cows are in their prime;
Nature, theſe paſt, the genial Heat denies,
Nor for the Plough ſufficient Strength ſupplies:
While Youth remains let them their Vigour prove,
Let Male and Female give a looſe to Love;
The loſs of thoſe whom Nature dooms to die,
Let Propagation of their Kind ſupply.

Alas, our Youth and Pleaſures quickly go,
Age, Care, and Sickneſs move by ſteps more ſlow,
Till cruel Death has ſtruck the fatal Blow.
To ſave your Breed, ſince ſome muſt fail, ſome die.
With fruitful Cows your Herds each Year ſupply.
The Race of Horſes no leſs care requires,
From Colts chuſe thoſe which you intend for Sires:
A true bred Horſe and of a gen'rous kind,
With high-born Head ſcours through the Fields like Wind;
He leads the way, and rapid Rivers dares,
Firſt takes a Bridge, nor roaring Waters fears;
Cheſnut or dapled Greys the moſt delight,
(The worſt are Yellow and a mealy White)
His Neck erected, ſhort and ſlender Head,
His Belly ſhort, his Crupper truſs'd and ſpread:
With brawny Muſcles on his ſwelling Breaſt,
A flowing Main adorns his lofty Creſt;
Which, waving in the Air, when fully grown,
O'er his right Shoulder in looſe Curls is thrown;
His nervous Back a double Chine ſuſtains,
Which runs along and guards his luſty Reins.
Clanging of Arms from far, or Martial ſounds,
His Mettle raiſe, reſtleſs, he ſtarts and bounds;
Pricks up his Ears, he trembles, pants and frets,
From glowing Noſtrils breathing fiery Heats:
Then tearing with his prauncing Feet the Ground,
The ſolid Hoofs which crown his Soles reſound;

Such

Such *Cyllarus*, whom *Spartan Pollux* tam'd,
And such the Courſers by *Greek* Poets fam'd,
Th' immortal Horſes great *Achilles* broke,
Such the fierce Steeds did *Mars*'s Chariot yoke:
Thus ſhap'd, thus creſted, *Saturn* ſwiftly fled,
His Wife's reproaches for her injur'd Bed;
Neighing o'er *Pelion* proudly trod the Ground,
The Woods and Hills return'd the mighty ſound.

If ſickly Age your Stallion's Vigour blaſt,
Houſe and indulge him for his Service paſt,
Lazy to act his Part in *Venus*' Game,
Yet more unfit to ſhare in Martial Fame,
Like kindled Straw with great, but harmleſs Flame.

Chiefly your Horſes Years and Courage mind,
Next to what elſe they're nat'rally inclin'd;
As from what Stallion and what Mare they come,
If glad when Victors, or if ſad, o'ercome.

Have you not ſeen when from th' unfolding Bars
Two Chariots ſtarting in th' *Olympick* Wars,
The fiery Steeds bound through the vaſt Career,
While panting Drivers, rack'd 'twixt hope and fear;
Bend to the yielding Reins, and nimbly ply.
The twiſted Laſh; the gloomy Chariots fly,
Now ſeem to ſink, now ſeem to wing the Sky.
Through Clouds of Duſt, through Floods of Foam they drive;
Thus all for Praiſe, thus all for Glory ſtrive.

Bold *Erichthonius* first the Chariot wheel'd,
And taught four Horses to the Yoke to yield,
First drove triumphant round the lifted Field.
The *Centaurs* first in fair *Thessalia*'s Plain,
Made sprightly Coursers know both Bit and Rein;
First train'd them to the War, to wheel in Rounds;
To praunce in Curvets, Demivolts and Bounds:
Both are laborious Toils, and both require
(Skill'd Riders say) Youth, Speed, Wind, Strength and Fire.
If these your Courser want, he brags in vain
His warlike Deeds, or that his noble Strain
Sprung from *Epirus* or *Mycena*'s Plain:
Cou'd he for Sire the wond'rous Courser boast,
Which *Neptune* raised on th' *Athenian* Coast.
All these observ'd, when bounteous Nature fires
Your Herds with Lusts and gamesome Warmth inspires;
Then, skilful Breeder, all your Care employ,
To fit your Stallions for the bridal Joy:
Then feed them high with new sprung Herbs and Wheat,
Moisten with crystal Streams their wholsome Meat;
Lest by the charming Toil their strength decay,
And hunger'd Fires a starvling Race betray:
But when the Season of the Year invites
The Females to renew their known Delights,
Then keep them low, withdraw both Drink and Meat,
Toil them by Chasing in *Apollo*'s Heat;

Then

Then when your Threshing-floor groans under Flails,
And Chaff's blown thro' the Air by Western Gales,
For fear the Soil of Generation grow
Luxurious and unactive for the Plough;
And dull Obstructions in the Furrows breed,
By Fat less eager to suck in the Seed.

Care for the Sire to teeming Dams must yield;
When their due term of Reck'ning's near fulfill'd,
Then spare the Yoke, nor suffer them to play
In Grounds inclos'd, or leap a Hollow-way,
Nor rapid Currents swim; but let them graze
Far from the Males, in spacious Lawns at ease:
Shelter'd from Heats in mossy Grotto's hide,
Where brim-full Streams through flow'ry Pastures glide.

Round Mount *Alburnus* and *Lucanian* Groves,
Envenom'd Hornets sore infest the Droves;
When scorching *Phœbus* sucks *Tanagrus* dry,
Then from the Woods the frighten'd Cattel fly,
And with loud Bellowings pierce the trembling Sky.
Juno of old this cruel Monster sent,
Her hated Rival *Io*'s Punishment:
Which stings more fiercely with a burning Sun;
But that your pregnant Herds this Plague may shun,
Lead them to Grass when first *Apollo* shines,
And in the Ev'ning when his strength declines.

When they bring forth, the Calves deserve your Care,
First brand the Males to shew whose Breed they are:

Set

Set thoſe apart who muſt preſerve your Store;
With ſome you muſt th' offended Gods implore.
Chuſe ſome for Labour, and to ſtir the Clod,
Then let the Females freely graze abroad.
Thoſe you deſign for lab'ring of the Soil,
Inure them from their Youth to bear the Toil,
Forming their pliant Joints and tender Age
Yo meet the Labour which they muſt engage:
Firſt, Oſier Collars round their Shouldiers tie;
When uſe hath taught their free-born Necks to ply,
Then yoke them two by two in diſtant ſpace,
Teach them to tread and keep an equal Pace;
Oft yok'd to empty Waggons turn them round,
To mark a ſlight Impreſſion on the Ground;
Till by degrees the loaded Axle bow,
And brazen Beams guide on the weighty Plough.
Beſides ſweet Graſs, young Reeds and fallow Leaves,
Feed from your Hand your Steers with oaten Sheaves;
The Mothers Milk upon the young beſtow,
Nor as your Father's muſt your Milk-Pale flow.
If War delight you, or th' *Olympick* Games.
To drive Triumphant where ſwift *Alpheus* ſtreams,
Firſt uſe your Courſer to the noiſe of Arms,
Where Trumpets clang or Martial Courage warms;
To hear reſounding Bits, and at his Heels
The rattling noiſe of thund'ring Chariot-Wheels:
Then gently chear him till he underſtand
His Maſter's Praiſes and his Maſter's Hand:

His

This from his Infancy begin to do,
To ſlender Head-ſtalls teach him next to bow,
Before his Courage or his Strength he know.
When coming four, then teach him how to range,
And wheel in Rings, to gallop and to change;
Then puſh his Speed to dare encount'ring Wind,
And ſcarce leave tracings of his Feet behind.
As *Boreas*, ſtretching from *Muſcovian* Hills,
With *Scythian* Storms the Southern Climates fills:
Firſt ſtanding Corn, like ſwelling Surges, bends,
Till he his Fury on the Foreſt ſpends;
And rolling Waves to ſounding Shores extends.
He flies victorious with his bluſt'ring Train,
At once triumphing o'er the Land and Main:
Thus ſhall your Steeds through *Elian* Courſes roam,
And ſcour the Plains in ſweat and bloody Foam;
With better grace their high-bred Mettle yields,
To *Belgick* Chariots in the bloody Fields.
When throughly broke, then feed your Courſers high,
And not before; nor wou'd their Mettle ply,
But Whip, and Bit, and curbing Reins defy.
If breeding Steers or Horſes be your care,
To guard their Vigour for the Plough or War,
No Induſtry can ſo effectual prove,
As to ſuppreſs the raging flames of Love,
Your Bulls to Paſtures by themſelves remove.

Betwixt

Betwixt them and the Cows ſhou'd intervene
A Hill, or ſome great River run between,
Or ſhut in Stalls feed by themſelves, unſeen.
The Females ſoft Allurements ſtill ſurprize
The Males, who ſuck the Poiſon through their Eyes,
Which by degrees conſumes their melting Veins,
And from the thoughts of Woods and Graſs reſtrains.

For oft a Heifer feeding in a Grove,
The buxom Miſtreſs of the luſty Drove,
At once the Hearts of two proud Lovers fires,
With warlike thoughts their haughty Minds inſpires;
Each with determin'd Horns his Foe provokes
To the ſtern Combat by alternate ſtrokes;
Their brawny Shoulders well a crimſon Flood,
Their claſhing Foreheads echo through the Wood;
Then fiercely goaring with repeated Wounds,
Their dreadful Bell'wings Heav'ns high Vault reſounds:
Peace 'twixt the two in vain the Neatherd tries,
The Victor triumphs and the Vanquiſh'd flies,
And to his Stall turns back his rueful Eyes.
Running to Exile from his native Home,
Griev'd at his Wounds, more griev'd to be o'ercome:
Want of Revenge torments above the reſt,
Leaving his Rival of his Love poſſeſs'd:
Therefore he ſtrains his utmoſt Skill and Care
To prove his Strength, and ſo renew the War;
All Night he lies on the cold Rocks, and feeds
On prickly Leaves, on fenny Sedge and Reeds;

He

He tries himſelf, and practiſes to rage:
Againſt an Oak his wrinching Horns engage;
Puſhing againſt the Wind; then makes a ſtand,
And with his jetty Hoof ſpurns back the Sand;
His force recover'd, when his ſtrength renews,
Then he decamps, and his unmindful Foe with greater Rage purſues.

A Wave thus whit'ning 'midſt the wat'ry Plain
From far, then ſwelling from the nurſing Main,
Vaſt as a Hill, o'er-hangs the neighb'ring Shore,
Rolling againſt the Rocks with hideous roar;
Till plunging through the whirling Depths it dies,
Yet throws up Hills of Mud, and foams againſt the Skies.

Love o'er all Creatures reigns without controul,
O'er Man, Beaſt, Cattel, Fiſh and painted Fowl;
Love fires the Mild, the Fierce, the Wild, the Tame,
Love tortures all, Love's over all the ſame.

Lions, though ſtrong, to ſtronger Paſſion yield,
Forget their Young and ravage all the Field.
The ſluggiſh Bear then moſt delights in Blood,
The ſavage Boar runs fiercer through the Wood;
Then Fury chiefly fires the Tiger's Veins,
O! then Men ſtray unſafe in *Lybia*'s deſert Plains.
You ſee that Love can trembling Horſes ſhake,
If the known Scent their luſtful Senſes wake;
Their headſtrong Fury ſlights both Curb and Rein,
Their Keepers ply the cruel Laſh in vain,

No

No craggy Precipice can ſtop their courſe,
Nor Rivers, tumbling Rocks with mighty force.
The *Sabin* Boar in am'rous Frenzy whets
His foamy Tusks, he ſcours the Fields and frets:
Rubbing againſt a Tree he tears the Grounds,
And hard'ns his Hide againſt the Dint of Wounds.
When cruel Love the *Aſian* Youth poſſeſs'd,
And with its raging fires inflam'd his Breaſt,
He gloomy Night and ſtormy Seas defies,
Led by the glance of charming *Hero*'s Eyes.
He ſwims the *Helleſpont*; loud Thunders ſound
From Heav'ns above, and daſhing Waves around;
Alas! his wretched Parents Tears are vain,
Nor cou'd his Miſtreſs' Fate his haſte reſtrain.
Thus am'rous Flames, Dogs, Wolves and Lynxes move,
Nay, tim'rous Deer dare boldly fight for Love:
Mares more than all burn with a luſtful Fire;
Offended *Venus* did this Rage inſpire.
E'er ſince the Mares which *Glaucus*' Chariot drove,
Their Maſter tore in the *Bœotian* Grove
Near *Potnia*'s Town, when he reſtrain'd their Love:
Soon as their Blood the luſtful Rage inflames,
They ſcour o'er *Ida*, through *Aſcanius*' Streams;
No Hills nor Rivers can reſtrain their Rage;
'Till with the Male they Love's ſweet Pains aſſwage.
In Spring their Love with greater Ardor burns,
When to their Bones prolifick Warmth returns:

On pointed Cliffs they gape, and Weſtward ſtare,
To meet the God who breathes a wanton Air.
Thus, though it's wondrous ſtrange, yet oft we find
Mares without Males impregnate by the Wind;
O'er Hills and Dales their Fury drives them on,
But never Eaſtward to the riſing Sun:
Nor yet tow'rds *Boreas* in his frozen Reign,
Nor where the North-weſt Wind inſults the Main,
Nor to the South which darks the Sky with Rain.
Hence from their Groins *Hippomanes* drops down,
Thus truly nam'd by the laborious Clown,
Which cruel Stepdames in their Philtres uſe,
With charming Words and Herbs of pois'nous Juice.
But time flies hence, which can return no more,
While, taken with Love, we ſnares of Love tell o'er.
Thus far of Cattel; but I now prepare
To ſing of Sheep and Goats, my ſecond care,
From whence the lab'ring Swain may Glory ſhare.
No eaſy Task; I know, 'tis hard to praiſe;
So mean a Subject in majeſtick Lays;
Yet Thirſt of Fame inſpires my Muſe to ſoar
Where never *Roman* Muſe durſt fly before:
Raviſh'd with Pleaſure, now ſhe beats the Wing
Through untry'd Paths to the *Caſtalian* Spring,
Now with full Voice I bounteous *Pales* ſing.
In Houſes feed your Sheep I firſt ordain,
Till blooming Spring enamel all the Plain;

With Straw and Fern-brakes overſpread the Fold,
Which ſaves the Flocks from Scab, from Gout, and Cold.

Leaving the Sheep, I next to Goats repair,
That browze on tender Boughs, their choiceſt Fare,
But let them drink of Streams ſtill freſh and clear.
Your Goat-houſe always turn to Mid-day Sun,
When moiſt *Aquarius'* Urn leaves off to run:
Goats too deſerve your Care, of equal uſe,
Though coſtly Wooll *Mileſian* Sheep produce,
Inrich'd and ſtain'd with *Tyrian* Purple Juice.
Goats with more Off-ſpring crown the flowry Field,
The more you milk the more their Udders yield:
Beſides, *Cinyphian* Goat-herds clip their Goats,
Their Beards for Tents, their Hair for Seamens Coats:
Their Food's the Bramble and the prickly Thorn,
They browze on Shrubs which rocky Hills adorn.
Leading their Kids with ſtrutting Dugs they come,
Without a Guide to their known Maſter's home.
Take the ſame Care they may Subſiſtence find,
You do to guard them from a froſty Wind:
All the long Winter give them Twigs to browze,
Throw them their Food, nor muſt you Hay refuſe.

But when ſoft weſtern Breezes gently blow,
Which by ſure ſigns approaching Summer ſhew,
Your Goats and Sheep lead out to Woods and Leys,
When firſt the Morning Star begins to riſe;

Then

Then crop the Fields when Day is cool and new,
For Graſs is ſweeteſt pearled o'er with Dew:
When *Sol* has drawn the Moiſture from the Ground,
And run a Third of his Etherial round,
When Graſhoppers thro' Shrubs and Buſhes ſound.
Then both your Flocks to Pools and Fountains bring,
To drink in oaken Troughs the running Spring.
But when *Apollo*'s glowing Heats prevail,
Then lead your Flocks to ſome cool ſhady Vale,
Where *Jove*'s great Oaks their aged Branches ſpread,
And round the Flocks imbow'r a grateful Shade:
When *Phœbus* Steeds to Weſtern Seas repair,
And *Heſperus* allays the flaming Air;
When *Phœbe*'s Dews refreſh the Fields and Woods,
And Linnets ſing on Thorns, and Halcyons on the Floods,
Then to the Paſtures lead your bleating Store,
Giving them Water as the Morn before.
'Tis needleſs here to ſing *Numidian* Swains,
Whoſe Huts ſtand thinly ſcatter'd through the Plains;
Their Flocks and Droves thro' boundleſs Deſerts ſtray,
Expos'd all Year, unſhelter'd Night and Day:
The *Lybian* Shepherd all his Cattel drives:
His Houſe, his Houſhold Gods, his Servants, Wives,
His Arms, his faithful Dog, his *Cretan* Bow,
All with his wand'ring Droves together go.
Thus the bold *Romans* march into the Field,
Under th' enormous Load of Arms and Shield;

And camp in view of th' unexpecting Foe,
Who ſee the Army e'er its march they know.
Not ſo the *Scythian* Nations, thoſe who dwell
In gloomy Darkneſs, dark as ſhades of Hell;
Nor where the *Danube* muddy Waters bends,
Or *Rhodope* to the North Pole extends;
Houſes their Cattel all the Winter ſhields,
'No Leaves the Trees, no Graſs adorns the Fields;
'Which bears a Fleece ſeven Cubits thick of Snow,
All turns to Ice where North Winds fiercely blow;
There Miſts and Fogs defy *Apollo*'s Gleams.
Both when he darts aloft Meridian Beams,
And when his Courſers dive in Weſtern Streams;
The ſtrongeſt Floods with ſudden Cruſts are bound,
And iron Wheels on Ice-arch'd Waters ſound;
Carts on the Backs of fetter'd Billows go,
Where Boats and Galleys lately wont to row;
Braz'n Veſſels ſplit, Cloaths freeze on *Scythian* Backs,
And Wine muſt there endure the cleaving Ax;
Where ſolid Rocks of Ice their Ciſterns fill,
And Icicles from clotted Beards diſtil;
Yet Snow falls down and Flakes the downy Sky,
The Sheep are ſtarv'd and the great Cattel die:
Such Cruſts around their bulky Bodies grow,
They ſtand like Statues caſt in Moulds of Snow;
In vain together herd the frighted Deer,
New loads o'erpow'r; and ſcarce their Horns appear;

Here

Here Hounds are uſeleſs, nor do *Scythians* drive
The Stags to Snares and Toils; but while they ſtrive
Againſt a Hill of Snow, Men ſtand before,
And in the Breaſt with pointed Jav'lins gore.
At laſt they kill the Stags who loudly bray,
And then with ſhouts of Joy bear off the Prey:
Secure in hollow Caverns of the Earth
They live at eaſe, and heap the chearful Hearth
With Elms and Oaks, then ſpend the Night in Mirth,
In joyful Rounds the ſparkling Bowl they ply,
Cyder and Beer the Want of Wine ſupply.
Such is the lawleſs Race of Men, who dare
Support the Rigour of the Northern Star:
Muſcovian Tempeſts there ſo fiercely drive,
They dwell in Furs to keep themſelves alive.
Wou'd you for Clothiers works your Flocks employ,
Briars, Thorns and Burrs the growing Fleece deſtroy;
Such Paſtures ſhun, ſhun a luxuriant Field,
Chuſe Sheep which ſoft and pure white Fleeces yield;
And let a Ram be white all o'er as Snow;
If on his Tongue or Palate black Spots grow,
Leſt he the Lambs infect, that Ram refuſe,
And for your Flocks another Husband chuſe;
Like ſuch a Ram, great *Pan*, the Moon deceiv'd
Call'd to the Woods, the Moon the God believ'd,
If ancient Poets Fables be receiv'd.

If ſtill our Fancy pleaſe ſtrong Food provide,
Your Flocks with Broom, ſalt Graſs and Clover feed;
Salt makes them drink, and Drink their Udders fills,
From Salt to Milk a ſavory Taſte diſtils.
The Mothers Teats to ſtronger Kids deny,
And Iron Muzzels round their Noſes tye:
Of Mornings Milk at Night make Cheeſe and Whey,
Your Evenings Milk next Morn to Town convey
In Wooden Pails, or if you ſtill have more,
Make ſalted Cheeſes for your Winter Store.
Swift Hounds from *Sparta* too deſerve your Care,
Moloſſian Maſtiffs muſt your Bounty ſhare:
Feed them with fat'ning Whey, nor be afraid,
That Thieves by Night or Wolves your Folds invade:
While round your Flocks a watchful Guard they keep;
No plund'ring *Spaniards* ſhall ſurprize your Sheep.
With Dogs wild Aſſes in the Woods incloſe,
With Greyhounds Hares, with Hounds purſue the Does:
Or from his Lair diſlodge the briſtly Boar,
While Woods and Winds reſound the mighty Roar.
With deep-mouth'd Hounds the lofty Hills beſet,
And force the Stag within the circling Net.
Incenſe and Cedar in your Stables fire,
The ſtrong Perfumes make hurtful Snakes retire:
Oft to the Stalls the deadly Vipers run,
Where they the Rays of bright *Apollo* ſhun;

Or poiſ'nous Serpents, who delight in Shade,
Crawl on the Floor and round their Venome ſpread.
No greater Plague can Flocks or Droves invade.
No ſooner then the watchful Shepherd ſpies
The Serpents hiſſing Creſts begin to riſe,
Darting fierce Threat'nings from their burning Eyes,
With Stones and Clubs he quells their ſwelling Pride,
Their frighted Heads in gloomy Caverns hide;
Behind their mangled Bodies hardly trail
The wreathing Volumes of their ſpiral Tail.
In the *Calabrian* Woods, a noiſom Gueſt,
A Serpent's found with high erected Creſt
Tow'ring; the ſcaly Foldings of his Back,
His tawny Belly ſpeckled o'er with black.
While Streams and Rivers from their Fountains flow,
While Spring is moiſt and rainy South-winds blow,
He dwells in Pools or lurks around their Shores,
And Frogs and Fiſhes greedily devours:
But when *Apollo*'s Beams the Marſhes drain,
And the parch'd Earth gapes wide for want of Rain,
He ſprings to land, his flaming Eyes darts round,
Drought burns, Heat frights, he rages on the Ground.
Nor ſhall I then to ſhady Woods repair
To ſleep on flow'ry Banks in open Air,
When this fierce Monſter, now his Age renew'd,
Rears to the Sun his ſparkling Creſt all proud;

And

And in his lurking Hole he leaves his Young,
Rolls up his Scales, and brandiſhes his Tongue.

Next the Diſeaſes of the Flocks I ſing,
Their Symptoms and the Cauſes whence they ſpring;
For to their Skins a leprous Scab will ſtick,
When chilling Rains have ſoak'd them to the Quick:
If Winter hoar Froſts on their Fleeces leaves,
Or Sweat unwaſh'd to new-ſhorn Bodies cleaves;
If ſcratch'd and torn by Thorns in prickly Woods,
Waſh then with Care your Sheep in running Floods;
The ſhaggy Rams in deeper Pools are thrown.
And with the falling Stream ſwim gently down:

Your new-ſhorn Sheep with Lees of Oyl beſmear,
Or mingle Sulphur, Litharge, Wax and Tar,
With black Bitumen, which the Mines produce,
And Squills and Hellebore's infernal Juice.

Againſt this Ill, this certain Cure is found,
Let Steel convert the Ulcer to a Wound;
Diſeaſes lurk with ſeeming Signs of Health,
Vice lives in Covert and augments by Stealth:
Fooliſh the Swain who helping Hands denies,
And to the Gods for their Aſſiſtance cries.

When this malignant Sore has ſeiz'd the Veins,
Then through the Blood a burning Fever reigns;
Lance them betwixt the Hoofs, the only Cure,
Which can your Flocks from raging Heat ſecure.
Thus the bold *Scythian*, when his Courſe he ſtrains
To *Rhodope* through Deſert *Scythian* Plains,

He

He bleeds his Horſe, and for his daily Food
He lives on Milk congeal'd with Horſes Blood.
When you perceive a Sheep affect the Shade,
Or crop with languid Jaws the tender Blade,
Or droop behind, or fall amidſt the Field,
Or wander late by Night, he muſt be kill'd,
E'er the unwary Crowd to the Contagion yield.
Not griſly Winter on the Ocean moves
More Storms, than Plagues infeſt the Flocks and Droves;
Nor by Degrees the Sheep and Cattel fall,
At once the dire Infection ſweeps through all
The Summer Paſture and the cover'd Stall.
Whoe'er has ſeen *Timavus* Currents flow
Through vaſt *Illyrian* Plains, (all Deſert now)
Or *German* Foreſts, where proud Caſtles riſe,
Or where the *Alps* ſwell through the airy Skies,
Though long ago, let him again review
Theſe empty Fields, aud then believe me true;
For there of old a deadly Plague begun,
From tainted Air by the Autumnal Sun:
The Streams it poiſon'd and the graſſy Field,
Nor Sheep nor Cattel ſcap'd: Beaſts tame or wild,
All ſudden die, and yield their vital Breath,
By Fates unknown, unuſual Ways to Death.
A ſcorching Drought thro' all their Members reigns,
Conſumes their Fleſh, and ſcours their melting Veins:

Their

Their Marrow and their Bones at laſt it burns,
And all to fluid putrid Matter turns.
Oft while the Victim by the Altar ſtands,
With ſnowy Garlands wreath'd and holy Bands,
' Quick Death prevents the Sacrificer's Hands.
Or if an Off'ring by his Steel expire,
He finds no Entrails for the ſacred Fire;
Th' Inquirer's Fate the Prieſt inquires in vain,
Scarce Signs of Blood upon the Knives remain,
But livid Gore bedaubs the thirſty Plain.
The Steers in flowry Meadows lifeleſs lie,
Or in full Stalls they breath their laſt and die.
The fawning Dogs run mad, the ſickly Swine
With coughing pant, with choaking Quinſie pine:
The conq'ring Horſe falls languiſhing and lies,
Nor thinks of War or of th' *Olympick* Prize:
His Ears hang down, he Food and Drink forſakes,
Cold Sweat by Fits from all his Body breaks;
A dry and Hide-bound Skin his Ribs ſurrounds,
Oft by his Feet the trembling Earth reſounds.
Theſe Signs at firſt the Horſe's Fate preſage,
But if with Time the Plague increaſe its Rage,
Then flaming Eyes, ſhort Breath, with Sighs and Moans
His Bowels heave with interrupted Groans;
Black Streams of Blood from panting Noſtrils ſpring,
And his parch'd Tongue and Jaws together cling:
A Drench of Wine, at firſt the only Cure,
Which cou'd his Life from preſent Death ſecure,

Proves

Proves fatal now; for Wine his Spirits fires,
And ſhort-liv'd Fury through his Blood inſpires:
Dying, their Teeth their trembling Sinews tear,
Ye Pow'rs Divine, who make the Juſt your Care,
From us to cruel Foes this Plague tranfer.

A ſmoaking Bull falls down beneath the Plough,
While Blood and Foam from's Mouth in Torrents flow;
Gaſping he lies, and groans his lateſt Breath,
His unyoak'd Mate mourns for his Fellow's Death;
Th' afflicted Swain, with Grief and Sorrow fill'd,
Forſakes the Plough in the half-labour'd Field.
Ev'n amber Streams which thro' the Paſtures glide,
And in the rolling cryſtal Pebbles hide;
The flowry Meadows and the ſhady Grove,
All want the Pow'r their fainting Hearts to move;
Their Sides hang flagging, and a drowſy Night
O'erpow'rs their Eyes, their Necks a lazy Weight.
What do the Bullocks for their Tillage gain?
Their Labour's bootleſs as their yearly Pains;
Ne'er drunk *Campanian* Wine, nor e'er oppreſt
With hurtful Surfeits of a ſumptuous Feaſt;
No careful Thoughts did e'er diſturb their Reſt.
Their Food plain Graſs, which Nature freely yields,
Their Drink clear Rills which murmur thro' the Fields;
No want of Cows till then thoſe Countries knew;
Then with unequal Steps wild Bufalo's drew
Great *Juno*'s Chariot to her lofty Shrine,
When ſacred Rites renew'd her Feaſts divine:

To

To tear the Ground Men us'd both Spade and Nails,
Their Necks dragg'd ratling Carts o'er Hills and Dales.
The cruel Plague makes rav'nous Wolves leſs bold,
Nor lie they watching by the nightly Fold.
Deer herd with Hounds, the ſpeedy Stag, now ſlow
Stalks round the Houſes with his *Spartan* Foe:
The Ocean's Off-ſpring, all the finny Store
Like Shipwrack'd Bodies caſt upon the Shore;
Sea Calves, to Rivers ne'er retired before.
The Viper's Hole can no Protection yield,
Nor Scales defend the Hydra in the Field;
Nay Birds, which thro' the airy Region fly,
Fall headlong lifeleſs from the tainted Sky:
Vain is the Change of Food, Cures ſooner kill,
This Plague ſurmounts the beſt Phyſicians Skill.
Triſiphone, now ſcap'd from Shades of Night,
Drives Plagues and Terrors thro' Ethereal Light,
Her Rage increaſes daily with her Spight.
Bellowings and Bleatings from dry Shores reſound,
The Hills and Rivers dying Groans rebound;
Whole Droves and Flocks at once the Fury kills,
With Heaps of Death the Folds and Stables fills;
Till Men were forc'd to hide them under Ground,
Since nothing uſeful after Death was found,
Their Guts corrupted and their Hides unſound.
For Boils and Ulcers their whole Bodies ſtain,
The cleanſing Streams and purging Fire are vain;

Their

Their putrid Skins th' infected Fleeces caſt,
Which if the Clothiers touch, they touch their laſt:
Who of ſuch Wool invenom'd Garments wore,
Struck with the Plague, a peſtilential Sore,
And fires accurſt his fainting Limbs devour.

The End of the Third Book.

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

The CONTENTS.

The Fourth and last Book contains a curious Description of the Kingdom of the Bees. Here the Poet shews what Station is most fit for 'em. Gives an account of their Food, Swarmings and Battels: The different Species of 'em: Of their times of making Honey: Of their Diseases, with the Symptoms and Remedies of each Disease: And supposing them all to be destroy'd, lays down a Project, how to raise them again: With some account of Aristæus, *the Author of the Project. The Poem endeth with the Episode of* Orpheus *and* Eurydice.

THE

HE Honey, form'd of pure Ethereal Dew,
Is now my Task, and worth *Mecænas'* view;
My Muſe ſhall from ſo ſmall a Subject raiſe
Thy admiration by immortal Lays:
The Bees, their Labour, Riſe and Race ſhe ſings,
Their Manners, Battels, and their warlike Kings:
Though mean the Theme, if envious Pow'rs allow,
And great *Apollo* anſwer to my Vow,
Eternal Glory ſhall adorn my Brow.
Firſt, for your Bees a quiet Station find,
Debarr'd acceſs of th'all inſulting Wind;
Winds hinder them their liquid Sweets to bear,
Through ſtormy Tracts of violented Air:
Their Haunts ſecure from ſporting Kids and Sheep,
Who Morning Dew from Flow'rs and Bloſſoms ſweep;
As wanton Heifers, feeding through the Fields,
Tread down the Blooms the ſmiling Paſture yields.
Muskins and other Birds infeſt the Hive:
Far from your Bees enamell'd Lizards drive:
The Swallows catch them flying, then convey
To their expecting Young the luſcious Prey.
Let cryſtal Fountains all your Hives ſurround,
And living Springs glide through the flowry Ground;
Or purling Rills creep through the Graſs unſeen,
With moſſy Pools all matted o'er with Green:

Before the Entry let wild Olives ſpread,
Or Palms diffuſe around a grateful Shade,
That, when the Kings their new form'd Squadrons bring,
To taſte the Pleaſures of the friendly Spring,
They on the Banks may find a cool Retreat,
Shelter'd by Leaves from ſcorching *Phœbus'* Heat.
Whether your Waters ſtand in Pools or flow,
Acroſs them Stones or willow Branches throw:
When Rain o'ertakes them ling'ring in the Woods,
Or Wind hath caſt them headlong in the Floods,
The Bees will on theſe frequent Bridges ſtand,
And to the Sun their glitt'ring Wings expand:
The verdant Lavender muſt there abound,
There Savory ſhed its pleaſant ſweets around;
There Beds of purple Violets ſhou'd bloom,
And fragrant Thyme the ambient Air perfume.
Whether your Hives be hollow Bark conjoin'd,
Or made of Oſier Twigs together twin'd;
Cut out a narrow Paſſage for the Bees,
With Heat their labours melt, with Cold they freeze;
Both hurt alike, nor is't in vain they ſtrive
To wax the Chinks and Cranies of their Hive;
They ſtop with Flow'rs, and Gum prepar'd diſtil,
Tougher than Glue or Pitch from *Ida*'s Hill:
For oft the Bees (if Fame be true) are found
To dig themſelves a Lodging under Ground;
Oft in the Bowels of an aged Oak,
Oft in the Caverns of a mould'ring Rock.

Plaiſter

Plaiſter your Hives with Lime, and o'er them throw
Few Leaves of Trees; no Yew muſt near them grow.
Ne'er burn the Shells of Lobſters near your Hive:
In fenny Marſhes Bees will never thrive:
Nor where from ſtinking Mud thick Vapours riſe,
Or echoing Rocks reſound their murm'ring noiſe,
The feign'd reſemblance of their humming Voice.
Now when the mounting Sun renews the Year
And drives cold Winter from our Hemiſphere,
The Bees then rove o'er all the Fields and Woods,
They ſuck the Flow'rs, they skim and taſte the Floods:
How charm'd I know not, with unuſual Joy,
To feed and lodge their Young they all their Care employ;
And with new Wax by moſt induſtrious Skill,
Firſt form their Combs, and then with Honey fill.
When you the Swarms 'ſcap'd from the Hives deſcry,
Like a dark Cloud blown through the Summer-Sky,
Swimming the boundleſs Ocean of the Air,
They ſtill to Pools and leafy Bow'rs repair:
There juice of Balm and Woodbine ſprinkle round,
Strike jingling Braſs and tinkling Cymbals ſound;
The lov'd Perfume will ſudden Reſt inſpire,
And they as uſual to their Hives retire.
But if to Battel jarring Swarms draw out,
For oft two mighty Kings their Right diſpute,
Which ſoon inflames both Nations to the War,
You'll hear them chide the Lazy from afar;

And warlike Noiſes through their Camps rebound,
Like the hoarſe Clangor of a Trumpet's ſound;
They run to Arms, and ruſtle with their Wings,
They ply their nimble Joints and whet their Stings;
Their King and Royal Tent arm'd Crowds incloſe,
And with loud Cries provoke the ling'ring Foes:
A Day for Battel when both Armies find,
Serene from Clouds, and undiſturb'd by Wind;
Then from their Camps they ruſh high in the Air
And the ſhrill ſounding Charge is heard afar;
They glow with Anger, and with Fury ſhine,
They charge, both Bodies in one Cluſter join:
Thick fall the Dead as Acorns, thick as Hail,
Both ſides each other with ſuch Rage aſſail;
The glitt'ring Kings both Armies courage fire,
Their little Bodies mighty Minds inſpire:
So bent to conquer, and ſo loath to yield,
Till one has beat the other from the Field.
A little Duſt, thrown up, the Combate ſtays,
Their martial Ardour and their Heat allays.

When thus both Kings you from the Combate call,
The vanquiſh'd Monarch muſt a Victim fall,
Leſt he conſume the Stores, and turn a Drone,
The Conqueror muſt fill his empty Throne.
There are two kinds; this glares with burning Gold,
By far the beſt, his Aſpect brave and bold,
And flames all bright, adorn'd with glitt'ring Scales:
That, dull and horrid, a huge Belly trails;

The

The Subjects Form with the two Kings agrees.
There is one kind of pale and hideous Bees;
Pale as the Trav'ller on the dusty Way,
Who from parch'd Jaws spits blended Sand and Clay;
And one, bedropp'd with Gold, all shining bright,
And all their Limbs are flash'd with Stars of Light:
That Race, the best, will in due time produce
Delicious Honey, that Ambrosial Juice;
Liquid as Nectar of the Pow'rs Divine,
Sweet to o'ercome the strength of roughest Wine.
But when the Swarms through airy Regions roam,
And slight their Hives, and leave their empty Home,
From play small Care to their known Mansions brings,
If from their Monarch you pull off the Wings;
There to the Hives confin'd, no Subjects dare
Move from the Camp to wing the lofty Air:
Sweet smelling Gardens will allure their stay,
Where God *Priapus* frights the Birds away
With wooden Scythe, and hinders Thieves to prey.
The careful Swain must all his Hives surround
With Thyme and Pines which lofty Mountains crown'd,
And hard'n unweary'd Hands by constant Toil,
And plant and water round the flow'ry Soil.
But that my rural Labour's near an end,
Since to the Port with falling Sails I tend:
I wou'd *Pomona* and her Treasures sing,
And how bright *Flora* beautifies the Spring:

How

How twice a Year the fam'd *Lucanian* Roſe,
Near *Paſtum* blooms; how creeping Parſley grows,
And Succory, which watry Banks incloſe.
To raiſe Acanthus and the Daffodill,
How bending Cucumbers their Bellies fill;
How Ivy Twigs the Trunks of Trees ſurround,
And *Venus'* Myrtles on the Shore abound.
For once I knew an old *Corycian* Swain,
Where deep *Galeſus* wets *Tarentum's* Plain,
Heir to few Acres of a barren Field,
Which neither Wine, nor Corn, nor Graſs did yield;
He Colworts planted, Vervain, Poppy ſow'd;
Where Thorns once grew, his Beds of Lillies ſtood:
When he return'd at Night, with plenty ſtor'd,
His unbought Diſhes heap'd his homely Board,
Nor envy'd he the Wealth which Royal Courts afford.
Firſt in the Spring he bluſhing Roſes ſees,
In Autumn firſt unloads his fruitful Trees;
When Winter cleaves the Rocks, and Nature pains,
And Rivers languiſh under icy Chains,
He gathers Cotton from th' *Egyptian* Thorn,
Chiding the ling'ring Spring and *Phœbus'* ſlow return.
His Grounds with Pines and fragrant Limes are fill'd,
His Bees, the firſt of all the flow'ry Field,
Produce their Young, the firſt their Honey yield.

And

And all the Bloſſoms which his Orchards bear,
Rip'n into Fruit, when Harveſt crowns the Year:
He plants his Pear-Trees and his Elms in rows,
The damask Plum on Thorns ingrafted grows;
His ſpreading Planes their pleaſant Shade extend,
Where he enjoys his Bottle and his Friend:
Theſe I omit; ſtrait bounds my Song withſtand,
I leave theſe Labours to ſome other hand.

Proceed, my Muſe, the wond'rous Talents ſhew,
Which grateful *Jove* did on the Bees beſtow,
Since they, by *Cretan* Swains and Cymbals led,
In *Dicte*'s Cave Heaven's Infant Monarch fed.

A common Off-ſpring they enjoy alone,
Their Towns, their Countrey they in common own;
The State has all, but Propertie's unknown.
They paſs their Days and in their Labours join,
For all their Actions binding Laws confine:
By Summer's Toil, they Winter Storms foreſee,
They lay in Stores; their ſeveral Tasks agree:
From tender Boughs ſome bear their liquid Glue,
Some poor *Narciſſus* Tears that balmy Dew.
Theſe as the ground-work of their Combs they mix,
To which tough Wax their nimble Fingers fix:
Some lead the Nations Hope, the Youth, to Flowers,
Some guard the Gates by turns, ſome round the Bow'rs,
Obſerve the Clouds, and watch approaching Show'rs

Some

Some purge the heav'nly *Nectar*, ſome condenſe,
And ſome the Liquid in void Cells diſpenſe;
The Lab'rers ſome unload, while others drive
Far off the Drones who dare approach the Hive.
All for the Publick ſtrive as for their own;
Perfumes and Sweetneſs all their Labours crown.
The brawny *Cyclops* thus *Jove*'s Bolts prepare,
While panting Bellows breathe diſſolving Air,
And, glowing Steel in Troughs of Water drown'd,
The Strokes on Anvils *Ætna*'s Caves rebound,
The crooked Tongs the Maſs ſtill turning round.
Their nervous Arms about the Cavern range,
Strike luſty Blows, and ſtill in order change:
And, if I may the great with ſmall compare,
Th' induſtrious Bees are fir'd with equal Care.
Each minds his Task, the Aged guard the Hive,
Or form the Cells; the Young at Ev'n arrive,
Their weary'd Thighs beſmear'd with Juice of Thyme;
All feed on Sallow, or the blooming Lime.
Saffron and Lavender's their daily Food;
They prey on Shrubs and ſuck the *Hy'cinth*'s Blood;
They reſt and toil together; with the Morn
They quit their Hives, and with the Night return;
Where they indulge their Eaſe, and hum around
Their Towns and Dwellings with a murm'ring ſound:
When to their Cells retir'd, deep Silence reigns,
Sweet Sleep all Night their weary'd Limbs ſuſtains;

Nor

Nor dare they leave their Hives, or truſt the Skies,
When Clouds bring Rain, or when Eaſt Winds ariſe:
Balanc'd with Pebbles through the liquid Air,
As Veſſels ballaſt through the Ocean bear;
They ſhort excurſions near their Dwellings try,
And ſafely round their Walls for Water fly.

But more than all, this may your Wonder move,
The Bees ne'er languiſh in the Snares of Love,
Nor *Venus'* Joys, nor feel *Lucina*'s Throws;
On Flow'rs and Leaves of Trees their Off-ſpring grows;
Which with their Mouths they pick, thus they repair
Their Race, their Kings, as they their Buildings rear.
Oft as they roam 'mong flinty Rocks abroad,
They break their Wings, or die beneath the Load:
So ſtrong a Paſſion in their Boſom reigns
Of forming Honey, where bright *Flora*'s Plains
Yield all the Glory which their Labour gains.
Few Years ſum up their Days, none fev'n exceed,
Yet ſtands the Nation; Sons their Sires ſucceed,
And through long Ages propagate their Breed.

No Eaſtern Nations on *Hydaſpes'* Shore,
Nor *Parthians* with more Zeal their Kings adore;
None under *Egypt*'s or great *Lydia*'s ſway
More Duty give, than Bees their Monarch pay:
While he is ſafe one Mind inſpires them all,
Their King once loſt, they in Confuſion fall.
Their Honey-combs with their own Hands they tear,
And ruin Labours which they bought ſo dear:

He

He rules their Works, all him admire alone,
And ſtrut around him with a murm'ring Tone;
Oft on their Backs they bear him to the Field,
Their King thro' Dangers they from Danger ſhield:
Submiſs in Peace, his Guards in time of War,
To die for him the beſt Reward they ſhare.
From theſe Remarks Philoſophers incline,
To think that Bees have ſomewhat of Divine;
That God's diffus'd through th' Univerſe, theſe ſay,
Through heav'nly Regions, through the Land and Sea;
From God Mankind, Beaſts, tame and wild, receive
Their vital Breath, by him alone they live:
Though cruel Death diſſolve their mortal Frame,
Their Spirits live; that pure Ethereal Flame,
The Soul returns to Heav'n from whence it came.
Wou'd you the Bees of all their Sweets deprive,
Spout from your Mouth warm Water, in the Hive,
Or elſe with Smoak from their lov'd Dwellings drive.
Twice every Year the Bees their Houſes build,
Which twice each Year Ambroſial Honey yield;
In Spring, when firſt the *Pleiades* ariſe,
And next in Harveſt when they quit our Skies.
When hurt, the Bees with boundleſs Anger burn,
They dire Revenge for the Offence return:
Piercing th' Offender's Veins, through Fury blind,
And in the Wound leave Sting and Life behind.

Foreſeeing

Foreſeeing Winter and the coming Year,
If with the Bees you would their Labour ſhare,
And out of pity the poor Lab'rers ſpare,
With fragrant Thyme perfume their deſert Homes,
Then from the full cut off the empty Combs.
The Combs the Lizard oft conſumes, and lurks
Within the Hive, where the blind Beetle works
Himſelf a Neſt; thither the Drones repair,
And at the charge of others make good Fare:
The Waſp with ſtronger Arms invades the Hive,
Where the conſuming Moths in plenty live;
And there the Spiders, which *Minerva* hates,
Stretch their entangling Webs before the Gates:
However vex'd, however robb'd, the more
The Bees are eager to ſupply their Store:
Their Kind recruiting, and their waxen Bow'rs
Again they fill with Honey drawn from Flow'rs.
If they with Sickneſs languiſhingly lie,
(In us and them Life breeds this Miſery)
This you may know by never failing ſigns,
Their Colours change, no dazling Brightneſs ſhines:
Paleneſs and meagre Looks deform the Head;
They from their Dwellings carry forth the Dead,
And funeral Pomps in ſlow Proceſſion lead.
Or round their Gates they hang their Legs entwin'd,
Or to their Cells by Lazineſs confin'd;
With hunger languid, chilling cold benumbs;
Their tones fall lower in long fainting Hums;

As when cold Winds through ſhady Foreſts blow,
As working Seas with raging Billows flow,
Or Flames pent in a fiery Furnace glow.
Firſt, I adviſe you all your Hives perfume
With burning the ſweet *Syrian* Galbanum:
Then liquid Honey through ſmall Canes convey
Into the Hives: that ſo the Savour may
The wearied Bees with pleaſure and delight,
Both to their Cure and uſual Food invite:
To cure the Bees, dry'd Roſes, Acorn Juice,
Athenian Thyme and Centaury conduce;
If with all theſe you mingle well-burnt Wine,
Or ſun-dry'd Raiſins from the *Pſythian* Vine.
There grows a common Flow'r, adorns the Meads,
Which from on e Stem divides in many heads,
Nam'd Starwort, by the Lab'rers of the Ground,
Whoſe yellow Bloom thick purple Leaves ſurround,
With which the Altars of the Gods are crown'd;
Smart to the Palate; which the Shepherds find
In graſſy Plains, where *Mella*'s Currents wind:
Its Roots firſt boil in Wine, the beſt that grows,
Then in full plenty to the Bees expoſe.
But ſhou'd the Race of Bees entirely die,
And none remain to raiſe the Family,
The time requires I fully here explain,
The rare Invention of th' *Arcadian* Swain;
Who from ſlain Bullocks did his Hives reſtore,
Producing Bees from Blood and livid Gore:

I fully

I fully ſhall ſo fam'd a Wonder ſing,
And from its ſource th' amazing Story bring.
The happy Swains, who near *Canopus* dwell,
Where fruitful Streams o'er all the Countrey ſwell,
In painted Boats ſurvey their ſtagnate Grounds,
Where *Nile* the Regions near to *Perſia* bounds;
Which from black *Ethiopia* draws its ſource,
Enriching *Egypt* in its fertile Courſe;
Then to the Sea in ſev'n proud Channels glides:
In this one Secret all their hope reſides:
They firſt a narrow place with Walls incloſe,
Four Windows there, which the four Winds oppoſe,
With Tiles they cover, then provide a Steer
Luſty and wanton, paſt his ſecond Year:
While he reſiſts in vain, his Mouth and Noſe
They cloſely ſtop, then kill the Beaſt with blows,
Till all his Guts and Bowels, bruis'd within,
Diſſolve and mellow in th' untainted Skin;
Then leave him thus inclos'd, but firſt below
His Body, Twigs of Thyme and Caſſia throw:
When firſt warm Weſtern Gales bring Rain and Dew
Before the Fields their flow'ry Coats renew,
Before the noiſy Swallows in the Spring
In high-built Neſts around the Houſes ſing;
The tender Bones enliv'ning ferment heats,
And wondrous Creatures by that warmth begets:

Feetleſs at firſt, till by degrees they try
To ſtretch new Wings and venture thro' the Sky;
And thick as Rain in Summer Tempeſts fly,
Or flights of Arrows from the twanging Bows,
When light-arm'd *Parthians* firſt attack their Foes.
O Muſe! relate what God, what Pow'r divine,
Did to this uſeful Art Mankind incline.
When *Ariſtæus* from cool *Tempe* fled,
His Bees, they ſay, through Want and Sickneſs dead;
With loud Complaints the mournful Shepherd ſtood
Near to the Source of *Peneus'* ſacred Flood,
Thus ſpeaking to the Fountain of his Blood.
O Nymph *Cyrene!* Mother, you who keep,
Thy watry Court beneath this mighty Deep;
If true, that I from *Phœbus* draw my Birth,
Why got by him, or why by you brought forth,
Accurſt by Fate, the Scorn of Heav'n and Earth?
Have you then quite caſt off a Mother's care?
You ſaid, I ſhou'd immortal Glories ſhare:
Your Son, alas! ſcarce mortal Life ſuſtains,
Robb'd of the honour due to ſo much Pains.
My Bees, my Corn, my Herds, my Cattel loſt,
Yet hapleſs I celeſtial Parents boaſt:
Next let your Hands fell down my fruitful Groves,
With cruel Plagues infeſt my Flocks and Droves,
With Hail and Mill-dew blaſt my ſtanding Corn,
With raging Flames my Sheaves and Stubbles burn;

Deſtroy

Deſtroy my Vineyards, hew down ev'ry Vine,
Since you ſo much at my true Praiſe repine.
Beneath old *Peneus'* Bed, deep under Ground,
His tender Mother hears a doleful Sound;
Around the Nymph her lovely *Naids* pull
And card green Fleeces of *Miteſian* Wooll;
Drymo and *Xantho*, *Ligea* the Fair,
With bright *Phyllodoce*, their ſhining Hair
Wav'd o'er their ſnowy Shoulders in the Air.
There young *Thalia* in her Beauties bloom,
Spio from Caves, from Iſles *Neſæe* come;
Cymodoce who loves the cryſtal Flood,
Cydippe there and fair *Lycorias* ſtood:
The firſt a lovely Maid, the laſt a Bride,
With *Hymen*'s Joys *Lucina*'s pains had try'd;
Clio and *Beroe*, two fair Sea-born Twins,
Adorn'd with Gold and ſpotted Tigers Skins;
Opis and *Ephyre* their places take
With *Deiopeia* from the *Aſian* Lake,
Swift *Arethuſa* did her Darts forſake.
Here *Clymene*, poor *Vulcan*'s Cares recites,
The Wiles of *Mars* and all his ſtol'n delights,
She down from *Chaos* in their order brings,
And frequent Loves of Pow'rs immortal ſings.
Pleas'd with the Song, while they their Spindles ply,
Again poor *Ariſtæus* mournful cry
His tender Mother reach'd, which all amaz'd;
Firſt *Arethuſa* through the Billows rais'd

Her Head, and to *Cyrene* calls from far:
Tis not in vain ſuch Grief inſpires your Fear;
Your darling Son mourns by your Father's Flood,
He calls thee cruel and complains aloud.
Again *Cyrene*'s ſtruck with ſudden Fright,
Make haſte, ſhe cries, conduct him to our ſight:
For him 'tis lawful, ſince of Heav'nly Line,
To view the ſecret Courts of Pow'rs Divine.
Then ſhe commands the Waters to retire,
That ſo the Youth might paſs at her Deſire.
Around the Swain the Waves like Mountains ſtood,
While thro' the Gulph he paſs'd beneath the Flood.
Where *Ariſtæus* wonders to behold
His Mother's Court, vaſt Lakes which Caverns hold;
Theſe humid Regions whiſtling Groves ſurround,
Still on he went, ſtruck with the murm'ring ſound
Of mighty Rivers gliding under Ground.
Which he in divers Quarters ſees appear,
Here the *Armenian Phaſis*, *Lycus* there;
There in his Bed the deep *Enipeus* lies,
Old Father *Tyber* there, and *Anio* riſe;
Here *Hypanis* makes *Scythian* Rocks reſound,
There *Myſian Caicus*' Streams divide the Ground:
And there the Bull-fac'd *Po* with double Horns,
Shining with Gold, luxuriant Fields adorns:
Not one of all the mighty Ocean's Sons
With ſwifter Courſe to his vaſt Empire runs.

Soon

Soon as the Swain had reach'd the cryſtal Court
Where pumice Arches the great Roof ſupport,
And that his Mother knew his fruitleſs Care,
To waſh his Hands his Siſters Water bear;
Then ſome fring'd Towels bring, ſome Meat, ſome Wine,
While ſacred Fires with burning Incenſe ſhine;
Cyrene calls, two hallow'd Goblets fill
With *Lydian* Wine, theſe to the Ocean ſpill;
As Sire of all below invoke the Sea,
With all the Siſter Nymphs, to whoſe great Sway,
A hundred Woods, a hundred Floods obey.
She ſparkling Wine thrice on the Altar threw,
Which in new Flames thrice to the Cieling flew.
When with this Omen ſhe had fix'd his Mind,
She thus began; You ſhall old *Proteus* find,
Prophet to mighty *Neptune*, he reſides
In the *Carpathian* Gulph o'er which he glides,
And his green Chariot with Sea-horſes guides.
He now returns to view th' *Emathian* Shore,
His native Soil; him we the Nymphs adore;
Old *Nereus* too: by him all things are ſeen,
What is to come, what is, or what has been:
Neptune this Pow'r beſtow'd, whoſe Flocks he keeps,
And feeds Sea-Monſters in the briny Deeps:
Son, till the God be bound he'll ne'er confeſs,
Why thou art plagu'd, or grant thee wiſh'd Succeſs;

Unleſs

Unleſs compell'd, the ſurly God denies
To give Advice, and Tears and Prayr's defies:
When ſeiz'd by Force, and fetter'd in a Chain,
Then he will try deluding Wiles in vain.
When Paſtures languiſh, burnt by *Phœbus'* Heat,
And Sheep in Coverts ſeek a cool Retreat;
I to his ſecret Grot will you convey,
Where he retires when weary'd with the Sea,
That you at will may ſeize the ſleeping God.
No ſooner caught, when binding Fetters load,
He will a thouſand different Shapes deviſe,
By new form'd Monſters ſtrive to cheat your Eyes;
Firſt like a dreadful Boar, a Tyger then,
A ſcaly Dragon next, and now again
A ſhaggy Lion with a curling Main.
Then thund'ring like a Flame he'll fiercely glow,
To ſcape your Hold he'll like clear Water flow.
The more you ſee the God to Change inclin'd,
Your Chains, dear Son, ſo much the faſter bind:
Till to your View he the ſame Form inveſt,
As firſt you ſaw him when he went to reſt.
Thus ſaid the Nymph, then o'er his Body threw
Ambroſial Sweets, with pure Ethereal Dew
Perfumes his Locks; and all his Limbs anoints,
Celeſtial Vigour ſtraight inſpires his Joints.
There is a Grotto of a vaſt Extent,
From a huge Mountain by loud Tempeſts rent,

Which

Which drives the Billows 'gainſt the rocky Shore,
Where ſoamy Floods in winding Caverns roar,
A ſafe Retreat to Seamen heretofore.
Behind a Rock himſelf old *Proteus* laid,
Her Son the Nymph in Ambuſh then convey'd,
And in a Cloud involv'd, at diſtance ſtay'd.

Now ſcorching *Sirius* burnt the thirſty *Moors*,
And Seas, contracted, left their naked Shores;
The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring ſupply'd the Flood,
And mid-day Rays boil'd up the Streams to Mud:
When *Proteus*, coming to his uſual Cave,
The Sea-Calyes foll'wing ſpout the brackiſh Wave;
Spread o'er the Sand the ſcatter'd Monſters lay,
He, like a Shepherd at the cloſe of Day,
When Heifers ſeek their Stalls, and round a Rock
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke,
Sits 'midſt the Beach, and counts the ſcaly Flock.
Scarce was he laid, ſcarce Sleep had ſeiz'd his Eyes,
When *Ariſtæus*, eager to ſurprize,
Invades and binds him: Strait he ſtarts and roars,
And with ſhrill Noiſes fills the echoing Shores;
He flies to his old Arts and ſtrives to 'ſcape,
By frequent Change and varying of his Shape;
All monſtrous Forms put on, and did appear
A Flame, a Flood, a Lion and a Bear:
When nought avail'd, he turn'd himſelf again,
And thus ſpoke with the Accent of a Man:

By

By whoſe Advice haſt thou ſo raſhly preſt,
Bold Youth, on me? And what do'ſt thou requeſt?
You know, great God, you know, the Swain reply'd,
For who can cheat you? Who his Wants can hide?
But ſtrive to change no more: I humbly come,
Sent by the Gods Commands, to know my Doom;
For what I'm puniſh'd, whence theſe Plagues aroſe,
And by what Means I may retrieve my Loſs?
This ſaid, the angry God with Fury ſhook.
His Eyes ſhot Flame, and Horror chang'd his Look,
He gnaſh'd his Teeth, and thus at laſt he ſpoke:
No common Gods, no common Guilt purſue,
Thou ſuffer'ſt what to thy great Crime is due:
At wretched *Orpheus'* Suit theſe Plagues commence,
Tho' (Fate being kind) too ſmall for thy Offence.
To Heaven's ſtrict Juſtice he his Wrongs apply'd,
And call'd down Vengeance for his periſh'd Bride:
She, while ſhe fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
By heedleſs Fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
Ne'er ſaw the Snake glide o'er the graſſy Ground,
But e'er ſhe knew the Foe ſhe felt the Wound:
Her Fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with cries,
In groans the ſoften'd *Rhodope* replies;
Rough *Thrace*, the *Getes*, and *Hebrus'* Streams lament,
Forget their Fury and in Grief conſent;
While he to doleful Tunes his Strings does move,
And ſtrives to ſolace his uneaſy Love;

Thee,

Thee, thee, dear Bride, on deſert Shores alone,
He mourn'd at riſing and at ſetting Sun:
His reſtleſs Love did nat'ral Fears expel,
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell;
He ſaw the Grove where gloomy Horrors ſpread,
The Ghoſts, and ghaſtly Tyrant of the Dead;
With thoſe rough Pow'rs that there ſeverely reign,
Unus'd to pity when poor Men complain.
He ſtrook his Harp, and ſtrait a numerous throng
Of airy People flew to hear the Song;
Thither vaſt Troops of wretched Lovers came,
And ſhriek'd at the remembrance of their Flame;
With heavy Grief and gloomy Thoughts oppreſt,
Meagre each Shape, and Wounds in every Breaſt.
How deep, ah me! and wide muſt mine appear,
If ſo much Beauty can be ſo ſevere!
With theſe mix'd Troops of Fathers, Husbands, Wives,
As thick as ſwarms of Bees fly round their Hives
At Ev'ning cloſe, or when a Tempeſt drives:
With Ghoſts of Hero's and of Babes expos'd,
And Sons whoſe dying Eyes their Mothers clos'd:
Which now the dull unnavigable Flood,
With black *Cocytus'* horrid Weeds and Mud,
And *Styx*, in nine large Channels ſpread, confine,
And hinder their return to Light divine:
The wondrous numbers ſoften'd all beneath,
Hell, and the inmoſt flinty Seats of Death:

Snakes

Snakes round the Furies Heads did upward rear,
And ſeem'd to liſten to the pleaſing Air,
While fiery *Styx* in milder Streams did rowl,
And *Cerb'rus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl;
Falſe *Ixion*'s Wheel ſtood ſtill; all Tortures ceas'd,
And Hell amaz'd knew an unuſual reſt,
All Dangers paſt, beyond the reach of Fear,
Reſtor'd *Eurydice* breath'd upper Air;
Foll'wing behind; (for mov'd by his Complaint,
Hell added this Condition to the Grant,
To be forgiv'n if Hell cou'd be appeas'd,)
When Fury ſoon the heedleſs Lover ſeiz'd;
For near the Confines of Ethereal Air,
Unmindful and unable to forbear,
He ſtop'd, look'd back, (what cannot Love perſuade?)
To take one view of the unhappy Maid.
Here all his Pains were loſt, one greedy look
Defeats his Hopes and Hell's Conditions broke;
Thrice *Styx* reſounded, thrice *Avernus* ſhook:
A fatal Meſſenger from *Pluto* flew,
And ſnatch'd the Forfeit from a ſecond View:
Backward ſhe fell: Ah me! too greedy Youth,
(She cry'd) what Fury now hath ruin'd both?
Death ſummons me again, cold Fates ſurprize,
And icy Sleep ſpreads o'er my nodding Eyes:
All wrapt in Night I feel the *Stygian* Shore,
And ſtretch my Arms to thee in vain, ah thine no more!

This

This ſcarce pronounc'd, like Smoke diſpers'd in Air,
So vaniſh'd the twice loſt unhappy Fair
And left him catching at the flying Shade;
He ſtood diſtracted, much he wou'd have ſaid.
In vain, for *Charon* wou'd not waft him o'er,
Once he had paſt and now muſt hope no more.
What ſhou'd he do? Where ſhou'd he ſeek repoſe?
Where fly the trouble of his ſecond Loſs?
In what ſoft numbers ſhou'd the Wretch complain,
And beg his dear *Eurydice* again?
She now grew cold in *Charon*'s Boat beneath,
And ſadly ſail'd to the known Seats of Death:
But while nine circling Months in order turn'd,
Beneath bleak Rocks (thus Fame reports) he mourn'd,
By freezing *Strymon*'s unfrequented Stream;
Eurydice, his loſt *Eurydice*, his Theme:
And while he ſang this ſad Event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tigers, and made Oaks to move;
With ſuch ſoft Tunes, and ſuch a doleful Song,
The Nightingale bewails her raviſh'd Young;
Which ſome hard-hearted Swain had born away
While callow Birds, or kill'd the eaſy Prey;
Reſtleſs ſhe ſits, renews her mournful Strains,
And with ſad Paſſion fills the neighb'ring Plains:
No Face cou'd win him, and no Charms cou'd move,
He fled the hainous thoughts of ſecond Love.
In vain the *Thracians* woo'd; Wit, Wealth, Eſteem,
Thoſe great Enticers, loſt their force on him;

Alone he wander'd through the *Scythian* Snows,
Where icy *Tanais* freezes as it flows;
Thro' Fields ſtill white with Froſt, or beat with Hail.
Conſtant to grief and eager to bewail:
Eurydice, the God's vain Gift, employs
His thoughts, and makes him deaf to other Joys.
The ſlighted *Thracians* Heat this ſcorn increas'd,
They breath'd Revenge, and, fir'd at *Bacchus'* Feaſt;
(For what ſo ſoon as Wine makes Fury burn?
And what can wound a Maid ſo deep as Scorn?)
Full of their God, they wretched *Orpheus* tore,
Scatter'd his Limbs, and drank his reeking Gore:
His Head torn off as *Hebrus* roll'd along,
Eurydice fell from his dying Tongue.
His parting Soul when flying through the Wound,
Cry'd, ah *Eurydice!* the Floods around
Eurydice! Eurydice the Banks reſound!
Thus *Proteus* ſaid, then to the Sea he ſprung,
And round his Head the foaming Billows flung:
Not ſo the Nymph; thus *Ariſtæus'* Cares
She ſooths, and bids him now diſpel his Fears;
Since now for what you loſt your Bees and Droves
You fully know; the Dryads of the Groves,
Wont with *Eurydice* to dance and ſing,
For her lov'd ſake did this deſtruction bring.
Firſt offer Victims to their Pow'r divine,
And then their Pity with ſoft Vows incline;

These

These easy Nymphs will to your Pray'rs give way,
Forgive your Crime, and their just Wrath allay,
But first I must instruct you how to pray.
Four well-grown Bulls choose from your lusty Droves,
Which you keep grazing in th' *Arcadian* Groves;
To these you must four unyok'd Heifers join,
Then raise four Altars by the Dryads Shrine;
There let their Throats pour out a sacred Flood,
Then leave them in the Grove imbru'd in Blood:
When the ninth Day *Aurora* shall return,
And on her Wings display the rosy Morn,
Pay drowsy Poppy to wrong'd *Orpheus'* shade,
Then slay such Victims as appease the Dead,
To him and to his Bride a Sheep of sable Hue,
And tender Calf, and then the Grove review,
Strait *Aristæus*, shunning all delays,
His Mother's orders eagerly obeys;
Then going to the Dryads sacred Shrine
He rais'd four Altars as she did enjoin:
Four well grown Bulls, which in their strength exceed,
And by his Hands, four unyok'd Heifers bleed:
When the ninth Morn *Aurora* had renew'd,
He *Orpheus'* Ghost appeas'd, and then the Groves review'd,
Where they beheld with Wonder and Surprize,
New Swarms of Bees from melting Bowels rise,
Like Clouds, from broken Ribs mount to the Skies.

To neighb'ring Trees the winged Troops did throng,
And from the Boughs in living Cluſters hung.
Thus I have Tillage ſung and fruitful Trees,
Next Flocks and Droves, at laſt th' induſtrious Bees:
While mighty *Cæſar*'s conqu'ring Eagles bore
His awful Thunder to *Euphrates*' Shore;
The willing Nations yielded to his ſway,
And he to Heav'n cut his triumphant way.
I *Virgil*, then at *Naples*, felt the Joys
The Muſes yield, remote from War and Noiſe;
I Paſt'rals ſung in heat of youthful Days,
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The End of the Georgics.

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ÆNEIS.

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The CONTENTS.

*After the Introduction and the Invocation, the Narration begins in the ſeventh Year of Æ*neas' *Expedition, ſince the Deſtruction of* Troy: *About which time the* Trojan *Fleet having ſet ſail from* Sicily, *and ſteering its Courſe towards* Italy; Juno (*having acquired the Favour of* Æolus, *God of the Winds*) *raiſed a moſt horrible Tempeſt, which* Neptune *calms.* Æneas *with ſeven of his Ships gets into a*

Port in Africk, *the remainder of his Fleet being ſeparated and diſpers'd by the Storm.* Venus *complains to* Jupiter *of the Calamities and Sufferings of her Son* Æneas: Jupiter *comforts her, by foretelling the future Greatneſs and Happineſs of* Æneas *and his Poſterity, down to the days of* Auguſtus Cæſar. *Then ſends* Mercury, *the Meſſenger of the Gods, to the City of* Carthage, *to inſpire Queen* Dido *and her* Tyrians, *with favourable Thoughts and Inclinations towards the* Trojans. Æneas *and* Achates *having gone abroad early in the Morning, to diſcover the Country they were caſt upon;* Venus *meets them in the Woods, in the Form and Habit of a* Tyrian *Huntreſs: She relates to them the Story of* Dido, *informing them of the nature of the Country, and the Foundation of* Carthage: *To which ſhe directs them, veiling them with a Cloud; by which means they went inviſible to the Town, and enter'd the Temple of* Juno; *where* Æneas *finds the Hiſtory of the Siege of* Troy *painted on the Walls.* Dido *enters the Temple with her Guards in great Pomp.* Æneas *ſees there* Ilioneus *and others of his Friends and Captains (whom he believed loſt in the Storm) ſent from the Fleet to implore Relief from the Queen.* Æneas *breaks the Cloud, diſcovers himſelf, and is kindly received by* Dido. *He ſends* Achates *to the Fleet, to conduct his Son* Aſcanius *to the Town, and bring Preſents to the Queen. In whoſe form* Venus *ſubſtitutes her Son* Cupid, *to the end he might inflame* Dido *with an amorous Paſſion for* Æneas. *The Queen conducts* Æneas *and his Company*

to

to her Court; where ſhe treats them with a ſplendid Supper: Toward the end of which ſhe begins to fall in Love with Æneas, *and intreats him to relate the Story of the* Trojan *War, and his Travels and Voyages ſince, the ſubject of the ſecond and third Books.*

Sing the Warrior and his mighty Fame,
Who driven by Fate from burning *Ilium*'s Flame,
Firſt led the *Trojans* to the *Latian* Coaſt,
At Sea and Land by Storms and Dangers croſs'd;
Rais'd by the angry Gods, and wreakful Spleen
Of *Jove*'s offended and revengeful Queen.
Much in the Wars he ſuffer'd, long oppreſs'd
E'er for his wand'ring Gods a place of Reſt
The Hero built; from whence the *Latin* Fame,
The *Alban* Fathers and the *Roman* Name.
O Muſe! relate what Cauſe, what dire Offence
A Goddeſs urg'd againſt ſo juſt a Prince,
And cou'd ſuch worth in ſo much Toil engage:
Are Minds Immortal fir'd with ſuch a Rage?
A Colony of *Tyre*, old *Carthage*, ſtood,
Oppos'd to *Latian* Plains and *Tyber*'s Flood;
In Commerce rich, inclin'd to Arms and War,
Before all other Towns to *Juno* dear,

More

More than her native *Samos:* Here ſhe plac'd
Her Arms and Chariot, with her Favours grac'd,
And ſo far cheriſh'd (wou'd the Fates prove kind)
For it the Empire of the World deſign'd.
But ſhe had heard that from the Seed of *Troy*
A Race muſt ſpring, ſhou'd *Carthage* Tow'rs deſtroy;
That Fate decreed that warlike People's reign,
Where'er the Globe's encompaſs'd by the Main:
This *Juno* fears, and to her Mind recalls
Her *Grecian* War againſt the *Trojan* Walls.
Her ancient Grudges ſhe at once reviews,
And *Paris'* Judgment in her thoughts renews
Her rival'd Beauty; and her injur'd Fame,
With *Ganymed* preferr'd: The hated *Trojan* Name
Inflam'd her Breaſt, to vex and to deſtroy,
What *Greeks* had left, the poor Remains of *Troy*;
Which ſhe for many Years had hurry'd round
From Coaſt to Coaſt, far from th' *Italian* Ground,
Such was, ſo over-burthening of Fate,
The lab'ring Toil to found the *Roman* State.
Scarce had the *Trojans* loſt *Sicilian* Shores,
And joyful ſcowr'd the Main with bending Oars,
When *Juno* thus within her ſelf expreſs'd
The endleſs Sorrows of her wounded Breaſt;
Muſt I then yield? Nor ſhall my Pow'r reſtrain
A *Trojan* King in *Italy* to reign?
But Fate forbids: Why for the Crime of one
Could *Pallas* burn a Fleet? To *Ajax*, *Oileus'* Son,

She

She with *Jove*'s Thunder gave the mortal Wound,
Diſpers'd his Navy and his Seamen drown'd,
And to a Rock his breathleſs Body bound;
Whilſt I, the Queen of Gods, *Jove*'s Siſter, Wife,
For many Years maintain immortal Strife
Againſt one Nation. Who will after pray?
Or grateful Victims on my Altar ſlay?
Then th' angry Goddeſs, on ſwift Vengeance bent,
To *Æolus*'s bluſt'ring Kingdom went;
Where he the Winds in rocky Caves contains,
And curbs their Fury with ſtrong Bars and Chains;
Which juſtling Storms with Indignation bear,
And with a murm'ring Noiſe the Mountain tear:
High on his Throne their King their force allays,
And with his Scepter raging Tempeſts ſtays;
Which if he did not, Earth and Sea, and Heav'n
Wou'd through the empty ſpace be rent and driv'n.
This the Almighty fearing, he confin'd
The Winds to gloomy Caves, which lofty Mountains bind;
Gave them a King who might their raging awe,
And rule their Motions by a certain Law.
To him *Saturnia* made this humble Suit,
Great *Æolus* (whoſe Empire's abſolute
O'r Winds and Waves) a Nation I abhor
Bears conquer'd *Ilium* to the *Latin* Shore,
And ſails the *Tyrrhen* Flood; to Winds give way,
Sink, drown, o'erſet, diſperſe them through the Sea:

Twice

Twice ſev'n bright Nymphs all beautiful are mine,
I will the faireſt to your Arms reſign,
In holy Wedlock *Deiopeia* join,
To paſs her Days with you for ſuch a Grace,
' And make you Father of a noble Race.
' 'Tis yours to will (the ſtormy God replies)
My Gratitude in blind Obedience lies,
To you my Crown, to you the Smiles of *Jove*,
To you I owe to feaſt with Gods above.
He ſaid, and 'gainſt the Hill his Scepter threw,
From whence by Troops the boiſt'rous Brothers flew;
They Air and Land with dreadful whirlings ſweep,
Then ſtretch their boundleſs Fury on the Deep;
Turn up its bottom, o'er the Billows roar,
And threat to drive old Ocean on the Shore.
Hawling of Ropes ſucceeds, and Seamens cries,
Clouds ſnatch the Day and cover all the Skies,
Night ſhrowds the Billows from the *Trojans* Eyes:
Thunder and Lightning rend the troubl'd Air,
At once combine Death, Terror and Deſpair.
A ſudden Fright *Æneas* Soul amaz'd,
He ſigh'd, and both his Hands devoutly rais'd;
Thrice happy you (he cries) whoſe lucky Fall
Your Parents Preſence grac'd near *Ilium*'s Wall!
' *Tydides*, braveſt of the *Grecian* Bands,
What cruel Fortune ſnatch'd me from your Hands
In *Trojan* Fields? Where noble *Hector* lies
To fierce *Achilles*' Sword a Sacrifice;

Where

Where brave *Sarpedon* fell, when *Simois* Flood
Was ſwell'd with Bodies, Helmets, Shields and Blood?
'While thus the Prince his cruel Fate bewails,
'Fierce *Boreas* drives a Wave againſt his Sails,
Which broke his Oars, and lav'd the lowring Clouds;
He veer'd his Prow to Windward 'gainſt the Floods;
They ſwell, and to a foaming Mountain grow:
The Men a-head hang trembling on its Brow,
While thoſe a-ſtern perceive th' abandon'd Sand,
And dreadful Eddies mingling Sea and Land.
On hidden Rocks three Ships the South-wind threw,
Round Iſles, call'd Altars, rais'd aloft in view;
Three more by *Eurus* on the *Syrtes* caſt,
(Amazing ſight) and on the Shelves ſtick faſt.
A dreadful Wave againſt the Galley flew,
Which bore *Orontes* and his *Lycian* Crew
From Stem to Stern, in great *Æneas'* view.
Firſt headlong in the Sea the Pilot lights,
The Galley thrice turns round, then ſinks to rights;
A few eſcape and ſwim the ſpacious Floods,
With ſcatter'd Pictures, *Trojan* Arms and Goods:
'The ſtouteſt Galley to the Storm gives way;
Which *Ilioneus* commands; 'ſhe ſucks the Sea
'At looſen'd Planks: Thus daſhing Waves and Wind
Achates' and *Alethes'* Ships unbind:
'Thus *Abas'* Ship admits the hoſtile Streams,
'Which ruſh apace through all her gaping Seams.

Mean

Mean while below, the Trident-bearing God
Felt the Commotions of the raging Flood;
Grieving, his Head he rais'd above the Sea,
His peaceful Eyes the Heav'ns and Waves ſurvey:
He ſaw the Fleet diſpers'd upon the Main,
The *Trojans*, over-ſpent, the Wrath of Heav'n ſuſtain.
'The God full well his Siſter's Malice knew,
With all the Cauſes which her Hate renew:
Then *Zephyrus* and *Eurus* calls: From whence?
(Says he) rebellious Race, this confidence,
To raiſe ſuch Storms without my leave, to dare
Engage the Elements in open War?
Whom I— (but firſt I muſt the Floods allay)
Try this again, and you ſhall dearly pay:
Hence, tell your King, the Empire of the Main
Is none of his, the Trident I ſuſtain;
It fell my Lot, and by the Fates I reign.
Let him to Rocks and Caverns give the Law,
You and your Brothers keep in conſtant awe.
This ſaid, ſwifter than thought he calm'd the Sea,
'Diſpell'd the Clouds, reſtor'd the glorious Day:
The Gallies which ſtuck faſt on Rocks and Sands,
He with his Trident clears, his *Tritons* with their Hands;
Lays wide the ſpacious *Syrtes*, ſtills the Main,
Then drives his Chariot o'er the glaſſy Plain.
As oft we ſee, when Tumults roar aloud,
And bold Sedition fires the giddy Crowd;

Arm'd

Arm'd by their Rage, they Stones and Brands let fly,
If then ſome grave and prudent Man paſs by,
To ſilence huſh'd, to hear his words inclin'd,
He cools the raging Fever in their Mind.
Thus fell the ſwelling of the boiſt'rous Main,
The God through azure Skies turns round the liquid Plain.
" The weary *Trojans* ply their ſhatter'd Oars
" To neareſt Land, and make the *Lybian* Shores.
' Far ſtretch'd within the Coaſt there lies a Bay,
' An Iſle defends it from the raging Sea,
' And forms a Port; here gentle Surges glide
' In double Streams, puſh'd by the ſwelling Tide:
On either hand upon the Entry riſe
Two rocky Cliffs, which neighbour on the Skies,
Whoſe tow'ring tops the ſtormy Winds oppoſe,
And *Sylvan* ſcenes the ſhaded Bay incloſe.
A nat'ral Grot, a marble Seat ſurrounds
And forms the Entry: Here the murm'ring ſounds
Of Water, purling from a living Spring,
To this retreat the Nymphs and *Nereids* bring.
No hawlſers here tie beaten Ships to land,
No crooked Anchors moor their Sterns to Sand.
Of all his Fleet but ſev'n alone remain'd,
With which the Prince this peaceful Harbour gain'd.
Eager to land, in haſte the *Trojans* reach
The wiſh'd-for Shore, and weary'd Bodies ſtretch.

Achates ſtrikes a Flint, from whence proceed
Bright Seeds of Fire, which Leaves and Branches feed:
Others, though ſpent with Toil, their Bellies mind,
And *Ceres'* Tools unload, their Sacks unbind,
Firſt dry their Wheat and then with Marble grind.
Æneas mounts a Cliff, thence to ſurvey
A diſtant Proſpect round, if on the Sea
He *Antheus* or brave *Capys* could deſcry,
The *Trojan* Fleet, or *Caicus'* Enſigns fly:
'No Sail appear'd in view. Upon the Coaſt
He ſaw three Stags lead on the horned Hoſt
To graſſy Vales; the Shafts *Achates* bore
The Hero ſeiz'd, and ſtop'd upon the Shore.
He firſt knocks down the Leaders lofty Heads,
And next the Croud through all the Foreſt ſpreads:
Nor gave he o'er, till, on the verdant Plain,
Sev'n lordly Stags his conqu'ring Hands had ſlain;
The number of his Ships, that 'ſcap'd the ſtormy Main.
Then to the Port he went; the Prey he kill'd
He gave his Friends, with Jars *Aceſtes* fill'd
With generous Wine from the *Sicilian* Plains;
Then thus he ſooths their Minds and their laborious Pains:
You know the Ills you felt, and heavier preſs
You now, yet theſe the Gods will end no leſs:
You *Scylla's* Rage and *Cyclops'* Rocks have try'd,
Take Courage, Friends, and lay your Fears aſide;

The Day may come when you with Joy ſhall tell
Your Sons theſe Dangers which their Sires befel.
Through Toils and Storms to *Italy* we tend,
Where Fate aſſures that all our Cares ſhall end.
There *Troy* her Empire ſhall again renew,
With patience wait what Heav'n reſerves for you.
He ſaid, while Grief and Anguiſh fill'd his Heart,
' And chearful Looks diſguis'd his inward ſmart.
They fall upon the Prey, the Haunches bare,
Tear out the Bowels, then in Morſels ſhare:
Some ſpit the trembling Joints, ſome Fires prepare:
Along the Shore they boil, they roaſt, they eat,
Wine chears their Spirits, and their Bodies Meat.
Hunger appeas'd, the *Trojans* call to mind
Their abſent Friends, to hope or fear inclin'd.
And long diſpute, if they their Death ſhould mourn,
Or hope they live, and wiſh their ſafe Return;
Æneas chiefly; and with Sighs and Groans
Orontes' and *Amycus'* Chance bemoans:
His troubled Mind *Cloanthus'* loſs reviews,
Gyas' and *Lycus'* cruel Fate renews.
Thus ended all; when from his Heav'nly Throne
Jove on the lower World a look caſt down;
The ſcatter'd Nations he ſurvey'd all o'er,
Then fix'd his Eyes upon the *Lybian* Shore:
Venus, who ſees him pity human Cares,
Thus ſpeaks to *Jove*, her Eyes all bath'd in Tears:

Almighty Pow'r, who ſhak'ſt the ſtarry Poles,
Whoſe ſway eternal Gods and Men controuls;
What horrid Crimes have wretched *Trojans* done
Againſt thy Power? What great Offence my Son?
After ſo many Deaths, yet ſtill deny'd
Th' *Italian* Coaſt and all the World beſide?
You promis'd once, that from their Loins ſhou'd come
A Race to rule Mankind, all conqu'ring *Rome*.
Can *Jove* recal his Word, his Will transfer?
Which was my Comfort in the *Trojan* War;
My only hope in *Ilium*'s ſinking State,
And this my Truſt, I Fate oppos'd to Fate:
Like Fortune and like Miſchiefs ſtill attend
The wretched *Trojans*: Muſt they never end?
Why could *Antenor*, 'ſcap'd from *Grecian* Bands,
Sail thro' th' *Illyrian* Seas, and paſs *Liburnian* Lands,
And croſs *Timavus*' Streams, which thundring ſound
From nine proud Springs, and ſpread a Sea around?
He *Padua* founded for his *Trojan* Race,
Gave them his Name, his Arms their Temples grace,
And now he reigns a Monarch crown'd with Peace.
Whilſt we, your Blood, to whom great *Jove* has giv'n
A Seat, with Pow'rs immortal in his Heav'n;
Our Gallies burnt, alas? for ſpight of one,
Betray'd to Dangers, ſhipwreck'd and undone,
Driv'n far from *Italy* upon the Main;
Is this our Merits due? Is this our promis'd Reign?

Jove

Jove kiſs'd the Goddeſs, and with Smiles replies,
'As when he calms the Air, and clears tempeſtuous Skies:
Fair Daughter, fear not, Fate attends you ſtill,
Firm as my Word, and certain as my Will;
You ſhall behold *Lavinian* Caſtles riſe,
And great *Æneas* mount above the Skies:
But ſince your Thoughts ſuch anxious Cares retain,
I will the ſecrets of your Fate explain.
He ſhall all *Italy* with War imbrue,
And ſtubborn Nations by his Arms ſubdue;
Shall beat the *Rutuli* in open Field,
After three Years all to his Law ſhall yield,
And round their Cities ſhall ſtrong Ramparts build.
His Son *Aſcanius*, born of *Trojan* Blood,
(Sirnam'd *Iulus*, while great *Ilium* ſtood):
After that thirty rowling Years turn round,
With lofty Bulwarks ſhall a City found;
And from *Lavinium* ſhall his Throne tranſlate,
In *Alba Longa* fix his Royal Seat.
There *Teucer*'s Race three hundred Years ſhall ſway,
Till *Mars* old *Veſta*'s royal Maid betray;
And lovely *Ilia* Godlike Twins brings forth;
A tawny Wolf ſhall nurſe the double Birth.
Then *Romulus* commands, builds *Mars*'s Walls,
And from his Name the People *Romans* calls:
To them, nor bounds, nor time's aſſign'd by Heav'n
I have the *Romans* endleſs Empire giv'n.

Ev'n angry *Juno*, who frights Lands and Sea,
And Heav'n it ſelf ſhall then her Hate allay,
And join with me to cheriſh and to crown
Rome, ruling by the Sword, and conqu'ring by the Gown.
This I decree, *Aſſaracus*'s Line
Shall to *Mycenæ* conquer'd *Argos* join.
From your bright Stem ſhall *Julius Cæſar* riſe,
'His Sway the Sea alone ſhall bound, his Fame the Skies:
From great *Iulus* he ſhall take his Name,
Triumphing o'er the Eaſt, born on the Wings of Fame;
You ſhall in Heav'n receive, and to his Shrine
The conquer'd Nations ſhall their Vows deſign.
That iron Age ſhall ſoften into Peace,
And candid Truth and *Veſta* ſhall embrace;
Quirinus then and *Remus* ſhall give Law,
And Faith and Juſtice keep Mankind in awe:
Then, *Janus*' Temple ſhut, ſtrong Bars ſhall bind
The dreadful Gates, and horrid War confin'd
With Chains of Braſs on heaps of Arms within,
Shall gnaſh his bloody Teeth in Wrath, and grin.
Jove ſaid. Then from the Sky *Cyllenius* ſends,
To tell proud *Carthage* to receive as Friends
Æneas' Hoſt; "leſt, ignorant of Fate,
"*Dido* might force them from her Town and State.
His nimble Wings through airy Regions ſoar,
Swifter than Thought he lights on *Lybia*'s Shore,
And full as quick performs what *Jove* enjoyn'd.
The *Tyrians* quit the fierceneſs of their Mind:

Firſt *Dido* to the Gods her Will reſigns,
And peaceful Thoughts to wand'ring *Troy* inclines.
But good *Æneas*, rack'd with Cares all Night,
Soon as the Morn reſtor'd the chearful Light,
Went out to view the Countrey, and explore,
If Men or Beaſts inhabited that Shore,
(For all lay waſte); and to his Friends make known
Upon what Coaſt the Winds their Ships had thrown.
" Below a hollow Rock he hides his Fleet,
Where ſpreading Trees around in darkneſs meet;
Achates only waits upon the Prince,
And ſhakes two poliſh'd Spears for his defence.
To them bright *Venus* in the Woods appears,
A *Spartan* Virgin's Looks and Dreſs ſhe wears;
Arm'd like *Harpalice*, the *Thracian* Queen,
Gay on her Steed with the ſame Huntreſs mien;
As when on *Hebrus'* Banks, her Bow behind
' She hangs, her Treſſes wanton in the Wind,
' Bare knee'd, and careleſs Knots her Garment bind.
Ho, Youths! (the Goddeſs ſaid) Have you not ſeen
One of my Fellows ſtraying o'er the Green,
Wearing a Quiver and a Lynx's Skin,
Or chaſing of a foaming Boar with cries?
Thus *Venus* ſaid. Thus *Venus'* Son replies,
Nor have I ſeen, nor have I heard of one,
O Maid, or by what Name more glorious known,
Since nothing human in your Air I ſee,
Your Voice and Mein confeſs a Deity:

Or

Ev'n angry *Juno*, who frights Lands and Sea,
And Heav'n it ſelf ſhall then her Hate allay,
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Or

Or chaſte *Diana*, or of Heav'nly Race
Some *Sylvan* Nymph, our Toils with favour grace;
Whate'er you be, propitiouſly declare
Under what Climate, on what Coaſt we are,
Rowing on Shores unknown without the ken,
Or of the Countrey, or the Towns, or Men;
Toſs'd by the Winds upon the raging Flood:
My Hand ſhall make your Altars ſwim with Blood.
I cannot (ſhe replies) the Glory claim,
Or of a Nymph's, or of a Goddeſs' Name;
" For *Tyrian* Virgins Bows and Quivers bear,
" And purple Buskins round their Ankles wear;
The Countrey's *Lybia*, and the Town you ſee
" Is *Carthage*, and a *Tyrian* Colony;
To this fierce Nation *Dido* gives command,
A *Tyrian* Princeſs rules this warlike Land,
Who from her Brother fled: The Story's long,
Yet briefly know his Malice and her Wrong.
She dearly lov'd her Lord, *Sichæus* nam'd,
Of all the *Tyrian* Race for Riches fam'd;
Was by her Sire to him in Marriage ty'd,
Crown'd with the Glories of a Virgin Bride:
Her cruel Brother, *Belus'* impious Son,
The fierce *Pygmalion*, ſtain'd the *Tyrian* Throne,
And with his Reign his Tyranny begun:
He baſely unawares *Sichæus* kill'd,
And holy Altars by his Death defil'd:

The

The thirſt of Gold his bloody Hand did move,
To injure Nature and his Siſter's Love.
From her he long the cruel Deed conceal'd,
Contriving Lies, which o'er her Fears prevail'd.
His Lord unbury'd, in a Dream by Night
Appears at laſt, a pale and dreadful Sight;
Dire Altars, and his gaping Wounds he bears,
And all *Pygmalion*'s treachery declares:
And then the Ghoſt perſuades his once-lov'd Wife
To fly her Countrey, and to ſave her Life.
To eaſe her way diſcovers Sums of Gold
Unknown, hid under Ground in days of old.
Thus warn'd, for Flight ſhe fits, and Friends prepares,
Hate to the Tyrant joins them and their Fears;
A ready Fleet they ſeize, with Treaſure load,
Robbing *Pygmalion*'s Gold, his Soul, his God,
A Woman leads them through the briny Flood.
They came where now you ſee proud Bulwarks riſe,
And *Carthage* Tow'rs aſpiring to the Skies;
They buy a ſpot of Land, and *Byrſa* found,
Nam'd from the Bull's Hide which inclos'd it round.
But you from whence? What are you? Whither bent?
He ſigh'd, and from a Breaſt with Sorrow rent
Made this reply: Fair Nymph, ſhou'd I relate,
'Or wou'd you hear the Annals of our Fate,
The weſtern Sun wou'd to the Ocean bend
Before the Story of our Woes cou'd end.

From

From Sea to Sea, through various Regions toſs'd,
A dreadful Storm drives us on *Lybia*'s Coaſt;
From ancient *Troy*, if e'er the *Trojan* Name
Has reach'd your Ears from the loud blaſt of Fame.
Æneas, I, who have my Actions crown'd
With Piety, above the Stars renown'd,
Who ſav'd from *Grecian* Foes my Houſhold Gods,
Brought by my Navy through the raging Floods
In ſearch of *Italy*; from whence our Kings;
My Race immortal from the Thund'rer ſprings;
" With twenty Ships I croſs'd the *Phrygian* Sea,
" Fate, and my Mother *Venus*, lead the way;
Scarce ſeven, all ſhatter'd, ſcap'd the Storm, while I
Rove here unknown, expos'd to Miſery;
Expell'd from *Aſia*, driv'n from *Europe*'s Shore.
Here *Venus* ſtop'd his Plaints, and ſaid, No more:
What e'er you are, your Safety is a ſign
That you are favour'd by the Pow'rs Divine,
Who thus conduct you to the *Tyrian* Town:
Haſte, ſhew your ſelf before fair *Dido*'s Throne;
For I the Safety of your Friends declare;
Into a place ſecure the Wind's now fair
Your ſcatter'd Ships have all together brought,
(If Preſcience be true my Parents taught.)
See there twelve Swans on nimble Pennons move
In liquid Air, whom late the Bird of *Jove*
Through Skies diſpers'd, now joyful on the Wing
They skim the Ground; ſurvey the Earth and ſing:

Join'd

Join'd in a Train they chuſe a place to reſt,
Ev'n thus your Friends and Fleet by Storms oppreſt,
The danger o'er, already ſtately ride,
Or with full Sails the ſmiling Waves divide:
Go on and follow where that Path ſhall guide.
This ſaid, her roſy Neck ſhone heav'nly bright,
Her flowing Hair flaſh'd out a dazling Light;
And as ſhe turn'd, *Ambroſial* Sweets ſpread round;
Her ſhining Garments trail upon the Ground;
Her Limbs divine with ſteps ſo graceful move,
Declare the Goddeſs and the Queen of Love.
The Hero knows her in her Flight, and cries,
Why ſtill with borrow'd Shapes delude my Eyes?
Why thus decline th' Embraces of your Son,
And mutual converſe to each other known?
Thus he complain'd, and march'd to reach the Town.
The friendly Pair the lovely Goddeſs ſhrowds
With thicken'd Air, and veils them round with Clouds,
That none they met might ſee them, touch or ſtay,
Or curiouſly enquire them of their way:
Then to her Temple ſoar'd in *Paphos'* Bow'rs,
Where Altars flame with Incenſe, crown'd with Flow'rs.
That Tract they follow which the Highway leads,
And mount a Riſing which the Town o'erſhades,
And overlooks the lofty Walls and Tow'rs.
The Prince admires to ſee mean Huts and Bow'rs

Swell'd

Swell'd to a Town, the paving of the Streets
And Gates admires, the buſy Noiſe he meets,
The eager *Tyrian's* Hoſt; the Walls ſome found,
Some raiſe ſtrong Forts of Stone, ſome chuſe the Ground
Where they may build, and with deep Moats ſurround.
Some for the Judges Courts of Juſtice raiſe,
Others the Senate-Hall; for Games and Plays
Vaſt Theatres are built; huge Pillars, torn
From marble Rocks, ſhall future Scenes adorn.
Thus with the Sun's return laborious Bees
Lead out their Youth to bask on Flow'rs and Trees;
'Some purge the Heav'nly *Nectar* they condenſe,
'And ſome the Liquid in void Cells diſpenſe;
The Lab'rers ſome unload, while others charge
By Troops the Drones, and from the Hives diſcharge;
All for the Publick ſtrive as for their own,
Perfumes and Sweetneſs all their Labours crown.
When now the Prince beheld ſuch Caſtles riſe,
Thrice happy you who build your Walls! he cries.
Then enters by the Gate, wrapt in a Cloud,
Strange to relate, unſeen amidſt the Crowd.
A ſacred Grove its ſilent grateful ſhades
Full in the midſt of this proud City ſpreads:
Here, landing firſt, the Sea-beat *Tyrians* found
A Horſe's Head ſunk in the holy Ground,

By

By *Juno* ſhewn: This Omen did foretel
They for all Ages ſhould in Arms excel.
Here lovely *Dido* built a lofty Shrine,
Where royal Gifts in *Juno*'s Preſence ſhine;
The marble Steps with brazen Porches crown'd,
With Hoops of Braſs the Beams and Rafters bound
" Its ſolid Gates on brazen Hinges ſound.
What here *Æneas* ſaw firſt eas'd his Care,
Both rais'd his Courage and diſpell'd his Fear.
Whilſt waiting for the Queen the Hero ſtay'd,
And the vaſt Temple curiouſly ſurvey'd:
Whilſt *Carthage* and her Fate his Fancy fill,
The Work admiring and the Workmens Skill:
The *Trojan* Battels he in order found,
Thoſe famous Wars through all the World renown'd;
He *Agamemnon* ſaw, and *Priam* too,
And fierce *Achilles*, to them both a Foe.
He ſtopt and wept: What Place, *Achates*, ſee,
He ſaid, what Land is from our Story free?
See *Priam* there, ſee the Reward of Praiſe,
Our Toils find Tears and ſoft Compaſſion raiſe.
Achates, fear not now, our Cares ſhall end,
I ſee from Fame the Gods will Safety ſend.
Whilſt fainter Shadows ſtronger Fancy fed,
He groan'd, and Floods of Tears his Face o'erſpread;
There he beheld the *Greeks*, when put to flight
By *Trojan* Youth; and here the *Phrygians* fright,

Whom fierce *Achilles* round their Walls purſu'd,
There *Rheſus'* ſhining Tents his Grief renew'd,
By *Dolon* in the dead of Night betray'd;
His fatal Horſes to his Camp convey'd
By *Diomede*, who ſhed their Maſter's Blood,
E'er they cou'd eat in *Troy*, or drink *Scamander's* Flood.
Elſewhere he view'd unhappy *Troilus* fly
Diſarm'd, who durſt th' unequal Combat try
With proud *Achilles*; backward on the Plains
His Horſes dragg'd, who, graſping ſtill the Reins,
Hung to the Chariot by the Neck and Hair,
His Fate in Sand drawn by the hoſtile Spear.
To *Pallas'* Temple *Trojan* Matrons haſte
With Hair diſhevell'd beat their throbbing Breaſt,
And to appeaſe her Wrath their humble Vows addreſs'd;
Off'ring a purple Robe, in Sorrow drown'd,
Which *Pallas* ſlights, her Eyes fix'd on the Ground.
But above all, *Æneas* griev'd to view
Where ſtern *Achilles Hector's* Body drew
Thrice round the *Trojan* Walls: ſad to behold
His lifeleſs Friend, his Spoils and Chariot ſold
To begging *Priam* for a Sum of Gold.
Himſelf he knew engag'd in fierce Alarms
With *Grecian* Kings, ſaw ſwarthy *Memnon's* Arms
And Eaſtern Hoſt, *Penthesilea* there
Her *Amazonian* Troops leads to the War,
And like a Fury rages ev'ry where:

A golden Belt her naked Breaſt ſuſtains,
With Men, a Maid in Arms a Fight maintains.
Whilſt on theſe Sights *Æneas* fix'd his Eyes,
At once with Sorrow, Pleaſure and Surprize;
Dido with all of charming Beauty crown'd
The Temple enters, which her Guards ſurround;
As on *Eurota*'s Banks or *Cynthus*' Brow,
Diana wears her Quiver and her Bow,
Whom Choirs of Nymphs incloſe, the Goddeſs leads
Their graceful Steps, and overlooks their Heads,
When ſecret Joy *Latona*'s Face o'erſpreads,
Amidſt her *Tyrians* thus fair *Dido* ſhone,
And courts their Hands to raiſe her infant Throne.
Before the Goddeſs' Shrine *Eliſa* ſate,
Arm'd round with all the Ornaments of State;
She heard her Subjects ſuits, or gave them Law,
Who ſhare the equal Tasks, Lots for unequal draw.
Æneas turning, quickly ſees his Friends
And Captains, whom a mighty Crowd attends:
Brave *Antheus* and *Sergeſtus* ſees appear,
With other *Trojans*; great *Cloanthus* there,
Which from his Fleet the Tempeſt had diſ-join'd,
On other Coaſts driv'n by the bluſt'ring Wind.
The Prince ſurpriz'd, amaz'd *Achates* ſtands
With Joy and Fear, and long to join their Hands;
Yet doubting the ſucceſs, a while they feign'd,
And hid within the circling Cloud remain'd,

To know the Fortune of their Friends: but more
To learn for what they came, and on what Shore
They left their Ships. Theſe from the Fleet were nam'd
To ſue for Peace, and loud Complaints proclaim'd:
When introduc'd to Audience of the Queen,
Grave *Ilioneus* did calmly thus begin.

Great Queen, whom mighty *Jove* and Fate allow
To build this Town, to whom fierce Nations bow,
Spare wretched *Trojans* toſs'd upon the Main
From Sea to Sea, and from our Ships reſtrain
Devouring Flames: O ſave our pious Race!
And our afflicted State with Favour grace:
We come not to invade with Arms and Fire,
To prey on *Lybian* Coaſts, and then retire:
The vanquiſh'd dare not to ſuch Thoughts aſpire:
There lies a Countrey fruitful, warlike, bold,
Heſperia call'd by *Greeks*; this Land of old
'*OEnotrians* till'd, but now by later Fame
'Tis ſtil'd *Italia*, from the Leader's name:
But pale *Orion*, while this Land we made,
Upon the Waves his ſtormy Pow'r diſplay'd:
The raging Winds on Rocks and Shallows toſt
Our Ships; few 'ſcape, and hardly reach your Coaſt;
Where for our Welcome, hoſtile Arms withſtand
Our landing, and deny us barren Sand:
Sure theſe in rudeneſs all Mankind exceed,
What barb'rous Nation wou'd approve the Deed!

But

But if our Arms prove weak, to force or move;
Yet dread the Vengeance of the Gods above.
Æneas was our King, whom Juſtice crown'd
With Piety, for War and Arms renown'd;
But fear not, if he lives, you e'er repent
That you his Friendſhip in his Friends prevent.
We have in *Sicily* both Arms and Towns,
Since King *Aceſtes Trojan* Lineage owns.
Let us our ſhatter'd Ships haul on your Shores,
' And from your Woods refit with Planks and Oars.
Let's joyfully *Italian* Coaſts purſue,
If e'er our King and Fellows we review:
Parent of *Troy*, if that thou art no more,
And *Lybian* Seas thy Son, our Hopes, devour,
Let us to friendly *Sicily* return
(From whence we came) and with *Aceſtes* mourn.
With what he ſaid the murm'ring *Trojans* ſide,
And *Dido* with a conſcious Bluſh reply'd,
Trojans, lay by your Fears, your Cares reſign,
My new Dominion and Affairs injoin
And force to guard the Bounds my State confine.
Who has not heard of great *Æneas'* Name?
The *Trojans* Wars, their Valour and their Fame?
' Our *Tyrian* Beaſts are not ſo void of Senſe,
" Nor ſo remote from *Phœbus'* Influence.
If to *Saturnus'* Coaſts, *Heſperian* Plains,
You bend your Courſe, or where *Aceſtes* reigns,

To know the Fortune of their Friends: but more
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If to *Saturnus'* Coaſts, *Heſperian* Plains,
You bend your Courſe, or where *Aceſtes* reigns,

My Fleet ſhall guard you ſafely through the Sea,
My Wealth is yours, to aid you on your way;
But if you pleaſe, within my Realm abide,
The Town I build is yours, with me reſide,
No ſep'rate Int'reſt ſhall our Pow'r divide.
And would to Heav'n the Storms your Veſſels toſt,
Had driv'n the great *Æneas* on our Coaſt:
But I ſhall ſend my orders to explore,
If he be wandring on the *Lybian* Shore.
This rais'd *Æneas'* and *Achates'* Mind,
Who long before to break the Cloud inclin'd.
O Goddeſs born, what can your Thoughts deviſe!
All's ſafe, your Ships, your Men, (*Achates* cries)
One only loſt which periſh'd in our view,
And all beſide bright *Venus* told proves true.
Scarce had he ſaid, the Cloud which both involv'd
Aſunder ſplit, in open Air diſſolv'd.
With Glory ray'd in view *Æneas* ſtood,
His Face and flowing Hair bright like a God:
Venus had breath'd upon his Looks divine
A heav'nly Air, where Youth and Beauty ſhine.
Such grace has Ivory or Plates of Gold,
Which Silver and the *Parian* Stone infold.
Then on a ſudden unexpected ſeen,
The Hero thus addreſs'd him to the Queen.
Him whom you ſeek behold, *Æneas*, I
Who 'ſcap'd from *Lybian* Seas, and ruin'd *Troy*:

You

You are the only who has pity ſhown
To all our Woes, and harbour'd in your Town;
Undone at Land and Sea, of all bereft,
Troy's poor remains, and what the *Greeks* have left.
Nor we, great Queen, nor all the *Trojan* Race
Diſpers'd upon the Earth's extended Face,
Can grateful Thanks return. The Pow'rs above,
And Souls like yours, who Truth and Juſtice love,
Shall recompenſe your Merit in its kind,
You from your in-born worth Reward ſhall find:
Your Birth your Parents and the Age hath grac'd;
While rowling Rivers to the Ocean haſte,
While Shadows turn round Hills, and Stars the Sky,
" Your Honour, Name and Praiſe ſhall never die
Where'er I am, or my Remembrance fly.
Thus ſaid, he runs in haſte to greet his Friends,
And his Right Hand to *Ilioneus* extends,
His left to brave *Sergeſtus*, *Gyas* next,
And great *Cloanthus* with the *Trojans* mixt.
The ſight and fortune of ſo great a Man
Amaz'd the *Tyrian* Queen, who thus began:
What Power, great Prince, purſues? What Dangers paſt
Have on this barb'rous Shore and Countrey caſt?
Are you *Æneas*, whom fair *Venus* bore
To fam'd *Anchiſes* on *Scamander*'s Shore?
I *Teucer* call to mind, whoſe cruel Sire
Forc'd him to beg King *Belus*' Aid in *Tyre*,

And

And ſeek new Lands where to erect his Throne,
My Father then had *Cyprus* Iſle o'er-run,
And rul'd that wealthy Kingdom with his own.
Since then the Wars of *Troy* I underſtood,
The *Grecian* Kings, your Royal Name, and Blood:
E'en *Teucer*, though your Foe, your Praiſes ſung,
Proud that his Race from the ſame Fountain ſprung.
Brave Youths, be welcome Gueſts within our Gates,
Fortune hath vex'd me alſo, and like Fates;
Now, here at reſt, by what I felt I know
To favour thoſe who labour under Woe.
She ſaid, and to the Court, *Æneas* led;
And order'd Pray'rs and Victims to be paid;
Nor yet leſs mindful of *Æneas'* Friends,
She twenty Bullocks to the Navy ſends,
'A hundred ſavage Boars, a hundred Lambs,
'All fat, attended by their bleating Dams,
To chear their Hearts ſends *Bacchus'* Gifts, brisk Wine;
Mean while rich Hangings thro' the Palace ſhine.
'The *Tyrians* Feaſts prepare in lofty Halls,
'And purple Carpets cover all the Walls;
Plate loads the Tables; there's emboſs'd in Gold
The Nations Story, and their Deeds of old.
Æneas now, whoſe Inclinations run
Still on the lov'd remembrance of his Son;
The Father's Care, his Love, his Life, his Joy,
Were all concenter'd in the Royal Boy:

To

To whom in haſte he ſends *Achates* down
To tell what paſt, and guide him to the Town;
Bids *Trojan* Preſents bring, 'ſcap'd from the Fire,
" A Robe of Tiſſue ſtiff with Golden Wire;
A Veil with ſcarlet Flowers and Foliage wrought,
Which beauteous *Helena* from *Argos* brought;
' Her Mother's Preſent, when to *Troy* ſhe came
For lawleſs Rites, which caus'd old *Ilium*'s Flame:
" The Sceptre *Priam*'s eldeſt Daughter bore,
The fair *Ilione*, the Chain ſhe wore;
With Gemms and Pearls beſet her golden Crown.
With theſe Commands *Achates* haſtes him down.
But *Cytherea* in her Breaſt revolves
New Thoughts, and never-failing Wiles reſolves,
That *Cupid* ſhou'd *Iulus*' Form aſſume,
And bear the Preſents in *Aſcanius*' room,
To catch th' unwary Queen, and Love inſpire,
And through her Veins infuſe his raging Fire.
The *Tyrian* Falſhood, and their Tongues ſhe fears,
And *Juno*'s Sight affords continual Cares.
She call'd the winged God, and thus begun:
My Hope, my Strength, my mighty Power, my Son,
Thou only fearleſs when loud Thunders roar,
To thee I fly, and thy great Aid implore.
Fierce *Juno*'s Rage and Hate to you are known,
Which have your Brother, my *Æneas*, thrown
From Rocks to Sands, on Seas from Shoar to Shoar,
You tenderly did oft my Grief deplore.

He

He with the fair *Eliza* now remains,
Who with ſoft Words him kindly entertains,
But ſtill I dread the Town where *Juno* reigns:
And ſince all Mortals are to changing bent,
I muſt my Fears by ſubtile means prevent;
By *Dido*'s Love oppos'd to *Juno*'s Hate,
I muſt ſecure *Æneas*' Life from Fate,
But that you may in my deſigns ſucceed,
Receive my Thoughts, and my Inſtructions heed.
The Royal Youth the chiefeſt of my Cares,
For *Carthage* by his Sire's command, prepares
To carry Gifts have 'ſcap'd Storms, Flames and Wars.
Him lull'd aſleep, I to *Cythera*'s Tow'rs
Will bear, or hide him in *Idalian* Bow'rs;
Leſt by diſcov'ring of the ſecret Wile
He intervene, and our Contrivance ſpoil.
But for one Night *Aſcanius*' Form ſupply,
At once my Mortal and Immortal Boy;
That when the Queen, amidſt the Royal Feaſt,
Shall you careſs upon her ſwelling Breaſt,
Let every Kiſs her Soul with Love inſpire,
And all her Blood with ſubtle Poiſon fire,
He yields to *Venus*; the All-conqu'ring God,
Laid by his Wings, and like *Iulus* trode.
Fair *Venus* next with downy Slumbers charms,
And young *Aſcanius* in her Boſom warms;
Then to *Idalia*'s fragrant Groves convey'd,
And ſpread with Flow'rs beneath a balmy Shade.

Cupid

Cupid the Preſents brought, glad to obey
Æneas' Will, *Achates* led the way.
When to the Palace come, *Eliſa* there
Had on rich Carpets fix'd her Royal Chair;
Full in the midſt ſhe ſat her *Trojan* Gueſt,
And all his Train on ſcarlet Carpets feaſt.
The Servants Water bring, and Towels ſpread,
And bear great Baskets heap'd with Loaves of Bread.
With Cenſers fifty Maids (a youthful Band)
To carve or diſh the Meat in order ſtand;
A hundred more a hundred Servants join,
Of equal Age, to ſerve the Meat and Wine.
The *Tyrian* Youths, who croud the Rooms of State,
On painted Couches are deſir'd to eat;
Wondring to ſee the Robe and Veil, which ſhine
With ſcarlet Foliage, which Gold Flow'rs entwine.
Iulus' words amaze, ſurpriz'd to ſee
His graceful Looks, which hide a Deity:
Poor *Dido* moſt (to future Love devov'd,
Both with *Iulus* and his Preſents mov'd,
The more ſhe ey'd him, ſtill the more ſhe lov'd.
The God hung fondly on *Æneas'* Breaſt,
And with feign'd kindneſs of a Son careſt:
Then turns to *Dido*, who with Heart and Eyes
His Looks devours, he in her Boſom lies.
Poor Queen, thou little know'ſt what God prepares,
To rob thy Quiet with reſiſtleſs Snares:

He

He now recall'd what *Venus* had enjoyn'd,
And baniſh'd by degrees from *Dido*'s Mind
Sichæus' Love; then fill'd her empty Breaſt
With ſtronger Paſſion for a living Gueſt.
Hunger appeas'd, the Meat remov'd, they crown'd
'The golden Bowls, with ſprightly Liquor round;
'And joyful Voices through the Court reſound,
'From gilded Roofs the Lamps ſuch Light diſplay,
'They vanquiſh Night, and emulate the Day.
A Bowl of Gold, on which bright Diamonds ſhine,
(In which old *Belus* drank, and all his Line)
Dido fills to the Brim with gen'rous Wine:
Then ſilence through the lofty Hall enjoyn'd;
Great *Jove*, ſhe ſaid, you, who true Friendſhips bind,
Grant this auſpicious Day may happy prove,
To both the Nations Amity and Love:
Grant what we now begin may never end,
But to our late Poſterity deſcend:
Great *Juno* this confirm, thou God of Joy,
Kind *Bacchus*, come ſolemnize with *Troy*
This laſting Treaty; ye of *Tyrian* Race,
This friendly League with joyful Hearts embrace.
Then to the honour of the Pow'rs Divine
She pours upon the Table ſparkling Wine,
Then taſtes the Bowl, then merrily defies;
And reach'd to *Bitias* next; who briskly plies
The fuming Bowl till he the bottom found;
Then through the Gueſts the cheerful Cup went round.

'His golden Lyre the fam'd *Iopas* brought,
'And ſweetly ſung what mighty *Atlas* taught;
He ſings the monthly wandrings of the Moon,
With the Eclipſes of the lab'ring Sun;
The riſe of Man and Beaſt; of Fire and Rain;
Arcturus, *Hyades*, and *Charles*'s Wain;
Why Winter Suns to Sea go ſwiftly down,
And why the Nights in Summer end ſo ſoon.
Peals of applauſe ſound through the *Tyrian* crowd,
The grateful *Trojans* breathe their Thanks aloud:
'Th' unhappy Queen in talk ſpun out the Night,
Love and *Æneas* charm'd her Ears and Sight,
Nor knew ſhe drank in Ruin with Delight.
'Of *Priam* much ſhe ask'd, of *Hector* more,
What Arms black *Memnon* brought to *Xanthus*' Shore;
And then enquir'd of *Diomedes*' Steeds,
Of great *Achilles*, and his mighty Deeds.
May I, great Gueſt, (ſaid ſhe) a Grace intreat,
You wou'd the Falſhood of the *Greeks* relate,
The *Trojan* Wars and Toils, when firſt begun,
With all your Wand'rings? for the glorious Sun,
Since you ſet out, his Courſe ſev'n times has run.

The End of the Firſt Book.

VIRGIL's

ÆNEIS.

BOOK II.

The CONTENTS.

Æneas *with a ſeeming reluctancy gives a full relation of the deſtruction of* Troy, *in the following manner. The* Greeks, *much ſpent and weaken'd with the ten Years War, reſolve to take the Town by a Stratagem. They feign to raiſe the Siege; their whole Fleet ſets Sail from* Troy, *and lurks under the cover of the Iſle of* Tenedos, *leaving behind them in their abandon'd Camp, a vaſt Machine made of Wood in the ſhape of a Horſe, whoſe Cavities were*

were fill'd with armed Men. The joyful Trojans *open their Gates, and throng to view the empty Stations of the Enemy, but more to see the ſtupendous wooden Horſe. The Multitude is divided in Opinions,* Laocoon *declares for deſtroying of it, and throws his Spear againſt its hollow ſides. In the mean time* Sinon, *a* Grecian *Youth, who is taken Priſoner by the* Trojan *Shepherds, and brought bound to* Priamus; *by a long contriv'd Story, relates to the King ſeveral Paſſages which happen'd in the* Grecian *Camp during the Siege; and particularly, how the wooden Horſe was built as a Vow to* Pallas, *for the violation of her Temple, and the fatal* Palladium; *by which the* Trojans *are induced to convey the Machine within the Caſtle Walls. Two prodigious Serpents, landing from the Sea, devour* Laocoon, *who was Prieſt to* Neptune *that Year, with his two Sons. This Accident confirms the* Trojans *in their Reſolution, of placing the fatal Horſe in the Caſtle, for which end they make a breach in the Wall. The* Trojans *weary with a long Siege, give themſelves up to mirth and feaſting. The* Grecian *Navy ſails in the Night from* Tenedos. *The* Greeks *land.* Sinon *opens the wooden Horſe. The* Greeks *without join thoſe within. They invade the Town, ſeize the Gates, and fire the City.* Hector *appears to* Æneas *by Night, tells how the* Greeks *were now Maſters of* Troy, *and adviſeth him to fly with the* Trojan *Gods and Relicks.* Æneas, *preferring death to flight, gathers ſome* Trojans *together; they fall upon the* Greeks, *make a conſiderable*

ſlaughter; and to paſs for Greeks *they put on the Armour of the Slain, and fight with ſucceſs: Till* Chorœbus, *ſeeing the divine* Caſſandra (*his beloved Wife*) *dragged by the* Greeks *from the Temple of* Minerva, *flies to her reſcue; is ſeconded by* Æneas *and his Company. By this they are diſcovered by the* Greeks, *while the* Trojans *from the Battlements of the Temple judging them to be* Greeks *by their Arms and Helmets, kill them with Stones and Javelins. The Royal Palace is attack'd and fir'd.* Pyrrhus *kills* Polites *before the Altar in his Father* Priam's *Preſence, and at laſt kills the King himſelf.* Æneas *mounts a high Tower in the Palace, from whence he ſees the City in a Flame. From thence deſcending, he diſcovers* Helena *hid in a Temple: He is about to kill her, but is hinder'd by* Venus, *who conducts him ſafe to his Father's Houſe, where he perſuades his Father to fly; which* Anchiſes *poſitively refuſeth, till a lambent Flame appears round* Iulus's *Head, and a Star in the Sky flies over the Houſe, pointing their way to Mount* Ida: *Then* Anchiſes *yields to go, to whom* Æneas *recommends the* Trojan *Gods. Then taking his Father on his Back, and his Son by the Hand, his Wife* Creuſa *following, they get out of the Town.* Æneas *appoints a ruined Temple of* Ceres *as the Rendezvouz for his Servants. In the way they are frighten'd with a claſhing of Arms.* Æneas *endeavouring to eſcape, loſes his Wife: Miſſing her at the meeting Place, he again returns to look for her in the Town. After long ſearch* Creuſa's *Ghoſt appears to him,*

and

and foretells his ſecond Marriage, and that ſhe was detain'd there by the Mother of the Gods, great Cybele; *he returns to his Father and Servants, and with them flies to the Foreſt of* Ida.

HILE all with mute Attention ſilent ſate,
Æneas thus ſpake from his Throne of State.
O Queen, what you command me to relate
Renews my Sorrows, and revives *Troy*'s Fate;
To tell how *Greeks* deſtroy'd that wealthy Town
And doleful Kingdom of ſuch vaſt Renown:
How thoſe ſad Scenes did to my Eyes appear,
And how in them I had ſo large a Share!
What bloody *Greek* of hard *Ulyſſes*' Train
Can tell this Story, and from Tears refrain?
Tho' now from Heav'n deſcends the Dew of Night,
And ſetting Stars to gentle Sleep invite,
Yet ſince you preſs with ſuch deſire to know
Troy's Fate, and all her tedious Years of Woe,
A ſhort Narration of our Grief I'll tell,
Tho' my ſad Heart, 'gainſt ev'ry Word, rebel.
The *Grecian* Chiefs for many Years in vain
Attacking *Troy*, yet b'ing repuls'd again,
At laſt a Horſe of Mountain ſize contrive
By *Pallas*' Art, that mov'd and ſeem'd alive;

For Ribs were maſſy Planks of Firs inlaid,
And a Report throughout their Camp they ſpread
That for their ſafe Return a Vow they'd made;
But in the hollow of the vaſt Machine
They had convey'd choice Troops of armed Men.
In ſight lies *Tenedos*, of great renown
For Wealth, while *Priam* fill'd the *Dardan* Throne;
Now 'tis an open Road and dang'rous Bay,
Where Ships lie naked to the beating Sea,
But here the *Grecian* Fleet in ſecret lay.
We thought them to *Mycenæ* ſail'd; whence *Troy*
Reviv'd, and turn'd her Sorrows into Joy.
The Gates are open'd, all with Pleaſure fly
To view the Camp now left by th' Enemy.
Here *Dolops* lay, and fierce *Achilles* there,
Here rode the Fleet; the Fields of Battel here.
While ſome admir'd what *Pallas* had beſtow'd,
More were amaz'd at the ſtupendous Wood.
Whether by Fraud, or deſtin'd for *Troy*'s Fate,
Thymætes firſt advis'd, for greater State,
To bring the Horſe within the Caſtle Gate.
But *Capys*, and the Men of better Senſe,
Order'd to take the monſtrous Horſe from thence;
Or elſe with Spears to pierce the hollow Side,
But various Counſels ſtill the Mob divide.
Laocoon raging from the Tow'r deſcends,
And at a diſtance cries, Undone, my Friends!

O Ci-

O Citizens! what Madneſs have you ſhown,
To think your Foes, the hoſtile *Greeks*, are gone:
Or not ſuſpect this Preſent a Deceit,
Was e'er *Ulyſſes* known without a Cheat?
Either the *Grecians* are inclos'd within,
Or 'gainſt theſe Walls they form their grand Deſign;
Look to your Houſes, ſearch the City round,
Truſt not this Horſe, ſome Miſchief will be found:
I dread th' Event, prove even as it will,
The *Greeks* ne'er bring their Gifts without ſome Ill.
This ſaid, a pond'rous Spear with force he took,
And faſt within the crooked Belly ſtuck:
Trembling it ſtood, while from the hollow Womb
Internal Groans of Men reſounding come.
Had we not then been blind by Fate's Decree,
That Day we'd ſurely made the *Trojans* free.
Waſh'd *Ilian* Fields with hated *Grecian* Blood,
'And *Troy*, and *Priam*'s Throne had this Day ſtood.
'Mean while, a pinion'd Youth the Shepherds bring
'With clam'rous Noiſe, before the aged King,
Who'd made himſelf a Pris'ner, with deſign
To ſerve the *Greeks*, and *Troy* to undermine;
Firmly reſolv'd, and ready either way,
To meet his Death, or elſe the Town betray.
The *Trojan* Youths the Captive *Greek* ſurround,
Some pity him, and ſome with rail'ry wound:
But mind the ſubtle Fraud, from hence beware;
This one Device ſhews what all *Grecians* are;

For,

For, tho' diſarm'd amoag the Crowd he ſtood,
And ev'ry *Dardan*'s Eyes the Captive view'd,
He look'd again, undaunted, then ſpoke loud;
What Land or Sea can bound my wretched Fate?
The *Grecians* baniſh what the *Trojans* hate;
And tho' a Fugitive from *Greece*, I lie
Still ſentenc'd by your Rage to Miſery.
Theſe Words the People's Minds to pity bent,
And now they ask his Name and his Deſcent:
What Counſels 'mong the *Grecians* did prevail,
And how they might believe a Captive's Tale?
This made him caſt off fear, and thus proceed:
Great King, I will confeſs each ſecret Deed,
So it be truth. Then firſt I own I am
'A *Grecian* born, and *Sinon* is my Name;
And tho' hard Fortune brought this Miſery
On *Sinon*, yet he ſcorns to forge a Lie.
I doubt not but you've heard of *Palamede*,
Whoſe Fame and Glory through all Nations ſpread;
Him the *Greeks* puniſh'd, 'cauſe he did declare
For Peace with *Troy*, when they were all for War:
With Death they puniſh'd that brave guiltleſs Man,
Whom now they mourn, and wiſh reſtor'd again.
My Sire, tho' poor, in Blood was next akin,
And ſent me with that Hero a Campaign.
When firſt the *Grecians* did the War begin
His Kingdom flouriſh'd then, in Safety crown'd,
For Conduct, Counſel, and for Arms renown'd;

Till

Till falſe *Ulyſſes*, by his cruel Hate
Contriv'd the Ruin of his happy State,
Alas! 'tis known too well what I relate.
Then 'twas I drown'd my Life in fruitleſs Tears,
And mourn'd the injur'd Fate of his laſt Years,
Nor cou'd I bridle my juſt Rage, but ſwore
Revenge, if e'er I reach'd the *Grecian* Shore
Again, with Conqueſt crown'd, what I would do!
From hence I date the Spring of all my Woe.
Hence 'twas *Ulyſſes* fill'd the Peoples Ears,
With ſtrange Amuſements, and with ſecret Fears:
Nor reſted there, but by his Wiles he draws
Calchas the Prophet to eſpouſe his Cauſe.
Why from th' ungrateful Story ſhou'd I ſwerve,
To ſtop your Rage? The *Greeks* alike deſerve,
And 'tis enough you'll hear; my Crimes require
What ſly *Ulyſſes* and the *Greeks* deſire.
Then we grew warm to know the Reaſons why,
(Unskill'd in Plots and *Grecian* Subtilty)
While he with Modeſty purſu'd his Tale,
And ſmote his Breaſt to make the Guile prevail.
The *Greeks*, tir'd out with War, had oft revolv'd
How they might quit the Siege, which they at laſt reſolv'd.
Oh had they done it too! but Coward like, afraid
Of Winter Storms and dang'rous Seas, they ſtay'd.
Chiefly, ſince raiſing of this vaſt Machine,
The Air has thunder'd with unuſual Din.

'*Eury-*

'*Eurypylus* immediately was ſent
To ask the Oracle what then was meant;
He brought this doleful Meſſage back again:
When firſt to *Troy* you *Grecians* croſs'd the Main
You ſtill'd the Tempeſts with a Virgin ſlain:
Your ſafe Return purchaſe with Blood once more,
The Gods muſt be appeas'd with *Grecian* Gore.
Quick as the Sound cou'd reach the liſt'ning Croud,
Their Spirits flag, and chill the moving Blood;
A panick Fear and Trembling ſeizes all,
Dreading on whom the fatal Lot wou'd fall:
Calchas at laſt, by ſly *Ulyſſes* taught,
To tell the Gods Decree, 'midſt all the Throng was brought;
But he, obſcur'd for ten Days, did refuſe
To pronounce Sentence, or the Victim chuſe.
By my known Foe, and by the People's Voice,
I was deſign'dly made *Apollo*'s Choice.
All voted for what on one Wretch did fall,
For ev'ry Perſon fearing, frighten'd all.
All things prepar'd, the fatal Day now come,
I was dreſs'd out with Garlands for my Doom;
From Fetters and from Death at once I brake,
And ſculk'd obſcurely in a boggy Lake
Till they ſet Sail, if Homeward they deſign,
But I've no Hopes of ever ſeeing mine;
My deareſt Babes, or wiſh'd for Sire again,
Whom for my Flight perhaps they will detain,

Puniſh

Puniſh with cruel Tortures; or for me,
Make their juſt Lives attone this Liberty.
Now by the Gods, who all our Secrets know,
If there be Faith in Man, Compaſſion ſhow,
None ſure were born to bear ſuch cruel Woe.
To theſe falſe Tears we Life and Pity gave,
And firſt the King commands to looſe the Slave,
Then ſpake thus kindly. Friend, be griev'd no more,
You ſhall be ours, forget your *Grecian* Shore;
But firſt I ask, theſe ſacred Truths reveal,
What uſe is this great Horſe of? Don't conceal,
Who was the Author? What, did he intend
This for a Warlike or Religious End?
The Hypocrite thus anſwer'd, with his Hands
To Heav'n up-lift, ſo lately freed from Bands;
O ye eternal Flames! witneſs ye Pow'rs ador'd,
Thou direful Altar, and the cruel Sword;
Witneſs all theſe, when from the *Greeks* I fled,
After the ſacred Wreaths had crown'd my Head,
May I each Law and every Rite diſclaim,
Be hateful to my Countrey and my Name
If I reveal not all the Things I know,
If *Troy* preſerve me ſafe for doing ſo.
'The *Grecian*'s Hopes lay moſt in *Pallas*' Aid,
Since firſt the Scheme of this long War was laid;
Till curs'd *Ulyſſes* to the Temple went,
And impious *Diomede* with this Intent,

That

That from the ſacred Shrine they might convey,
And bear the fatal Image thence away:
This was perform'd, ev'n in the time as ſaid,
The Guards were ſlain, and dire Deſtruction made;
From that curſt time the *Grecian* Hopes decay'd,
'*Pallas* was angry and deny'd her Aid:
Nor did the Signs ſhe ſhow'd doubtful appear,
But when the Statue came, were bright and clear;
Plac'd in the Camp ſhe her Reſentment ſhow'd,
When from her Eyes Flames like fierce Light'ning glow'd,
And Sweat from ev'ry Pore ran down like Drops of Blood.
Three times ſhe rais'd her ſelf, (wond'rous to hear!)
Extending thrice her trembling Shield and Spear.
Calchas cries inſtantly, prepare for Flight,
Greeks muſt no more with *Trojans* dare to Fight,
Till they auſpicious Fates from *Greece* convey,
Appeaſe the Pow'rs that lead 'em through the Sea,
And ſafe conduct the Legions of their Men,
And with their Gods bring them to Land again:
So *Calchas* orders all their great Deſigns;
Warn'd by the Gods, this for the injur'd Goddeſs ſhines.
This mighty Horſe for *Pallas'* Statue's left,
To expiate their ſacrilegious Theft;
This *Calchas* order'd of ſo vaſt a Size,
That once again the Oaks might match the Skies,

You'll

You'll not be able in your Gates to draw
This great Protector of your ſacred Law.
But if your Hand *Minerva*'s Gift defiles,
Dire Plagues ſhall viſit *Priam*'s lofty Piles,
Which Heav'n divert, and ſend on *Grecian* Iſles.
But mount the Horſe upon the Walls of *Troy*,
All *Aſia* ſhall 'gainſt *Greece* their Force imploy,
And for the Fathers Sins the Sons deſtroy.
Such Craft join'd to the Tears that *Sinon* feign'd,
Back'd with his Perjuries, an eaſie Credit gain'd,
Which conquer'd *Troy* more than the *Grecians*, more
Than numerous Fleets, or Ten Years War before.
Here a more dreadful Object meets our Eyes,
And ſtrikes our doubtful Breaſts with more ſurprize:
'*Laocoon*, *Neptune*'s Prieſt, to th' Altar drew
A ſtately Bull, ſuch as he yearly ſlew,
When we deſcry'd two monſtrous Serpents riſe,
(Frightful to tell) Flames darted from their Eyes;
Their winding Tails the ſmooth fac'd Seas divide,
While to our Shores from *Tenedos* they glide:
Upon the Waves they raiſe their ſpeckled Breaſts,
And plow the Flood with their erected Creſts;
Their huge long Backs, with ſuch prodigious Train,
Diſturb the Billows of the rowling Main,
With hiſſing Noiſe, and foaming Rage they land,
Licking their Mouths, while we're afraid to ſtand:
They to *Laocoon* firſt direct their Way,
And make his Infant Sons their wretched Prey,

Feed on their tender Limbs, and next invade
The Parent fighting in his Children's Aid.
With wreathing Folds his Neck they twice ſurround,
And twice his Middle with their Windings bound;
Then o'er his Head their curling Spires they twine,
He ſtrives with all his Strength to looſe, in vain,
His ſacred Robes the crimſon Poiſon ſtains,
While he to Heav'n with dreadful Noiſe complains.
So roars a wounded Bull, and bellowing cries,
When from the Altar's fatal Stroke he flies.
Both Serpents haſte to dread *Minerva*'s Shrine,
Under her Shield they both protected twine;
Whilſt ſtill new Fears ſeize ev'ry Breaſt, all own
The Judgment juſt upon *Laocoon*:
Becauſe the impious Spear, by his bold Stroke,
Had moſt profanely pierc'd the ſacred Oak.
Aloud they cry, to draw the Image on,
Pallas implore, then place it in the Town.
We make a Breach directly in the Wall,
Thus 'tis decreed by Fate that *Troy* muſt fall.
All Hands at work to move this huge Machine,
Some draw with Cords, ſome Rolls and Leavers bring,
So the arm'd Monſter enters in the Gate,
And all the Youth of *Troy* Congratulate,
With joyful Hands the rigid Ropes they haul,
While it deſcends with a ſtupendous Fall.
Oh thou bleſs'd Seat of *Dardan*! Pow'rs divine!
Oh *Troy*! who did'ſt in Martial Glory ſhine;

Four

Four times againſt the Walls the Horſe did bound,
Four times we heard of Arms the claſhing Sound:
But blind with Rage, forgetful of our Fate,
We plac'd this Monſter in the Caſtle-Gate.
Caſſandra read our future Deſtiny,
But found no Faith; ſuch was Heav'ns high Decree.
With Flow'rs we deck the ſacred Fanes, and ſpend
That Day in Mirth, ſad Fate, which *Troy* did end!
Mean while the Night draws on, whoſe ſable Shade
Covers the dark Deſigns the *Greeks* had laid,
While on the Walls the *Trojans* ſafe repoſe,
Secur'd by Sleep from fear of foreign Foes.
The *Grecian* Fleet, under a proſp'rous Gale,
To *Trojan* Coaſts from *Tenedos* ſet Sail;
Aſſiſted by the friendly Moon, they ſteer
Directly to the wiſh'd for Haven, where
Sinon expects to ſee the Signal giv'n,
And ſaw the Sight, aided by partial Heav'n.
Then ſtrait he runs, unlocks the Wooden Horſe,
From whoſe wide Womb pours forth their armed Force,
Ulyſſes, *Sthenelus*, *Tiſander* ſlide,
Let down by Ropes, *Machaon* was their Guide;
Atrides, *Pyrrhus*, *Thoas*, *Athamas* were there,
Epeus too, the ſubtil Engineer;
The Gates, and ſleepy Guard, at once they ſeize,
All drown'd in Wine, and ſtretch'd at wanton Eaſe.
Then joyn their Friends, that with more Forces wait
Without the Walls, to paſs the City Gate.

Now was the time, when Sleep refreſhes moſt
Our mortal Cares, I ſaw pale *Hector*'s Ghoſt;
And in my Dream, I thought the Heroe ſtood
All ſorrowful, beſmear'd in Tears and Blood,
Dragg'd by the Reins, which thro' his Feet were thruſt
By cruel Foes, and ſoil'd with bloody Duſt.
Alas! thought I, what a chang'd Sight I ſee,
From glorious *Hector*; can this ever be
That mighty Chief, that came with Laurels crown'd,
When with *Achilles'* Spoils he was adorn'd?
When often in the *Grecian* Camp he ſtrove,
Or flung his Lightning 'mong their Ships, like *Jove*.
Squalid his Beard, his Hair was matted found
With Gore and Blood, that ran at ev'ry Wound.
Thus, as I dreaming lay, I ſeem'd to weep,
And thought I ſpake concern'dly in my Sleep.
Thou leading Star of *Troy*, their only Hope,
What cou'd thee from thy *Trojans* thus long ſtop?
From whence reſtor'd at laſt does *Hector* come,
After ſo many *Dardans* have receiv'd their Doom?
Weary'd with Toils, oppreſs'd with waking Care,
We're glad to ſee thee, Guardian of the War.
But why does Grief in thy calm Face appear?
Why Blood and theſe dire Wounds does *Hector* wear?
The Chief, to my Demand no Anſwer made,
But Sighing deeply from his Breaſt, thus ſaid,

Be gone, thou that art *Venus'* Off-ſpring, fly :
Fire, Foes and Ruin, ſink the Pride of *Troy*.
Now levell'd with the Earth its once fam'd Turrets lye.
Enough for *Priam* and for *Troy* I've done.
Had Power prevail'd, I had their Battels won.
Troy here commends her holy Gods to thee,
Let them Companions of thy Exile be;
With them another *Troy* thou may'ſt expect,
That after various Fates thou ſhalt at laſt erect.
Then, takes the Veſtal Image from her Choir,
Her ſacred Veſtments and eternal Fire.

Mean while the Walls are fill'd with doleful Cries,
Which as they near approach ſtill greater riſe.
My Father's Houſe, tho' cloſe and ſhaded round,
Hears the loud Din, and Claſh of Arms reſound ;
Wak'd from my Dream, and mounting quick on high,
From the Houſe top, I liſten to the Cry.
As Flames ſpread round when Southern Tempeſts blow
O'er Fields of Corn ; as rapid Torrents flow
From Mountain Heights, and drown the Meads below;
Bear down ripe Corn and Woods, the Fields deſpoil,
And diſappoint the Oxen's yearly Toil.
The ignorant Shepherd gazes with ſurprize,
And wonders at the rowling Water's Noiſe.

But now the *Grecian* Cheat too plain appears,
The Fire, *Deiphobus*, thy Palace tears,

Vcalegon's is next burnt to the Ground,
Sigæan Billows ſhine, and Trumpets ſound,
Which the loud Groans of dying Men confound.
Surpriz'd, I run directly to my Arms,
Nor thought of Reaſon, midſt ſuch dire Alarms.
But ſtraight I flew with haſt into the Tow'r
With Friends, where we reſolv'd to try our Pow'r.
Anger and Rage did each by turns ſupply,
We thought it glorious thus in Arms to die.
Pantheus, *Apollo*'s Prieſt, the firſt that fled
With *Trojan* Gods, his little Nephew led,
Where to'ards the Sea I met him, and enquir'd
What Hope remain'd what Forces were retir'd?
What Places now were free, what Poſts made good?
But ſighing this Reply I underſtood.
The laſt and fatal Hour of *Troy* is come;
Trojans we were; but now's our Day of Doom;
Our ancient Glory's ſet, and now no more,
Since *Jove* in Anger has transferr'd the Pow'r,
The *Grecians* Lord it in the flaming Town;
While num'rous Forces from the Horſe pour down;
Victorious *Sinon* mingles Fire with Fire,
And with inſulting, burns the Turrets higher.
While more than *Argos* bore, ſome Thouſands wait
To ſeize the Walls, or to poſſeſs each Gate,
Stop ev'ry Paſs, and line the empty Streets,
So each alike with equal Danger meets.

The

The Guard ſurpriz'd thus at the Dead of Night,
Neither defend themſelves, nor fly, nor fight.
Mov'd by *Otri'des* Words, without delay
Thro' Fire and Sword, I cut my dreadful Way,
Where Groans of dying Men, and clam'rous Cries
In ſad Confuſion reach the azure Skies.
Ipinitus firſt we met, to him were known
By the dim Glim'ring of the pale-fac'd Moon.
Then *Ripheus*, *Hypanis*, and *Dymas* join
Their friendly Strength, and *Mygdon*'s youthful Son,
Who fair *Caſſandra*'s Charms ſo far obey'd,
He brought her Father there a gen'rous Aid.
Unhappy Youth! that did not firſt regard
His Spouſe's Prophecies, nor the God rever'd.
Theſe when I ſaw the Battel durſt maintain,
I ſaid, Brave Youths, your Courage is in vain;
But if your Breaſts burn with ſuch daring Flames,
You ſee our Fortune now is in extremes.
The Gods have left our Altars, by whoſe Pow'r
Our Empire ſtood; and Flames will *Troy* devour:
Then 'midſt our thickeſt Foes let's bravely on,
The Conquer'd's Safety is, to hope for none.
Thus the bold Youths inſpir'd with deſp'rate Rage,
Like rav'nous Wolves that Hunger does engage,
When they in Midnight Storms their Young neglect,
Who with deſiring Jaws their Food expect:
So we court certain Death amidſt our Foes,
And preſs thro' all, the *Grecians* to oppoſe.

Dark-

Darkneſs ſurrounds us with its diſmal Shade;
Who can deſcribe the Murthers that Night made?
Whoſe Tears equal the Toils we've undergone?
Troy ſinks in Ruins, tho' ſhe triumph'd long;
In ev'ry place Death and Deſtruction meet,
In ſacred Fanes, our Houſes, and each Street.
Nor do the *Trojans* only yield to Fate,
But on the Conquerors they retaliate.
Their ancient Courage once again recal,
And in exchange for *Trojans*, *Grecians* fall.
'On ev'ry ſide reſound Groans mix'd with Fears,
'And griſly Death in a thouſand Shapes appear;
The firſt bold *Greek*, Head of a num'rous Train,
Androgeos was, who mix'd among our Men,
Believing we were Friends, and kindly ſaid,
Make haſte, away, you have your time delay'd;
Others are plund'ring *Troy*, while you ſtay loit'ring here,
Back to our Navy they the Spoils will bear.
We anſw'ring not, what he might well expect,
He was ſurpriz'd, began then to reflect,
That he was fall'n among his mortal Foes;
And ſoon as e'er we ſpake, he backwards goes:
Juſt like a heedleſs Traveller in haſte,
That with his Feet an unſeen Snake hath preſt,
Trembling ſtarts back, while ſhe erects her Creſt,
And ſwells with Anger: ſo *Androgeos* flies
Frighted, ere well he views his daring Enemies;

We

We ruſh on boldly, hemn them quite around,
With fear they yield, and ignorance of the Ground.
Encourag'd now by Fortune's early Aid,
The glad *Chorœbus* thus exulting ſaid,
My Friends, Fortune thus far has led the way,
Let us go on, and her Decrees obey;
Firſt change our Arms, with *Grecian* Enſigns go,
All Arts are good againſt a treach'rous Foe.
So Fate ordains, he makes *Androgeos* yield
To him his Sword, his Helmet, and his Shield;
Then *Ripheus*, *Dymas* too, and all the reſt,
Glad of theſe Spoils, in *Grecian* Arms were dreſt;
'Then mix with *Greeks*, as if the Gods decreed,
Who wore their Armour only ſhould ſucceed;
Trojans, thus arm'd, did make the *Grecians* bleed.
Some to their Ships retreat, ſome ſeek the diſtant Shore,
Some reaſcend the fatal Horſe once more.
In vain we fight againſt the Pow'rs Divine;
Behold, *Caſſandra* from *Minerva*'s Shrine,
Dragg'd by the Hair, imploring Heav'n in vain,
While the hard Cords her tender Hands conſtrain.
Chorœbus' Soul with burning Anger glows,
And ſtraight he flies amidſt his murd'ring Foes;
We ſecond him, and break through all oppoſe.
Danger and Death we tread beneath our Feet;
But here our Ruins from our Friends we meet;

Darts

Darts from the Tow'rs, like Lightning from the Sky,
Fall on us thick, and us with *Greeks* deſtroy.
This way by fatal Error *Trojans* fell,
And by the Reſcue *Grecians* knew us well,
When from all parts *Ulyſſes*, *Ajax* came,
And the *Atridæ* freſh Aſſaults proclaim;
As Winds aſſembling meet from ev'ry Coaſt,
Make Sea and Earth ſubmit, ſo does a num'rous Hoſt;
So do the *Greeks*, and all who 'ſcape their Pow'r
This Moment, meet it next approaching Hour;
The *Greeks* increaſe, ſuperior Numbers ſwell:
By *Peneleus*, brave *Chorœbus* fell,
His Blood the Goddeſs ſacred Shrine did ſtain
And *Ripheus*, that bold *Trojan*, there was ſlain,
Of *Dardan* Race the braveſt, juſteſt Man!
Dymas and *Hypanis*, hard Fate, alas!
Each by his Comrade blindly murther'd was.
Nor could *Apollo*'s ſacred Wreaths ſave thee,
O *Pantheus!* or thy wonted Piety.
And now I call *Troy*'s Aſhes to record,
If in her Cauſe I e'er refus'd my Sword,
Or once declin'd to meet the boldeſt *Greek*,
But Fate ordain'd me other Realms to ſeek;
Iphitus' feeble Age quits ſlow the Ground,
And *Pelias* ſlower, from *Ulyſſes*' wound.
From *Priam*'s Palace now the Cries encreaſe
So hot the Battel there, as if elſewhere at Peace,
And all the City were in perfect eaſe.

We

We ſaw the *Grecks* approach with furious Rage,
Mount the high Walls, and with their Shields engage,
While Darts and Arrows from the Turrets fly,
They ſcale with Ladders, and their Arms defy.
Now theſe aſſault, and now the *Trojans* ſeize
On Stones or Wood, ſuch uſeful Tools as theſe
They tumble down, as the beſt force they have
To ſtop their Progreſs, and the Palace ſave.
Something refreſh'd, we now reſolv'd to try
Our laſt Effort to ſave the King or die.
A private Paſſage by a Poſtern lay,
Which to the King's Apartments led the Way,
By which *Andromache* was wont to bring
Her little Son to ſee the aged King.
This way we mount the higheſt Battlement,
From whence our Darts on *Greeks* in vain were ſpent;
This Tow'r ſtood on a Precipice ſo high
The lofty Turrets ſeem'd to kiſs the Sky,
From thence we could all *Troy* with eaſe ſurvey
The *Grecian* Fleet and Armies as they lay.
The Beams of this we looſe, which, like a Cloud
From which the Thunder breaks, ſudden and loud,
Falls down and macerates the *Grecian* Crowd:
Tho' ſtill we ſpare no force to make them bleed,
Others as faſt do in their room ſucceed.
Juſt at the entrance daring *Pyrrhus* ſtood
In gilded Arms, bold in his youthful Blood;

So

So in the Spring we ſee a Serpent, laid
On pois'nous Herbs and Plants, whereon he fed,
Newly ariſe from out his Winter Bed,
Dreſs'd in freſh Garb, he gallant ſhews and young
And rears his ſpeckled Breaſt againſt the Sun,
Circles his Tail, and brandiſhes his Tongue.
With him bold *Periphas*, *Automedon*,
Who drove *Achilles'* fiery Steeds, came on,
Follow'd by all the Youth of *Scyros'* Iſle,
Who flung vaſt flaming Firebrands up the Pile;
Pyrrhus himſelf firſt a wide Paſſage broke
Thro' Bars of Braſs, and Beams of ſolid Oak:
The Houſe they enter, and the Rooms of State,
Where *Priam* and the *Dardan* Kings once ſat.
At the firſt Gate the armed Guards oppoſe,
The inner Rooms are fill'd with Shrieks and Noiſe.
The tender Matrons, wild with theſe Alarms,
Cling round the Marble Pillars with their Arms;
Pyrrhus, full of his Sire, throws all things down,
Guards, Gates, Men, Walls, and Ramparts are o'erthrown,
With ſuch forc'd Violence the Hinges fly,
And as the *Grecians* enter, *Trojans* die.
Not with ſuch Fury flows a torrent Stream,
And overturns with Rage th' oppoſing Dam.
Shepherds and Sheep to the Deſtruction yield,
While foaming Floods plough up the fertile Field:

Theſe

These Eyes saw *Pyrrhus*, drunk with bloody Rage,
And both th' *Atrida* enter and engage.
I saw the Queen, who 'mong her Women stood,
While *Priam* fed the Sacrifice with Blood;
There fifty Nuptial Beds the Palace grace,
The hopes of *Troy* and *Priam*'s ancient Race,
There stately foreign Spoils demolish'd lie
Prey to the *Grecians*, or the Flames of *Troy*.
'Now the King's Fate perhaps you may demand,
He, *Troy* destroy'd, his Empire at a stand,
His very Palace by the *Greeks* possess'd,
And all his Family at once distress'd;
Girds on his Arms, and is resolv'd to try
His feeble Force, or, rather thus to die.
Amidst the Buildings of the Palace, where
An Altar stood, expos'd to open Air,
Near which an aged Laurel faintly spread
His with'ring Bows the Houshold Gods to shade:
Thither the Queen with all her Children fled
For safe Protection from a cruel Doom,
As Doves that see approaching Tempests come.
But when the Queen saw *Priam* clad in Arms,
She cry'd, O wretched Spouse, what dire Alarms,
What Rage provokes thee to our Aid in vain?
Whom *Hector* cou'd not save, were he alive again.
Rather stay here than from this Altar fly,
As we have liv'd, together let us die.

Weeping ſhe ſaid, and with kind Arms embrac'd
The aged King, and by the Laurel plac'd.
See now *Polites* from fierce *Pyrrhus* flies
Thro' all the Court, at laſt before his Father dies.
The brave old King, tho' now ſet round with Death,
Thus, void of Fear or Grief, expreſs'd his Wrath.
The Gods reward thee, if their Pow'rs remain,
And they have ſtill regard to Mortal Man,
Whoſe Rage had on my Son neglected lain,
Hadſt thou not dy'd the Father with a Purple ſtain.
From great *Achilles* thou cou'dſt ne'er deſcend,
He ſcorn'd ſuch Cruelty, was more a Friend,
And bluſh'd when ask'd for what he forthwith ſent,
My *Hector*'s Body from his *Grecian* Tent.
With that th' old Man threw from his feeble Arm
A Spear, that bounded on the Target void of Harm.
Then *Pyrrhus* anſwer'd: To the Shades be gone,
And tell my Father of his wicked Son.
This ſaid, thro' his Son's Blood the King he drew,
And barb'rouſly upon the Altar flew.
'Thus *Priam* fell, thus did his State expire,
He ſaw at once his Empire loſt, and *Troy* on fire;
He who ſuch mighty Kingdoms rul'd before,
Lies unregarded on the *Trojan* Shore,
A headleſs Trunk that bears a Name no more.
Then, not till then, quick Terror chill'd my Blood,
Amaz'd, whilſt ghaſtly Horror round me ſtood;

My

My Sire brought to my Mind by *Priam*'s Fate,
Leſt as their Years their Death ſhould bear like date;
My anxious Thoughts, my Wife, my Son, expoſe,
My plunder'd Houſe, all Prey to cruel Foes:
I look'd around, to ſee what Friends were left,
But found (alas) I was of all bereft;
Or, ſpent by Toil, ſome from the Roof leap'd down,
Or by Deſpair in raging Fires are thrown.
Alone I wander'd, looking ev'ry where,
While flaming *Troy* enlighten'd all the Air;
In *Veſta*'s Temple *Helena* I ſpy'd,
Silent ſhe lurk'd, her Treachery to hide;
(Dreading her injur'd Lord, deſerved Wrath
Of *Greeks* and *Trojans*, common plague to both)
For Refuge (though the Goddeſs who dwells there
Abhorr'd her Crimes) ſhe ſate, Grief, Fury and Deſpair
Inflam'd my Soul to puniſh her for all,
And ſo revenge my ſinking Countrey's fall.
And muſt ſhe then to *Sparta* ſafe return?
And ſhall our Spoils her gaudy Pomp adorn?
'Muſt ſhe her Children, Parents, Home review,
And Marriage-Joys, from which ſhe fled, renew?
Shall this proud Queen in triumph cut the Waves,
Attended by our *Phrygian* Dames, her Slaves?
When by the Sword the Royal *Priam* dies,
And ſtately *Troy* conſum'd in Aſhes lies;
'For this the *Dardan* Shoars and *Xanthus*' Flood
'So oft bedew'd, and overflow'd with Blood?

No, though a Woman's Death deſerves no Praiſe,
So mean a Conqueſt never crown'd with Bays,
Yet ſome eſteem her Puniſhment ſhall grace,
That I remov'd this Curſe of human Race;
At leaſt I ſhall my eager Vengeance pleaſe,
'And by her Blood the *Trojan* Ghoſts appeaſe.
'While thus I rave, while Rage tranſports my Mind,
My glorious Parent, all with Light in'rin'd,
All heav'nly great, ſhooting thro' Shades of Night
Appears to me, and ſhews divinely bright;
Not as before, but as to Pow'rs above
She ſhines all Goddeſs and the Queen of Love:
She ſtay'd my threatning Arm, and thus begun
From roſie Lips: What Grief provokes my Son
'To ſuch unmanly Rage? why thus forego
Your care of us? abandon'd to the Foe
Aſcanius' Youth, your Wife, *Anchiſes'* Age,
Inclos'd by Horror and the *Grecian* Rage;
Nor had they now ſurviv'd, but by my care
Withdrawn from Flames, and Dangers of the War.
You ought not *Helen's* hated Beauty blame,
Nor was't from *Paris'* Crime your Miſchief came;
The Gods incens'd the *Trojan* State o'erthrow.
You to their Anger your Deſtruction owe:
To prove this true, look up, while I diſſolve
The ſhady Veils your mortal Sight involve:
Fear not, my Son, perform what I decree,
Where Tow'rs thrown down, Stones rent from Stones you ſee,

Whence

Whence Smoke and Duſt ariſe, like rolling Waves
The Walls from their Foundations *Neptune* heaves,
The Temples, Caſtles, Houſes, tumbles down,
And with his Trident overturns the Town.
See by the *Scæan* Gate arm'd *Juno* ſtands,
And from their Ships invites the *Grecian* Bands;
Above the Caſtle there ſee *Pallas* wield
(Shrin'd in a Cloud) the *Gorgon* on her Shield,
Ev'n *Jove* freſh Courage to the *Greeks* ſupplies,
Nay 'gainſt the *Trojans* arms the Deities:
Fly hence, my Son, haſte, end your needleſs Toil,
For I will lead you to your ancient Soil.
This ſaid, ſhe mix'd with Night through humid Air.
'Dire Forms, and hoſtile Gods to *Troy* appear;
I ſaw devouring Flames through *Ilium* blown,
Built by the Gods, and by the Gods o'erthrown.
Thus ſturdy Hinds with one another vie,
To fell a Mountain-aſh, thus they ſurrounding ply
The Trunk with Blows, which threatning Nods and Shakes
Its ſpreading top, long ſeems to dare the Axe;
Till to repeated Wounds with Groans it yields,
And, tumbling from the Rocks, ſpreads Ruin o'er the Fields.
'Then I deſcend and 'ſcape through Foes and Fire,
"Before the Goddeſs Foes and Flames retire;
Now at my Father's Houſe, our ancient Seat,
My firſt, my chiefeſt care was his Retreat:

In vain I urge his Flight, refuſing to enjoy
A Life in Exile, or out-live his *Troy*.
" Go you whoſe Blood runs warm in ev'ry Vein,
Whoſe nervous Bodies ſolid Strength contain;
Haſte, ſave your ſelves (he ſaid) for had the Gods
Deſign'd my worthleſs Being, theſe Abodes
Had been preſerv'd: Enough, too long I live,
Since *Troy* once fell, and I its fall ſurvive;
Suppoſe me dead, hence, and my Aſhes leave,
I can diſpenſe with Eaſe to want a Grave,
Death from this Hand, or *Greeks* I ſhall receive,
If not for Pity, yet for hopes of Prey.
Too long ungrateful to the Gods I ſtay,
Uneaſy to my ſelf; ſince firſt the Sire
Of Gods and Men ſtruck me with heav'nly Fire.
' Thus ſpeaks *Anchiſes*, and perſiſts to die.
' My Wife, my Son, the Family, and I,
Beg, pray, intreat, he wou'd not all involve
In one ſad Fate; but he who cou'd reſolve
Can now deny, and hears us all complain.
He ſtands his ground, and all our Tears are vain.
Again, I run to Arms to urge my Fate,
What Hope or Counſel cou'd my Woes abate?
Shall I, while Fate ſurrounds him, turn my Face?
And can a Father wiſh a Son ſo baſe?
If to ſubvert this Town, the Gods deſign,
And you intend, or take delight to join

Your

Your ſelf and Houſhold to the ſinking State;
'Let it be ſo, the Gate ſtands wide to Fate.
See *Pyrrhus* comes, in *Priam*'s ſlaughter red,
Polites' Blood before the Altar ſhed,
Join'd with the Crimſon of his Father's Veins,
Mingles the Royal Purple with his Stains.
Did you, my Mother, ah! for this convey
'Your Son through Flames, to ſee my Houſe a Prey
To *Greeks*, while Father, Wife, *Aſcanius*, all,
Drag'd in each others Blood, their Victim fall?
To Arms! to Arms! Who brings me Arms? Make haſte;
Vanquiſh'd, Fate calls us, and this Day's our laſt:
Reſtore me to the Foes and let us try
The Fight, for unreveng'd we will not die.
Again I gird my Sword and ſhake my Shield,
But, running eager to repeat the Field,
Her ſelf *Creuſa* in the Threſhold throws,
Embrac'd my Feet, and young *Iulus* ſhows:
If thou wilt die (ſhe cries) lead us to ſhare
Thy Fate, but if thou boldly truſt in War,
Defend this Houſe, protect *Iulus*' Life,
Anchiſes' Age, and me, your once lov'd Wife.
Whilſt ſhe complain'd, and Tears attend her cries,
A dazling Viſion ſtrikes our wondring Eyes;
A beamy Light o'er young *Iulus* ſpread,
And ray'd with circumſcribing Flames his Head,
Curls in his Locks and on his Temples fed,

In

In his griev'd Parents Arms——
The ſacred Fire (amaz'd with ghaſtly Fear)
" We ſtrive to quench, or ſhake it from his Hair;
But glad *Anchiſes* caſt his Hands and Eyes
Up to the ſtarry Spheres, and thus he cries;
Almighty *Jove* (if Pray'rs can turn thy Mind)
Look on us now, and afterward prove kind
As we deſerve, this ſacred Omen bind.
" Scarce had he ſaid, when, on our Left, we hear
A Peal of Thunder rend the trembling Air;
From Heav'n a Star ſhot through the Shades of Night,
We ſaw it draw a ſtreaming Trail of Light,
Our Way directing o'er the Buildings glides
To *Ida*'s Wood, and there its Splendor hides:
With ſulph'rous Smoke it fill'd the tainted Air,
Anchiſes, overcome, ador'd the Star.
' The Gods invok'd, now, now there's no delay,
' I follow whereſoe'er you lead the way;
My Countrey Gods defend my Race, protect
My young *Iulus*; from you we expect
' The Hopes of *Troy*, make good what you foreſhow,
' Now, Son, I yield, and am content to go.
He ſaid, when from the Walls new Cracklings riſe,
We ſcorch, and brighter Terror ſcares our Eyes:
Haſte, load me with my Sire, a Weight ſo dear
My willing Sinews cannot ſhrink to bear,
Or Death or Safety be our Labour's End,
No ſever'd Fortune ſhall our Steps attend,

While

While by the Hand I young *Aſcanius* lead,
My Wife ſhall follow and our Footſteps tread.
" You my Attendants heed my ſtrict Commands.
" Without the Gate a ruin'd Temple ſtands
To *Ceres* ſacred, on a Riſing, near
An ancient Cypreſs fatal Boughs appear,
Preſerv'd by our Fore-fathers pious Care;
Each taking ſev'ral Ways this Shrine let's make
Our Place to meet in; you, dear Father, take
Our Houſhold Gods and Relicks, which for me,
Uncleans'd, to handle were Impiety,
Coming from War, whom Blood and Slaughter ſtain,
Unwaſh'd I ſhou'd their holy Rites profane.
Then with a Lion's Spoils I cloath my Back,
' And the dear Load upon my Shoulders take;
With Steps unequal young *Iulus* leant
On my right Arm, behind *Creuſa* went;
Through Roads obſcure we ſadly march along:
Now I whom juſt before, not all the Throng
Of *Grecians* arm'd, not all their Darts cou'd fright,
By ev'ry Shadow and by gloomy Night,
By every Breath of Wind, and Sound diſmay'd,
For my Companions tremble, for my Load afraid.
' We now the ruin'd Gates approach'd at laſt;
' And thought the Dangers of the Way were paſt;
' Then on a ſudden trampling Feet we hear,
My Father frighted crys, Fly Son, they'r near,
Their ſhining Helms, and glitt'ring Shields appear.

I know

I know not here by what unfriendly God
Surpriz'd, afraid, I wander from the Road,
Striving to hide in unknown Paths I trod:
" Alas, I loſt *Creuſa*, hard to tell,
" If by her cruel Deſtiny ſhe fell,
Or if to Toils unus'd, with Cares oppreſs'd,
And weary grown ſhe laid her down to reſt,
Or if ſhe miſs'd her way; but ſince that Hour
(Whate'er befel) I ne'er beheld her more.
We all at *Ceres'* ſacred Shrine arriv'd
E'er I reflected, or her Loſs perceiv'd;
But there, alas, ſhe came not, ſhe alone
' Deceiv'd us all, her Husband, Father, Son:
How did I rave? How did I then complain?
' What Gods and Men did I accuſe in vain?
Troy's cruel Fall ne'er caus'd ſuch Grief, ſuch Pain.
I left our Gods, *Iulus*, and my Sire,
To truſty Friends, then through the Vale retire;
To *Troy* return in dazling Arms involv'd,
To riſk all Hazards once again reſolv'd:
Firſt by the Walls, then to the Gate I paſs'd
By which I ſally'd out; each Step retrac'd
With zealous Care, I pry'd through Shades of Night,
Horror and Silence all around affright.
Then to my Houſe I went to ſeek her there,
That *Greeks* poſſeſs'd and rifled every where;
There forc'd by Winds, above the Roofs ariſe
Devouring Flames, whoſe Fury dares the Skies.

Thence

Thence to the Palace went, next to the Tow'r,
And then to *Juno*'s Temple; at the Door
Of which fierce *Phœnix* and *Ulyſſes* ſtay,
Elected Keepers of the *Trojan* Prey:
There all *Troy*'s Riches were together roll'd,
'The Tables of the Gods of maſſy Gold;
'With golden Cups from burning Altars caught,
Thither the Veſtments of the Prieſts were brought:
Of blooming Youths I ſaw a Captive Band,
Whoſe mourning Mothers round them trembling ſtand.
Where'er I paſs I on *Creuſa* call,
I fill with Cries the Houſes, Streets; through all
In vain *Creuſa* ſadly I proclaim,
A thouſand times repeat the dear lov'd Name:
Lamenting thus I roam through ev'ry Street,
At length *Creuſa*'s airy Shadow meet,
'Far bigger than the Life; amaz'd with Fear
Which choak'd my Words, and rais'd my frighted Hair,
It thus began to eaſe my anxious Care.
My deareſt Lord, why thus indulge your Grief?
'Gainſt Heav'ns Decrees Complaints yield no relief;
It is forbid by *Jove*, who rules the Sky,
That thy *Creuſa* bear thee Company;
After long Exile and vaſt Oceans paſt,
'On *Latium*'s Shoar thou ſhalt at length be caſt,
Where *Tyber*'s Stream through flowry Meadows glides,
There Fate a Royal Bride and Crown for thee provides;

There all your Toils ſhall end, your Tears give o'er,
' And for your lov'd *Creuſa* grieve no more.
I ſhall not to *Theſſalian* Shores be ſent
To ſerve the *Grecian* Dames in Baniſhment;
Of *Dardan*'s Race, to *Venus* near ally'd,
By *Cybele*'s Commmands I here abide.
Of our *Aſcanius* take peculiar Care,
Farewel. This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd into Air.
All bath'd in Tears I ſtood, Grief ty'd my Tongue.
Thrice round her Neck I wou'd my Arms have flung,
And thrice the fleeting Shadow ſlip'd away
Like yielding Winds, or Dreams leſs fix'd than they.
Thus having ſpent the weary Night in vain,
I to my Friends return; a wretched Train
Of either Sex I wond'ring there behold,
Scap'd from the *Greeks* there Matrons, Men, Young, Old,
Their Riches brought by Land, or o'er the Sea,
Reſolv'd to follow where I led the way.
Now *Phoſphorus* o'er *Ida*'s Top aroſe
And uſher'd in the Day; the *Grecian* Foes
Beſieg'd the Gates, vain were all hopes of Aid,
' I yield, and up the Hill my Sire convey'd.

The End of the Second Book.

VIR-

VIRGIL's
ÆNEIS.

BOOK III.

The CONTENTS.

Æneas *goes on in the ſecond Part of his Narration, his Voyage by Sea from* Troy *to* Sicily, *from thence to* Carthage, *and what happen'd to him in the way: Which is the Subject of the following Book.* Æneas *after the taking, burning and ſack of* Troy, *builds a Fleet of twenty Ships privately at the Town of* Antandros, *near Mount* Ida; *with which he ſets ſail and lands in* Thrace. *As he is about the*

Building of a Town, while he deſigns a Sacrifice to the Gods, he is frighten'd by a Prodigy, for tearing Myrtle Shrubs from the Ground, to deck the Altar, the Twigs drop Blood. The The Ghoſt of Polydore, *King* Priam's *Son (who was murder'd by* Polymneſtor, *King of that Countrey) ſpeaks to him from under Ground, and relates his barbarous Murder.* Æneas *ſets ſail from thence, and touches at* Delos; *where he conſults the Oracle of* Apollo, *which adviſeth him to find out the* Trojan's *ancient Mother, which* Anchiſes *expounds to be the Iſland of* Crete. *Thither* Æneas *ſails, lands, and builds a Town, but is forced from thence by a great Plague.* Anchiſes *commands him to return again to* Delos, *for a clearer Anſwer. But in the Night the Houſhold Gods of* Troy *appear to* Æneas, *and inform him that* Italy *was the ancient Mother of the* Trojan *Race. They ſet ſail for* Italy; *in their Courſe they are driven by a Storm upon the Iſles named* Strophades; *where the* Trojans *land, and kill ſome Cattle on the Shoar. As they are at Meat they are diſtur'bd by the* Harpyes. *By* Æneas's *Order the* Trojans *fight againſt the Monſters.* Celæno, *one of the Number, ſpeaks to the* Trojans *from a Rock, and propheſies they ſhall not fix their appointed Seat in* Italy, *till they are firſt compelled by Hunger to eat their Diſhes and devour their Tables. The* Trojans *ſet ſail from thence and touch at the Promontory of* Actium, *where they celebrate Games. From thence they ſail to* Epirus, *where they land: And there* Æneas *finds Queen* Andromache (*the Wife of* Hector) *marry'd for the third time to* Helenus,

nus, *one of* Priam's *Sons, after the Death of* Pyrrhus, *Son to* Achilles. *And that* Helenus *reigned over the* Greeks *in* Chaonia, *a Prophet and High-Prieſt to* Apollo. *The* Trojans *are kindly receiv'd by* Helenus *and* Andromache. Æneas *is informed by* Helenus, *that Fate ordain'd him to fix in* Italy, *upon a River, where they ſhould find a white Sow with thirty Piggs ſucking her Teats. He is adviſed to ſhun the neareſt* Italian *Coaſt,* (*now the Kingdom of* Naples) *becauſe it was inhabited by the* Greeks, *and alſo to ſhun the Straits betwixt* Sicily *and* Italy, (*now the* Fare *of* Meſſina) *for fear of* Scylla *and* Charybdis, *but is wiſh'd to ſteer his Courſe to the Weſtward of* Sicily, *and ſo Coaſt it round. He is nobly preſented with rich Gifts, and kindly diſmiſſed by* Helenus. *Leaving* Epirus, *he ſets ſail towards* Italy, *paſſes by* Tarentum, *and touches upon the Coaſt of* Sicily, *near Mount* Ætna: *Where the Fleet lay all Night in a Creek; and there he takes aboard* Achæmenides, *one of the Companions of* Ulyſſes, *by whom he is inform'd of the Cruelty of the* Cyclops, *and* Ulyſſes's *Adventure in* Polyphemus's *Cave.* Æneas *and the* Trojans, *frightned at the ſight of the blind Monſter, ſet ſail from Mount* Ætna: *And having exactly obey'd all was injoyn'd by King* Helenus, *the Fleet came to a ſafe Harbour in the Port of* Drepanum, *on the Weſtern Coaſt of* Sicily, *where* Anchiſes *died: From whence his Fleet ſet ſail to* Italy. *The Navy was diſperſed by the Tempeſt* (*mention'd in the Firſt Book*) *and driven upon the Coaſt of* A-

ſtrick. *And this is the end of the Narration hitherto.*

'SINCE now the Gods, by too ſevere a Fate,
'Thought fit to overturn the *Trojan* State,
With *Priam*'s Race and his Imperial Sway,
And *Neptune*'s Walls in ſmoaking Ruins lay:
Repeated Omens told us their Commands,
To ſeek out empty Seats in foreign Lands:
Near *Ida*'s Groves we built our Fleet, as yet
We knew not where to make a ſafe Retreat.
We draw together and our Veſſels man,
When ſcarce the Summer's welcome Heat began;
Then old *Anchiſes* order'd us to weigh,
And truſt our Courſe to Fortune and the Sea.
Weeping we quit the Port, with Tears, alas!
With Tears we left the Shoar where *Ilium* was.
'My Friends, my Son, our great and leſſer Gods
Baniſh'd with me, expos'd to raging Floods.
A ſpacious Land inclin'd to Arms and War
The *Thracians* till, *Lycurgus* govern'd there
In Ages paſt; while Fate and Heaven were kind
'We were in Friendſhip and Religion join'd.
Driv'n by hard Fate to this dire Shoar we came,
I built a Town and call'd it by my Name.

I *Ve-*

I *Venus* and the Pow'rs Divine adore,
And to our firſt Attempts their Aid implore.
To mighty *Jove* a well-grown Bull I ſlew,
By chance I near a gentle Riſing view,
Where Hawthorn Shrubs with pointed Myrtle grew.
Thither I went to root them from the Ground,
With leafy Boughs to deck the Altar round;
From the firſt Shrub which by the Roots I draw,
A Wonder dreadful to relate I ſaw,
' Black bloody Drops diſtil, the Ground beſmear,
Cold Horror ſhook my Limbs, my Blood congeal'd with Fear!
Another Branch I tear, fully reſolv'd
To know the ſecret Cauſe this Sign involv'd:
Again the wounded Root ran livid Gore!
I ſtood amaz'd, then *Sylvan* Nymphs implore,
And *Mars* o'er *Thrace* preſiding, to avert
' This dire forebode, and happier Signs impart.
But when with greater Force I kneel'd, and ſtrove
From the firm Ground the third Root to remove,
Shall I relate it, or in Silence hide?
A mournful Voice from Earth's deep Hollow cry'd,
A buried Corpſe why does *Æneas* tear?
Why thus pollute his pious Hands? O ſpare!
For I a *Trojan* am, ally'd to thee,
' This Blood diſtils not from the wounded Tree:
Oh leave this cruel Land, this impious Shore!
' Fly, fly, from hence; for I am *Polydore*;

Whole Sheafs of pointed Arrows pierc'd me through,
Warm'd by my Blood theſe Trees from Arrows grew.
Theſe Words my doubtful Soul oppreſs with fear,
And choak my Voice, up ſtarts my frighted Hair.
This *Polydore* was hapleſs *Priam*'s Son,
Who, loſing hopes to ſave his falling Throne,
His ſinking State by *Grecian* Troops undone,
By ſtealth this Youth with Gold ſent to the Care
Of *Polymneſtor*, to ſecure from War;
He, when he ſaw the *Trojans* Fortune ſlide,
The faithleſs King, turn'd to the conqu'ring ſide:
He broke all Treaties and his Aid withdrew,
Inhumanly his Royal Pupil ſlew,
To gain his Gold. O thirſt of Gold accurs'd!
On human Breaſts what Ills by thee are forc'd?
This dreadful Prodigy, when rid of Fear,
I to my Sire, then to my Peers declare,
And their Advice demand without delay,
We yield to quit this Land and ſet to Sea.
We raiſe a Tomb and funeral Rites prepare
For murder'd *Polydore*; then Altars rear
To pleaſe his Ghoſt, which mournful Cypreſs crown'd,
Diſhevel'd Matrons theſe in Tears ſurround:
Bowls of hot Milk we pour, and Victims Blood,
And at his Tomb thrice call his Ghoſt aloud.
Now Storms no longer on the Billows reign,
But gentle Breezes tempt us to the Main;

We

We launch'd our Ships, which cover'd all the Strand,
Then quit the Port and leave the hated Land.
Sacred to *Doris* and the Ocean's God,
An Iſland lies in the *Ægean* Flood,
A pleaſant Land which floated heretofore,
Till great *Apollo* to its foaming Shore
The lofty *Gyarus* and *Mycon* ty'd,
And now it braves the Winds and dares the Tide.
A Port ſecure here for our Fleet we find,
Tir'd with the Toſſings of the Sea and Wind.
We *Phœbus* Town adore, old *Anius* there,
Both Prieſt and King, who deck'd his Silver Hair
With Laurel Leaves, which ſacred Fillets ty'd:
Soon as the King his ancient Friend deſcry'd,
He runs to his Embrace, they kindly join,
Then to the Temple went; before the Shrine
Of antique Marble to the God I pray'd:
Thymbræan Father, by thy mighty Aid,
End all our Wand'rings, give a reſting Place,
A laſting City, everlaſting Race;
Preſerve the poor Remains of ruin'd *Troy*,
Whom *Greeks* nor fierce *Achilles* cou'd deſtroy;
Clear Omens ſend, inſpire my doubtful Mind,
And ſay what Land, what Seat's for us deſign'd?
Scarce had I ſaid, when all began to move,
Apollo's Temple ſhook; the ſacred Grove,

The

The Laurels of the God; the Mountains round;
Diſmay'd, agaſt, we fell upon the Ground,
And from the gaping *Tripos* roar'd this dreadful ſound.

Dardans, from whence your Race you firſt derive,
That very Land ſhall you again receive
With open Arms; your Toils ſhall there find reſt,
With care explore your ancient Mother's Breaſt:
'*Æneas*' Houſe there o'er the World ſhall reign,
His Childrens Children, while Time laſts, remain:
Thus ſpoke the God; a welcome Joy aroſe
Among the Croud. What Walls? Where that Repoſe
Which ſhould their wandrings end, they all enquire:
Times paſt revolving, thus my aged Sire.
Ye *Trojan* Princes, learn from me this Day
Your hopes, an Iſland bounds th' *Ægean* Sea,
Nam'd *Crete*; on which a hundred Cities ſtand,
A Hill call'd *Ida* there; a fertile Land:
There *Jove* was born, and thence, it's ſaid by Fame,
'To the *Rhætean* Shoar old *Teucer* came;
Where he a Kingdom choſe, *Troy* yet unbuilt
And *Ilium*'s Tow'rs, in humble Vales they dwelt;
Thence *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,
Her tinkling Cymbals and *Idæan* Woods,
Thence came her Rites for ſecrecy deſign'd;
To draw her Chariots, thence yoak'd Lions join'd.
'Let us that Land which Fate directs explore,
'' Appeaſe the Winds, and ſeek the *Cretan* Shore.

'Our

'Our way is ſhort, if *Jove* aſſiſt our Fleet,
'The third Days dawning lands us ſafe in *Crete*.
This ſaid, he to the Gods pay'd honours due;
To *Neptune*, and to bright *Apollo* ſlew,
To each a Bull; white Sacrifices pleaſe
The Calm, and black the ſtormy Winds appeaſe.
Idomeneus, expell'd his Father's Throne,
Purſu'd by Plagues for off'ring up his Son,
Abandon'd *Crete*, the Towns unpeopled lay,
Our Foes retreat left us an eaſie Prey.
Then leaving *Delos'* Port we ſcour'd the Flood;
Firſt *Naxos* made, where *Bach'nals* roar aloud;
By *Olearos* and white *Paros* veer'd,
And then our Courſe to green *Donyſa* ſteer'd:
Where *Cyclades* lay ſcatter'd in the Sea,
Studded with Iſles through Floods we made our way.
The Seamen ſtrive each other to out-vie,
'Exhort their Mates, to *Crete*, to *Crete*, they cry.
By riſing Winds, which fill'd our Sails, convey'd,
At length *Curetes'* ancient Shore we made.
With eager haſte there I began to build
Our wiſh'd for Seat, which I *Pergamea* ſtyl'd:
'The name the *Trojans* pleas'd; I all exhort
'To found their Dwellings and to raiſe a Fort:
'Moſt of our Ships we haul'd upon the Strand;
The careful *Trojans*, bent to till the Land,
Work hard; the ſprightly Youth in marriage join,
I give them Laws; to each his Lot aſſign;

When

When on a ſudden came a deadly Year,
A dreadful Plague infected all the Air,
By which Men, Beaſts, and Fowls and Fiſhes pin'd,
And Trees and Plants in one deſtruction join'd.
All ſudden dy'd, or dragg'd a lingring Death,
Hot *Sirius* ſcorch'd the Plains with his contagious Breath
" Parch'd were the Herbs and blighted was the Corn,
My Father ſtraight commands me to return
To *Phœbus'* ſacred Iſle, and there implore
That God's Aſſiſtance; beg to know what Shore,
What Land for us the cruel Fates intend,
And where our Toils and Miſeries would end.
'Twas Night, and ſleep all weary Creatures ſhar'd;
The figures of thoſe Gods to me appear'd,
Which I from flaming *Troy* had reſcu'd; bright
They ſeem'd, and caſt around a dazling Light;
I ſaw them plainly, for the full fac'd Moon
Darting her ſplendour through my Windows ſhone;
' And thus they ſpoke to eaſe my anxious care.
That which *Apollo* wou'd to thee declare
At *Delos*, he has ſent us here to tell,
We follow'd thee when lofty *Ilium* fell;
With thee we croſs'd the Seas, and to the Sky
By us thy Race ſhall riſe; thy great Poſterity
The World ſhall rule, for them thou Walls ſhalt make
Great as their growing Fame: Inglorious Eaſe forſake,
' And fly from hence, for *Delos'* mighty God
' Ne'er gave the *Cretan* Shore for your Abode.

There

There lies a Countrey fruitful, warlike, bold,
Heſperia call'd by *Greeks*; this Land of old
' *OEnotrians* till'd, but now by later Fame
' Is ſtyl'd *Italia*, from the Leader's name:
" *Iaſius* there, and *Dardanus* were born,
" From thence we came and thither muſt return.
" Ariſe, thy Sire with theſe glad Tydings greet,
" Search *Italy*, for *Jove* denies thee *Crete*.
This Viſion ſtunn'd, the words increas'd my fear,
(For 'twas no Dream) the Wreaths which crown'd their Hair
I ſaw and knew; their looks diſtinguiſh'd well:
Cold ſweat in drops from all my Body fell;
I roſe in haſte, with Hands upheld I pray'd,
And Off'rings pure on holy Altars laid;
Then all with Joy to ag'd *Anchiſes* told.
' His double Race, which he had heard of old,
He then rememb'ring found that his miſtake
From thence proceeded: Then reflecting ſpake;
O Son, in *Troy*'s Misfortunes troubl'd long,
Theſe fates to me divine *Caſſandra* ſung,
And ſhe alone foretold this Chance, that we
Should reach *Heſperia*, reign in *Italy*,
That *Latium* was our Land. But who cou'd ſo have thought,
' Or who believ'd whate'er *Caſſandra* taught?
By *Phœbus* warn'd, let us purſue the way.
Anchiſes ſaid, we chearfully obey;

' We

'We alſo quit this Land, leave few behind,
'Then hoiſt our Sails, and ſcour before the Wind.
When ſail'd ſo far that we deſcry'd no Land,
But rolling Waves and Skies on ev'ry hand,
A lowring Cloud, freighted with Storms and Night,
Came rowling on; the gloomy Waves affright;
Swell'd by the bluſt'ring Winds huge Seas ariſe,
Tempeſt and humid Night obſcur'd the Skies:
Redoubl'd claps of Thunder burſt the Clouds;
Diſpers'd, we wander'd through the raging Floods,
" Ev'n *Palinurus* no diſtinction found
" 'Twixt Night and Day, ſuch darkneſs reign'd around!
'Three Sun-leſs Days amidſt the Waves we ſtray,
'Three Star-leſs Nights, deſpairing of our way;
The fourth Day dawning, we deſcry'd the Shore,
Saw Hills afar, and Smoke from Hovels ſoar;
Our Sails let fall, their Oars the Seamen ply'd,
Their luſty ſtrokes whirl'd back the foaming Tide.
'Scap'd from the dangers of the raging Seas,
We came to th' Iſles, the *Greeks* call *Strophades*:
There dwelt *Celæno* and the *Harpyes* Race
From *Phineas*, *Pallas* baniſh'd to this place.
'Monſters more cruel the offended Gods
'Ne'er ſent, to plague the Globe from Hells abodes,
Birds with a Virgin's Face and Vulture's Tail,
Hands arm'd with Claws, their Looks with Hunger pale.
While in the Port our Ships at Anchor ride,
Upon the Plain a wanton Herd we ſpy'd,

And flocks of Goats, which, ſtragling all around
Without a Keeper, graz'd the thymy Ground.
With Darts we kill, and to our noble treat
The Gods invite; while on the Shore we eat,
'Down from the Mountains with a ſudden cry,
'Clapping their Wings, the cruel *Harpyes* fly;
Snatching our Meat a loathſome Odour caſt,
With Hands impure defil'd our princely Feaſt;
Then to a dark retreat remote we made,
Under a hollow Rock, a gloomy Shade;
Thick Trees around us ſpread, we Altars rear,
And, kindling Fires, again we Meat prepare:
Again from lurking Holes the hateful Crew
Shriek'd in the Air, and round the Tables flew.
Their poiſon'd Mouths our Meat infect; prepare
Your Arms (I cry'd) with hateful *Harpyes* war.
My Men obey my Orders, and provide
Their Swords and Bucklers, and in Sedges hide;
And when the *Harpyes* flew their diſmal Rounds
Along the Shoar, the Charge *Miſenus* ſounds
High from a Rock; the *Trojans* ſtraight engage,
And Wars unknown with Sea-born Monſters wage.
But all in vain, their Plumes are proof to Harms,
Their ſcaly Hides reſiſt our feeble Arms;
Through Regions of the Air they fled away,
And left half eaten the infected Prey.
One of the baleful Crew, *Celæno*, ſpoke
(Ill boading Prophet high perch'd on a Rock)

You *Trojans* kill our Flocks, and next you dare
Againſt our harmleſs Race begin a War,
And drive from *Neptune*'s Empire with your Swords,
Heed what I ſay, remember all my words:
What *Jove* to *Phœbus*, he to me foreſhews,
I, Queen of Furies, to your Ears diſcloſe;
For *Italy* you ſteer, and Winds implore,
You ſhall in ſafety reach th' *Italian* Shore,
But ſhall not wall the Town the Fates have giv'n,
Till for this ſlaughter, by fierce Hunger driv'n
To eat your Tables, and your Plates devour.
This ſaid, ſhe flew to Woods, which hem the Shore.
Horror and Fear congeal'd the *Trojans* Blood,
Their Courage fell, no longer they withſtood
The *Harpyes*; Furies, Birds unclean, or both,
All cry, with Vows and Pray'rs t' appeaſe their Wrath.
Then on the Shore *Anchiſes* lifts his Hands,
Invokes the Gods, to them due Rites commands;
Great Gods, appeas'd, this Curſe avert, and ſave
Us your Adorers. Haulſers broke, we leave
The diſmal Shore, he bids all take to Sea,
With full blown Sails we make our foaming way.
Amidſt our Courſe *Dulichium*'s Woods appear,
Near *Samos* and *Neritos*' Hills we ſteer;
'From *Ithaca* we fly, and curſe the Land
'Where ſtern *Ulyſſes* bore ſupreme command.'
Theſe paſt, *Leucates*' foggy Top we made,
'Then *Phœbus*' Temple, which the Seamen dread,

With

With rowing tir'd, approach the little Town,
Near Land our Anchors from our Prows caſt down.
' Here ſafe, beyond our hopes, to *Jove*'s great name
Our Hearts with Vows, with Victims Altars flame;
Our Youth anointed, ſolemnize with Joy
On *Actian* Shoar, their native Games of *Troy*.
The thoughts of danger paſt inſpire delight,
'Scaping from *Greeks*, through *Grecian* Towns by flight.
The Sun had now his yearly Courſe perform'd,
Rough *Boreas*, bluſt'ring on the Ocean ſtorm'd;
' The brazen Shield which mighty *Abas* bore,
' I fix'd to Pillars of the lofty Door,
Inſcrib'd a Verſe which the bold Deed explain'd,
' From conqu'ring *Greeks* theſe Spoils *Æneas* gain'd.
" Then I command to weigh; the Seamen ply
' Their nimble Oars, and with each other vie,
The Gallies through the yielding Billows fly.
Corſu's high Cliffs we loſe, *Epirus*' Shore
We coaſt along, then to *Chaonia* bore,
Then to *Buthrotus*' lofty City came,
" Where wondrous things are loudly blaz'd by Fame,
That *Helenus* o'er *Grecians* reign'd, King *Priam*'s Son,
" Succeeding *Pyrrhus* in his Bed and Throne.
Andromache, great *Hector*'s Wife, I find
Once more in Wedlock to a *Trojan* join'd.
At once ſurpriz'd, with ſtrong deſire poſſeſs'd,
To hear ſuch Fortune by this Prince expreſs'd,

Leaving my Fleet I from the Port remove.
Near *Simois'* feigned Flood within a Grove,
Before the Town bedew'd in mournful Tears,
Andromache two graſſy Altars rears
To *Hector*'s ſhade, on them ſad Gifts beſtow'd,
And to his empty Tomb his Ghoſt thrice call'd aloud.
When me ſhe ſaw bright *Trojan* Arms ſurround,
Wonder and Fear her fainting Senſes bound;
Long while entranc'd, at length ſhe ſcarcely ſaid,
See I *Æneas*, or his airy Shade?
' O Goddeſs born, if death hath ſhut your Eyes,
Where is my *Hector?* then with ſighs and cries
She rent the Air, raging with Grief, while I
With ſtamm'ring Accents made this ſhort reply.
I ſurely live and breathe this vital Air,
Through all the ſad extremities of War,
Doubt not, no Phantoms to your Eyes appear.
What chance has thee befall'n, ſince of thy Lord deprived?
What Fortune worthy thee, to thee arriv'd?
Can *Hector*'s Wife ſubmit to *Pyrrhus'* Bed?
With Looks dejected, humble Voice ſhe ſaid,
Polyxena, thrice happy in thy Doom!
By *Ilium*'s Walls, upon *Achilles'* Tomb,
You 'ſcap'd the hoſtile Lots, by Death ſet free
From loath'd embraces of the Enemy;
Whilſt I, alas! from burning *Troy* convey'd,
Through diſtant Seas (to ſlav'ry born) obey'd

Achille

Achilles' haughty Houſe, forc'd to fulfil
The fierce deſires of proud young *Pyrrhus'* Will;
'Cloy'd with Poſſeſſion he forſook my Arms,
To find new Joys in *Helen's* Daughter's Charms;
To *Helenus* fierce *Pyrrhus* me reſign'd,
His Royal Slaves in *Hymen's* Bonds he join'd;
Enrag'd *Oreſtes* for his raviſh'd Fair
'Haunted by Furies, rack'd with deep Deſpair
From conſcious Guilt, unwary *Pyrrhus* drew
To *Phœbus'* Shrine, and at his Altar ſlew.
By *Pyrrhus'* Death part of his Kingdom came
To *Helenus*; from *Trojan Chaon's* name,
He all theſe Fields around *Chaonia* calls.
This *Pergamus* he built, and rais'd new *Ilium's* Walls.
But thee what Fates, what Winds have hither blown,
And unexpected on theſe Coaſts have thrown?
What is become of young *Iulus?* ſay,
If he be dead, or views the chearful day,
Whom *Troy* to thee ---------
How does the Youth his Mother's Loſs bemoan?
Do thoughts of thee or *Hector* puſh him on,
To imitate the glorious Deeds you've done?
Thus wept the Queen, and thus complain'd in vain,
When *Helenus* comes with a Royal Train
To meet his Friends, whom to the Court he led,
And Tears of Joy purſu'd each word he ſaid:
Marching along, there *Pergamus* I ſee,
'And *Troy* renew'd in her Epitome:

I ſaw parch'd *Xanthus'* Shoar; I there embrac'd
The *Scæan* Gate. With me my *Trojans* paſs'd
Up to the friendly Town, where us the King receiv'd
In ſtately Rooms, and all our Wants reliev'd,
With royal Banquets, and with ſprightly Wine;
And golden Goblets round the Tables ſhine:
'Thus one Day paſt, another came, fair Gales
'Blew from the South, and fill'd our ſwelling Sails.
Accoſting thus the Prophet I implore,
O *Trojan* Augur, who know'ſt *Phœbus'* Power,
His Tripods, Laurels, what the twinkling Stars,
The Notes of Birds, and what their Flight declares;
'Oh ſpeak; for all religious Rites portend
'To my long Wandrings a ſucceſsful end;
The Gods my Courſe to *Italy* enjoyn'd,
Foretold that diſtant Land for me deſign'd:
But diſmal Famine, Prodigies unknown,
And dreadful Wrath *Celæno* has foreſhewn:
'What are the Dangers I am firſt to ſhun?
How ſhall I through ſuch threatning Miſchiefs run?
Then *Helenus* with uſual Victims crown'd
The Altars, and, his ſacred Wreaths unbound,
Implor'd the Gods; me to the Temple led
'Of great *Apollo*, ſtruck with awful dread:
Then from his Lips divine theſe numbers flow;
O Goddeſs-born, (for greater Pow'rs foreſhew
That thou muſt croſs the Main: This *Jove* decrees,
Thus Fate ordains, thus roll the Deſtinies.)

'Of many things, a few I will explain,
'That thou may'ſt ſafely paſs the friendly Main,
'And the *Auſonian* Shores at length attain:
But neither Fate nor *Juno* will allow
Me what remains to tell, or you to know.
Of *Italy* (which you, deceiv'd, think near,
And now to enter in its Ports prepare)
No Way, no Track, but Waters vaſtly wide,
The diſtant Coaſts from *Grecian* Shores divide;
Your Oars muſt firſt *Sicilian* Billows ſweep,
And cut the Surges of th'*Auſonian* Deep:
You firſt muſt view the burning Lakes below,
In ſight of *Æa Circe*'s Iſland row,
E'er to erect your Town ſafe Ground you find:
Theſe ſigns I ſhew, imprint them in your Mind;
When, penſive, you by Streams unknown ſhall ſpy
A huge white Sow with thirty young ones lie
Beneath an Oak, white as their Dam; there found
Your lofty Walls, that Place your Toils ſhall bound:
Then let not eating Diſhes thee diſmay,
'*Phœbus* implor'd will hear, and Fates will work their way.
But fly that Land oppos'd to *Latium*'s Shore,
Upon whoſe Coaſts th' *Ionian* Billows roar;
Our Enemies, the *Greeks*, inhabit there,
And there their Walls *Narycian Locrians* rear:
Idomeneus bears ſway o'er the *Salentine* Lands,
Petilia's built by *Philoctetes*' hands:

But when your Fleet has ſafely paſt the Sea,
And on new Altars you Devotions pay,
' With purple veil your Head, leſt hoſtile Eyes
Diſturb the Rites and blaſt the Sacrifice:
This ſacred Uſe you and your Friends retain,
Theſe Rites for ever to your Seed remain.
When you fair Winds on Cape *Pelorus* bear,
When the *Sicilian* Straights more op'n appear,
Then tack, and let your Fleet to Larboard ſtand,
' Thus ſteer your Courſe, veer Starboard Sea and Land;
Theſe Countries heretofore together join'd,
And *Italy* fair *Sicily* confin'd:
This Fame reports, till Seas and Tempeſts rent
This fruitful Iſland from the Continent.
Thus all things yield to Time's devouring force:
A narrow Torrent with a raging Courſe
Runs 'twixt their Cities and divided Shores,
And with impetuous Eddies foaming roars:
Miſhapen *Scylla* on the Right abides,
Cruel *Charybdis* on the Left reſides,
Thrice in her Gulph devours the Waves, and then
Thrice to the Stars ſhe ſpouts them up again.
Scylla a Dungeon horrible ſecures,
Her Head above the Waves, ſhe Ships on Rocks allures.
This triform Monſter has a human Face,
And Virgin Breaſts her beauteous Body grace;
Below her Waſte ſhe ends a hideous Whale,
With howling Dogs join'd to her Dolphin's Tail.

'Tis

'Tis ſafer then to coaſt *Pachynus* near,
Or to the Sea a Courſe more diſtant bear;
Than view dire *Scylla* in her Grotto bound,
And Rocks which to her yelling Dogs reſound.
Beſides, if Preſcience to a Prophet's due,
Or if I merit any Faith from you,
Inſpir'd by *Phœbus*, if I Truths divine,
O Goddeſs born, I firſt of all injoin,
And oft repeating this, again adviſe,
To *Juno* offer ſolemn Sacrifice,
With humble Gifts ſubmiſſively implore,
Make Vows to her, and her great Pow'r adore.
Thus you at length ſhall your great Ends obtain,
And leaving *Sicily*, *Auſonia* gain.
When you arrive at *Cuma*, and the Wood
Which echo's to *Avernus'* ſacred Flood,
A raging Propheteſs you there ſhall ſee,
Who from her Caves ſings what the Fates decree,
Her myſtick Numbers writes on Leaves, and then
In order lays, and lurks within her Den.
Before the Door they lie as they were plac'd,
But if that Opening, or ſome gentle Blaſt
Shou'd them diſorder, ſhe no more will ſing,
Nor when once ſcatter'd to contexture bring.
Thus many unreſolv'd forſake the Maid,
And hate her gloomy Cell and myſtick Shade.

'Think

'Think it not tedious there a while to ſtay,
Though proſp'rous Gales ſhould ſummon thee away,
'Or though thy Friends ſhou'd blame thy ſhort Delay.
Viſit the Prieſteſs, her with Prayers intreat
To ſing, not write on Leaves thy unknown Fate;
She will inform thee of th' *Italian* Land,
From her thou ſhalt that People underſtand;
Thy future Wars to thee ſhe will declare,
And teach thee how thy Toils to ſhun or bear;
She will, implor'd, a happy Voyage ſhow,
This is what I may tell or you may know.
Go on, brave Prince, and to the ſpangl'd Skies
By thy great Deeds may *Ilium*'s Fame ariſe.
Thus *Helenus* the Fates Decrees foretold,
Then to my Fleet ſent Ivory and Gold,
All rarely carv'd or caſt in antique Mould.
Braſs from *Dodona* with great Art prepar'd,
And every Ship a Sum of Silver ſhar'd;
To me a Coat of Mail and Helm he gave,
That wrought with Gold, on this gay Feathers wave;
Theſe Arms belong'd to *Pyrrhus* heretofore,
Nor was my Sire forgot; he gave us ſtore
Of Horſes, and of Pilots skill'd to guide
Our Ships, which he with Men and Oars ſupply'd.
'Mean while *Anchiſes*' bids prepare our Sails,
"Leſt we ſhould loſe the firſt auſpicious Gales;
To him with great Reſpect the Prophet ſaid,
O thou whom *Venus* honour'd with her Bed,

Of

Of Gods above the darling Care and Joy,
Whom they have twice preſerv'd from falling *Troy*,
Oppos'd to this, behold th' *Italian* Ground,
And thither ſteer, but take a Compaſs round,
' That part *Apollo* hath deſign'd for you
' At diſtance lies, and far remote from view.
' Go happy hence, and in your pious Son
Be ever bleſt; it's time you now were gone:
But I diſcourſing, you too long delay,
The Winds ſtand fair and ſeem to blame your ſtay.
Andromache, in Tears that we muſt part,
Brought Robes of Tiſſue wrought with ſubtile Art;
A *Phrygian* Mantle to *Aſcanius* bears,
A Gift became her Honour and his Years.
She ſaid, Accept this Preſent, let it be
A certain Pledge of my firm Love to thee;
From *Hector*'s Widow this laſt Gift receive,
Made by my Hands, the laſt which I can give.
Thy Eyes, thy Hands, thy Face, thy Geſtures, all
' My loſt *Aſtyanax* to my Thoughts recal;
And to his Life had Fate a longer Line
Allow'd, his tender Years had bloom'd like thine.
Taking my leave ſalt Tears my Face o'erflow,
At laſt I ſaid; Farewel, thrice happy you
Whoſe Toils are ended! wretched we, alas!
From one ill Fate muſt to another paſs:
You reſt, while we through Seas from ruin'd *Troy*
Purſue that peaceful Quiet you enjoy:

We roam in ſearch of Land call'd *Italy*,
Which, as we ſeek it, farther ſeems to fly:
You have a *Xanthus'* Stream before your Eyes,
Another *Ilium*'s Walls by you ariſe,
And which I hope the *Greeks* will ne'er ſurprize.
If e'er at *Tyber* I arrive, if e'er
In the *Lavinian* Plains a *Troy* I rear,
' As both from *Dardanus* our Race derive,
' We with each other will in Friendſhip live;
And the ſame Fate ſhall both our *Troys* attend,
And this ſtrict Love ſhall to our Heirs deſcend.
' Near the *Ceraunian* Hills our Courſe we bore,
" The ſhorteſt Paſſage to th' *Italian* Shore.
' Now had the Sun withdrawn his glorious Light,
' And airy Mountains hid in dusky Night,
When each, by turns, plying his well-tim'd Oar
With luſty Strokes, we made a wiſh'd-for Shore;
Upon the Strand our weary'd Bodies eas'd,
Which downy Sleep with ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd:
Scarce to her Noon had Night her Journey made,
When careful *Palinurus* left his Bed,
The Winds obſerving, liſten'd to the Air,
Remark'd each Star in its harmonious Sphere
Glide ſilent on; ſaw in the rolling Skies
Arcturus and the rainy *Hyades*:
Double *Triones* then his Eyes behold,
' And bright *Orion* arm'd with glitt'ring Gold;

He

He ſaw the Skies foretold a glorious Day
' And peaceful Calm, then gave the Sign to weigh,
To re-imbark, and our proud Sails diſplay.
' The bluſhing Morn had put the Stars to flight,
When little Hills from far ſalute our Sight:
Then we the Plains of *Italy* deſcry'd:
Italia firſt the glad *Achates* cry'd,
We *Italy* with loud Acclaim reſound:
With flow'ry Wreaths my Sire a Goblet crown'd,
And to the brim Grapes ſprightful Liquor pour'd,
Then from the Stern he thus the Gods implor'd:
Ye Pow'rs who rule the Earth, the Storms, the Sea,
Grant us fair Winds and eaſie make our Way.
Fair Gales encreas'd, we to the Port drew near,
High on a Hill *Minerva*'s Shrines appear,
With furled Sails to neareſt Shores we bear.
The Port lies there to Eaſtern Seas oppos'd,
Bends like a Bow, by tow'ring Rocks enclos'd,
'Gainſt which on either hand, the foaming Tide
Daſhes the briny Waves, the Rocks the Harbour hide;
Minerva's Temple ſcarcely there is ſeen.
For my firſt Omen on the fragrant Green,
Four ſprightly Horſes of a ſnowy Hew
Grazing around the flowry Plains I view;
I dread this warlike Land (*Anchiſes* cry'd)
Theſe Horſes War portend, though yoak'd and ty'd
They ſerve in Peace, and will the Bit abide.

To *Pallas'* Temple first we bend our Way,
And to that Goddess, Arms-Protectress, pray;
' And next we *Helenus'* Commands obey'd,
' Each shading with a *Phrygian* Veil his Head,
' To mighty *Juno* Gifts and Off'rings paid.
' These Rites perform'd, with bended Sails we stand
" To Sea, forsaking that suspected Land.
I great *Alcides* Town, *Tarentum* view,
With *Juno*'s Temple, (if Report be true)
Caulonian Tow'rs we saw; we past the Sea
Of *Scylacæum*'s Ship-devouring Bay;
Far off *Sicilian Ætna*'s Tops appear,
Against the Rocks we roaring Billows hear,
And Waves which break upon the sounding Strand,
Where surging Waters bubble up the Sand.
Observing this, thus old *Anchises* spoke,
The Royal Prophet bid us shun this Rock,
This dire *Charybdis*; hence let's haste away,
Friends, ply your Oars; Commanded all obey.
" First *Palinurus* to the Larboard veer'd,
" And all the Fleet by his Example steer'd:
We to the Skies by mounting Waves are whirl'd,
Then to the dark Abyss are downward hurld;
The hollow Rocks thrice yell'd a dismal Noise,
The foaming Waves thrice dash'd the twinkling Skies.
Thus tir'd, at once both Sun and Wind forsake,
At length the one-ey'd *Cyclops'* Land we make.

The

'The Port, though large, contemns the boist'rous Wind,
'But is too near to thund'ring *Ætna* join'd,
Thence to the Clouds Coals mix'd with Smoke arise,
Thence sulph'rous Flames in Whirlings blast the Skies;
'Oft from its Bowels mighty Stones are thrown,
And moulder'd Rocks through spacious Air are blown;
Oft from its Hollow dreadful Groans are sent
By raging Flames, in its deep Caverns pent;
Jove struck *Enceladus* with Lightnings blast,
And on his half-burnt Body *Ætna* cast.
(This Fame reports) Now from its sulph'rous Womb
These spouting Flames through their forc'd Passage come,
'Oft as he shifts his weary Sides, (they say)
Sicilia shakes, and Smoke obscures the Day;
Hid in a Grove that Night we lay dismay'd,
While dreadful Roarings did our Ears invade:
The Cause we knew not, for the sable Night
Obscur'd the Stars and *Phœbe*'s paler Light.
When from the East arose the cheerful Day,
And purple Morn chac'd low'ring Shades away,
Down from the Woods upon a sudden ran
An unknown Shape, which seem'd more Ghost than Man:
Meager his Looks, down hung his dangling Beard,
And loathsom Filth his frightful Body smear'd;
Leaves stitch'd with Thorns, a coarse Attire, he wore,
And in this Guise came running to the Shore;
A *Grecian* in his Arms, his Tongue and Air,
And one of those come from the *Trojan* War.

Soon as our Habits and our Arms he view'd,
He ſtop'd his Pace a while, and trembling ſtood;
But ſoon advancing this ſhort Pray'r he made,
In Accents moving as his Plight was ſad.
By all the Stars, by all the Pow'rs above,
And by this vital Air me hence remove,
All's one to me to whate'er Land I go,
I own I am a *Greek*, once *Ilium*'s Foe;
If this you think a Crime, if 'tis in vain
To hope for Safety, throw me in the Main:
If I muſt die it will ſome pleaſure be,
That from this irkſome Life Men ſet me free.
With this upon the Ground himſelf he caſt,
'And on his bended Knees my Knees embrac'd.
With Pity mov'd we ask'd him to relate
'His Name, his Lineage, and his wretched State.
Anchiſes gave th' unhappy Youth his Hand,
By this encourag'd he obey'd Command.
Ulyſſes' Friend, from *Ithaca* I came,
'And *Achæmenides* I call my Name;
To *Troy* I went poor *Adamaſtus*' Son,
Oh had I ſtill been poor theſe Ills I ne'er had known:
My Friends forgot me, and themſelves did ſave
By Flight, and left me in the *Cyclop*'s Cave:
A dreadful Cavern, dark and large, o'erflow'd
With human Gore, torn Limbs and putrid Blood;
The Giant's lofty Head o'er-tops the Clouds.
'Remove from Earth this Plague, ye pow'rful Gods!

His

His Face ſo ſtern, none was ſo bold to dare
Suſtain his Look, all ſhook with ſilent fear,
On Men he preys, and Blood's his only fare.
Stretch'd on his Back he daſh'd againſt the Stones
' Two of our Friends; I heard their crackling Bones,
Whoſe purple Blood well'd out upon the Floor,
I ſaw him yet their panting Limbs devour:
This, unreveng'd, *Ulyſſes* cou'd not bear:
Our Friends ſad Fate forewarn'd us to beware.
' Now cloy'd with Fleſh, and drunk with Blood and Wine,
' In his vaſt Cave the Giant lay ſupine;
Gobbets of Fleſh mingl'd with Wine and Gore
He belch'd while ſleeping; we the Gods implore,
And then ſurround him; and his monſtrous Eye,
Which hid in Wrinkles of his Brow did lie,
With a ſharp Stake we gor'd; a *Grecian* Shield,
Or what the Sun appears, its Size excell'd.
Thus we reveng'd our Friends, this pleas'd their Ghoſts.
O wretched *Trojans* fly theſe horrid Coaſts,
And cut your Cables without more delay,
A hundred *Cyclops* on theſe Mountains ſtray,
Cruel and fierce as *Polypheme*, who locks
His Sheep in Caves, and milks his bleating Flocks.
Three Months are paſt ſince in theſe Woods I hide,
And 'midſt the Dens of ſavage Beaſts abide;
Oft from the Rocks I hear the *Cyclops* Voice
And tramp'ling Feet; and tremble at the Noiſe:

Soon as our Habits and our Arms he view'd,
He ſtop'd his Pace a while, and trembling ſtood;
But ſoon advancing this ſhort Pray'r he made,
In Accents moving as his Plight was ſad.
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And by this vital Air me hence remove,
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Whoſe purple Blood well'd out upon the Floor,
I ſaw him yet their panting Limbs devour:
This, unreveng'd, *Ulyſſes* cou'd not bear:
Our Friends ſad Fate forewarn'd us to beware.
' Now cloy'd with Fleſh, and drunk with Blood and Wine,
' In his vaſt Cave the Giant lay ſupine;
Gobbets of Fleſh mingl'd with Wine and Gore
He belch'd while ſleeping; we the Gods implore,
And then ſurround him; and his monſtrous Eye,
Which hid in Wrinkles of his Brow did lie,
With a ſharp Stake we gor'd; a *Grecian* Shield,
Or what the Sun appears, its Size excell'd.
Thus we reveng'd our Friends, this pleas'd their Ghoſts.
O wretched *Trojans* fly theſe horrid Coaſts,
And cut your Cables without more delay,
A hundred *Cyclops* on theſe Mountains ſtray,
Cruel and fierce as *Polypheme*, who locks
His Sheep in Caves, and milks his bleating Flocks.
Three Months are paſt ſince in theſe Woods I hide,
And 'midſt the Dens of ſavage Beaſts abide;
Oft from the Rocks I hear the *Cyclops* Voice
And tramp'ling Feet; and tremble at the Noiſe:

'Berries of Brambles, and the Cornelwood,
'And Roots of Herbs have been my homely Food;
While I my longing Eyes caſt ev'ry where,
Your Ships the firſt upon this Coaſt appear;
To them unknown (vowing my ſelf) I run,
I think I 'ſcape when I theſe Monſters ſhun:
What Death you pleaſe I willingly receive.
Scarce had he ſaid, we from the Hill perceive
Huge *Polyphemus* rolling to the Deep,
His Giant Bulk ſurrounded with his Sheep,
'A Monſter vaſt, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight,
A lofty Pine his Steps directed right,
A Pipe hung round his Neck, his fleecy Train
Attends, the ſole Delights which ſooth'd his Pain.
'Soon as he reach'd the Sea, deep in the Flood
He from his blinded Eye waſh'd putrid Blood,
'Groaning he gnaſh'd his Teeth, through Billows ſtrides
'The topmoſt Waves ſcarce lave his brawny Sides,
The *Greek*, as he deſerv'd, aboard we put,
Frighted we haſte away, our Cables cut,
Silent we ply our Oars and ſcour the Sea;
He heard the Noiſe and thither bent his way:
To reach the Fleet a vain Effort he made,
Nor cou'd he through *Ionian* Billows wade.
He rais'd a hideous Cry, the Seas rebound
The dreadful Yell, which ſhook the Coaſts around,
'And *Ætna*'s Caverns bellow'd to the Sound.

'On

'On lofty Hills the *Cyclops* heard the Roar,
'From ſhady Woods ruſh down and crowd the Shore;
In vain the one Ey'd Brothers fiercely ſtood,
In dreadful Council met; the higheſt Cloud
'Their Heads o'ertop; like ſacred Oaks to *Jove*,
'Or tow'ring Cypreſs in *Diana*'s Grove.
We hoiſt our Sails ſurpriz'd with ſudden fear,
And make our way where'er the Winds wou'd bear.
"By *Helenus* forewarn'd, we ſtrive to ſhun
'*Charybdis*' Gulph, and *Scylla*'s Rock; we run
'Twixt both upon the Brink of Fate, and veer,
Fully reſolv'd to tack and backwards ſteer.
'Now from *Pelorus*' Streights the North Wind blows,
'Driving our Fleet where ſwift *Pantagia* flows
Through ragged Rocks into the raging Sea,
Then by *Megara*'s Gulph and *Tapſes* made our way.
Theſe Lands the *Greek* in ſad *Ulyſſes* Train
Before had coaſted, and did each explain.
Near *Sicily*, againſt *Plemmyrium*'s Bay
An Iſland lies, once call'd *Ortygia*.
And hither *Alpheus*, *Elis*' Stream, (its ſaid)
Under the Sea a hidden Paſſage made;
By which his Waves to *Arethuſa*'s ſlide,
And, mix'd with hers, to Sea together glide.
We great *Diana*, as injoyn'd, adore,
And leave the ſtill *Helorus*' fertile Shore.
Then Cape *Pachynus* rocky Cliffs paſt by,
We *Camerina*'s Town afar eſpy,

Whoſe

Whoſe fenny Marſh the Fates forbid to drain,
Great *Gela*'s Walls diſcover on the Plain,
Which from the neighb'ring Flood the name retain.
Then ſtately *Agragas* appears from far,
Renown'd for breeding Horſes for the War;
Fair Winds then bore us near *Selinus*' Land,
So fam'd for Palms, and *Lilybæum*'s Strand,
Where ſplitting Rocks cover'd the ſinking Sand.
Then to the Port of *Drepanum* we ſail'd,
Whoſe mournful Shores my Heart with ſorrow ſwell'd;
I who on Seas ſo many Storms had paſt,
Was on that Shore into a greater caſt:
For here, alas! my deareſt Sire I loſe,
" Eaſe of my Cares and ſolace of my Woes!
Weary'd with Toils thou leav'ſt me here alone,
Thou haſt in vain through ſo great dangers run;
Not *Helenus* foretold this Grief to me,
Though he of mighty Ills did Propheſie:
Nor did *Celæno* thy ſad Loſs foreſhew:
Happy's the Wretch foreknows his greateſt Woe!
This my laſt Labour was, ſome kinder Pow'r
Drove me from thence upon your friendly Shore,
" All gave Attention while the Prince expreſs'd
' His Toils; which ended, he retir'd to reſt.

The End of the Third Book.

VIR-

VIRGIL's
ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

The CONTENTS.

Dido *Queen of* Carthage, *diſcovers her Paſſion for* Æneas *to her Siſter* Anna, *by whoſe Advice ſhe is perſuaded to endeavour a Match with* Æneas. Juno *perceiving this, that ſhe might divert* Æneas *from going into* Italy, *treats with* Venus *for reconciling all differences, by propoſing a Marriage betwixt her Son* Æneas *and* Dido: *To which* Venus *ſeemingly (yet with cunning) conſents. The two Lo-*

vers,

vers, Æneas *and* Dido *go a Hunting with the Nobility of both Courts.* Juno *raiſeth a ſudden and violent Tempeſt; the whole Company ſhift where they can for Shelter from the Storm.* Æneas *and* Dido *by chance, or rather* Juno's *means, retire into one Cave, where they conſummate their pretended happy Marriage, which is ſoon divulg'd abroad by Fame: Which is here elegantly deſcribed.* Iarbas, *the Son of* Jupiter Ammon, *King of the* Getulians (*formerly in Love with* Dido) *enrag'd that ſhe had preferr'd a Stranger to him, complains highly to* Jupiter; *who mov'd with his Prayers, and urg'd by Fate, ſends his Son* Mercury (*the Meſſenger of the Gods*) *to* Æneas, *who was buſie in building the City of* Carthage, *to command him, without delay, to ſail to* Italy. Mercury's *Deſcent upon Earth is elegantly deſcribed. In obedience to* Jupiter's *commands,* Æneas *gives Orders to his Officers to prepare all things privately for their intended Voyage; which* Dido *ſuſpecting, uſes all her endeavours, by Prayers, Intreaties, and Threats, to perſuade him to ſtay; firſt by her ſelf, then by her Siſter* Anna: *which prove ineffectual.* Mercury *appears a ſecond time to* Æneas *in a Dream, adviſing him of his danger, and inſtantly to be gone.* Æneas *ſets ſail in the Night; which* Dido *perceiving in the Morning, pretends a Magical Ceremony to cure her Love, commands her Siſter* Anna *to erect a funeral Pile: Where at laſt overcome with Grief, in Rage and Deſpair, ſhe kills her ſelf with a Sword* Æneas *had given her.*

TOR-

Tormenting Love had pierc'd the melting Queen,
Who hugs the Wound, and waſtes by Flames unſeen.
Æneas' Words, his Birth, his Acts inſpire
'Still new Delight, and feed the kindling Fire:
His graceful Looks ſtrike through her tortur'd Breaſt,
Diſturb her Soul, and rob her grateful Reſt.
When glorious *Phœbus* with his welcome Light
Had chas'd away the lowring Shades of Night,
Then to her Siſter *Anna*, ſick of Love,
Thus *Dido* ſaid. What frightful Viſions move
My reſtleſs Mind? What warlike Gueſt appears
Within our Walls? The noble Air he bears
Shews him (as I believe) of Race divine,
Courage and Virtue in ſuch Features ſhine.
How toſt, alas! by Fortune and by Fates!
I tremble at the Battels he relates.
And, if I were not in my Soul reſolv'd
To be no more in Marriage Bonds involv'd,
Since my firſt Love my Husband's death deceiv'd,
With *Hymen* weary'd and of Love bereav'd,
'To this one Frailty I perhaps might yield.
Siſter, I own, ſince falſe *Pygmalion* kill'd
Sichæus, and with Brother's Blood profan'd
Our Houſhold Gods, I never entertain'd

A Thought againſt what I reſolv'd, till now
This Stranger ſhakes my Soul and tempts my Vow,
And ſomething like my former Flame I know.
But may I firſt in opening Earth ſink down,
Or be to loweſt Hell by thunder thrown;
In Night's eternal Shades ſhut up beneath,
E'er I my Honour wound; or break my Faith:
My Love, and Perſon I at once reſign'd,
Now with *Sichæus* in one Grave confin'd.
'This ſaid, a flood of Tears guſh'd from her Eyes,
'To whom her Siſter *Anna* thus replies.
Dearer than Light, are you reſolv'd to waſte
Your Youth in Tears? ah! muſt you never taſte
The Joys of Love, and of the Nuptial Bed?
Think you a Grief ſo vain can pleaſe the Dead?
If you diſdain'd your *Lybian* Lover's flame,
And King *Iarbas*, e'er from *Tyre* you came,
With other Monarchs, which hot *Africk* yields,
Proud in their Triumphs and their fragrant Fields;
Your Loſs and Tears might well excuſe the ſlight;
But will you yet with Love for ever fight?
Remember how you ſtand; *Getulians* here
A warlike People, fierce *Numidians* there;
A ſavage Nation hems in on either hand,
Vaſt Deſerts bound the fierce *Barcæans* Land.
You know too well, have too much cauſe to fear
Your Brother's threats may being a *Tyrian* War.

By

By *Juno*'s Aid I think propitious Heav'n
Upon our Coaſt the *Trojan* Fleet hath driv'n;
To what extent ſhall this proud City ſwell?
Your Royal Power all others ſhall excel;
And ſuch a match to *Trojan* Arms ally'd,
Shall ſtretch the Confines of your Empire wide.
Mean while the favour of the Gods implore
With Prayer and Sacrifice, and join yet more
Of friendly Welcome; find out new delays,
Whilſt Winds and Tempeſts rage upon the Seas:
And pale *Orion* troubles all the Main,
Whilſt Winter Storms the ſhatter'd Ships detain.
  Theſe words her burning Heart inflame with Love,
At once her Doubts and ſenſe of Shame remove;
They to the Temples haſte, and there eſſay
To reconcile the Gods, and Victims pay
" To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day:
Preferring *Juno* in the Sacrifice,
Who governs *Hymen*'s Rites and nuptial ties.
In her Right Hand a ſacred Bowl the Queen
Holds full of Wine, then pours it out between
A white Cow's Horns. This done, they walk before
The Gods and holy Altars, then reſtore
Their daily Off'rings to the ſacred Fire,
From reeking Intrals future Fates enquire.
How empty Vows? How vain Diviners Art?
What eaſe in Temples to a Lover's ſmart?

' A gentle Flame feeds on her waſting Veins,
' Where the huſh'd God in wanton ſilence reigns.
Poor *Dido* burns, diſtracted in her Mind
Roves o'er the City; like a fearful Hind
Wounded at random, whom ſome Hunter ſpy'd,
And left unknown his Arrow in her ſide;
Through *Cretan* Woods her ſpeedy Flight ſhe bends,
To fly the Dart, which ſtill her Steps attends.
The Queen *Æneas* round the Walls convey'd,
And to his view her *Tyrian* Wealth diſplay'd;
Shews all the lofty Buildings of the Town,
To tempt the Prince to wiſh the Place his own.
Half utter'd Words her guilty Bluſhes choak:
' When Day declines new Feaſts her Flame provoke:
She begs the Prince to tell the fall of *Troy*
Once more, and hears again with eager Joy.
When all retire, and *Phabe*'s borrow'd Light
' Succeeds the Day, and falling Stars to Sleep invite;
Alone, within the Hall ſhe pines away,
Lies on the Couch on which *Æneas* lay;
" Abſent from him, abſent ſhe ſees and hears,
" Or young *Aſcanius* in her Boſom bears,
And by his Likeneſs to his Father ſtrove
To ſooth, if not delude, tormenting Love.
Strong Tow'rs (begun before) no higher riſe,
The Youths neglect their warlike Exerciſe;
The Mole's unfiniſh'd, and the Ramparts fall,
With lofty Engines mounted on the Wall.

' When

'When *Juno* from her heav'nly Throne above
"Saw *Dido* fetter'd in the Snares of Love,
And that her Paſſion had her Fame betray'd,
The Queen of Heaven theſe words to *Venus* ſaid.
'You merit Praiſe, you and your worthy Son
'A mighty Conqueſt and great Fame have won,
'By Fraud two Gods a Woman have undone!
I know, the Walls of *Carthage* which I rear,
Have fill'd your Breaſt with Jealouſie and Fear;
But what's the end of all? Why need we jar?
A Match to laſting Peace may turn the War:
You fully now poſſeſs your Heart's deſire,
The flames of Love *Eliſa*'s Boſom fire.
Let you and I both Nations join, from hence
From equal Omens, equal Pow'r diſpenſe:
'The *Tyrian* Queen a *Phrygian* ſhall obey,
'For Dow'r ſhall *Carthage* to your Hands convey.
Then *Venus* (for ſhe ſoon ſaw the deceit,
That *Juno* wou'd the World's command tranſlate
To *Lybian* Shores) Who in their Senſes wou'd
Prefer uncertain ill to certain good?
If Fate and Fortune with your wiſh agree,
But yet I doubt, if *Jupiter* decree,
The *Trojan* and the *Tyrian* Race to join,
Or two ſuch Nations in one Town combine:
'But you, the Partner of his Royal Bed,
May by intreaties, when you pleaſe, ſucceed:

Go on, I ſhall aſſiſt. *Saturnia*, thus;
You need not fear, leave all that care to us:
But that we may accompliſh our deſign,
The means in ſhort are theſe, your Ears incline,
When *Titan*, riſing from his *Thetis*' Bed,
Shall next with glorious Light the World o'erſpread,
Æneas and the *Tyrian* Queen reſolve
To hunt in Woods, and Game in Nets involve;
I will the Sky o'ercaſt with ſable Clouds,
Whilſt Hunters Toils ſurround the ſhady Woods;
I from above will horrid Tempeſts ſend,
And Storms and Thunder the vex'd Air ſhall rend;
Their Followers ſhall run with ſudden Fright,
Shall all be ſhrowded with dark Clouds and Night;
Into one Cave both Lovers ſhall retire;
There I will come, (if *Venus* ſo deſire)
Their Hands in holy Wedlock I will join,
Æneas hers, my *Dido* ſhall be thine;
Hymen ſhall come. Fair *Cytherea* ſmiles,
Conſents, and laughs to know the Goddeſs Wiles.
Mean while *Aurora* riſes from the Sea,
The gallant Youth at the firſt dawn of Day
March'd from the Town, in order rank'd appear,
With Nets and Toils, each with a hunting Spear.
Maſſylian Huntſmen range the neighb'ring Grounds
With many Packs of fleet and well-nos'd Hounds.
For lingring *Dido Tyrian* Nobles wait
Before the entry of the Palace Gate;

Champing

Champing the Bitt her fiery Courſer ſtood,
His trappings wrought with Gold, and dy'd with *Tyrian* Blood.
Attended by her Guards at laſt ſhe came,
A golden Fringe adorn'd her Garment's Hem;
Her Quiver Gold, Gold link'd her Hair in Chains,
A golden Claſp her purple Robe ſuſtains.
The *Trojan* Captains great *Æneas* led
(With young *Aſcanius* marching at their head)
Conſpicuous over all; the *Tyrians* join'd.
Ev'n thus *Apollo*, when he leaves behind
In Winter *Lycia*'s Shore and *Xanthus*' Flood,
Viſits his native *Delos*' ſacred Wood;
Renews the Games; the *Cretans*, *Dorians* ſound,
And painted *Scythians* dance the Altars round.
He walks on *Cynthus*, Wreaths perfum'd infold
His flowing Hair, his Locks are ty'd with Gold,
His Shafts ſound on his Back. With equal grace
The great *Æneas* march'd a God-like Pace.
The lofty Coverts, which the Mountains crown
They now had reach'd; the fearful Goats skip down
From Rocks and Craggs; the duſty Plains the Deer
Run ſwiftly o'er, and quit the Hills for fear.
Pleas'd in the Vale his Horſe *Aſcanius* guides,
One Herd purſues, another Herd out-rides;
And rather longs to ſee a briſtly Boar,
Or with his Spear a Mountain Lion gore.

Now Clouds and Thunder intercept the Day,
And Hail and Rain force their impetuous way
Through darken'd Air, and, falling from the Hills,
To rapid Torrents ſwell the gentle Rills.
Aſcanius, *Trojans*, and the *Tyrian* Train
Shift through the Fields for ſhelter from the Rain:
The *Trojan* Prince and *Tyrian* Queen retire
To the ſame Cave, to fan the fatal Fire.
The Earth and *Juno* give the Nuptial ſign,
And Heav'n and Air with guilty Flaſhes ſhine:
By doleful Cries the Nymphs from Rocks foreſhew
That Day's the Source of *Dido*'s Death and Woe.
She's neither mov'd with Decency nor Fame,
No longer ſtrives to hide her ſecret Flame,
But gilds her Crime with Wedlock's ſpecious name.

And now report is blaz'd abroad, around
The *Lybian* Towns, by Fame's loud Trumpet's Sound.
Fame of all Evils flies the ſwifteſt Pace,
It grows in Motion, ſtrengthens in its Race:
Firſt hatch'd in Whiſpers, then it roars aloud,
Stalks on the Ground, its Head wrapt in a Cloud.
" Inrag'd againſt the Gods revengeful Earth
" Produc'd her laſt of the *Titanian* Birth.
She ſwiftly runs, and yet more ſwiftly flies,
The horrid Monſter's ſtudded o'er with Eyes;
All Voice, all Tongue, with moſt attentive Ears,
By Night her ſelf upon her Wings ſhe bears,

Through

Through middle Air: Sleep never ſhuts her Eyes,
In Princes Courts by Day ſhe waits and ſpies;
Or on the tops of lofty Turrets lights,
With groundleſs Fears ſhe mighty Cities frights:
Tells Lies and Truths, but oftner falſe than true,
Ever inſpires the Croud with ſomething new:
Relates things done, and not, with equal Joy;
That one *Æneas* who was come from *Troy*,
Had marry'd *Dido* the fair *Tyrian* Queen,
And paſt long Winter Nights in Joys unſeen;
Drown'd in the Pleaſures of enticing Love,
Whom neither Shame nor Royal Cares cou'd move.
Thus the dire Goddeſs buzz'd the Peoples Ears,
Then ſtraight to King *Iarbas'* Court repairs,
Inflames his Rage with Jealouſies and Fears.
To *Ammon* raviſh'd *Garamantis* bore
This mighty Prince; a hundred Temples ſtore
His vaſt Dominions, where high Altars flame,
Rear'd by his Hand, to his great Father's Name:
To guard eternal Fire a conſtant train
Of Prieſts attend; the Blood of Off'rings ſlain
Enrich the Earth, the Gates with Flowers were crown'd;
His jealous Soul theſe diſmal Tidings wound.
Before the Altars of the Gods (its ſaid)
Thus fervently with lifted Hands he pray'd:
Almighty *Jove*, to whom the *Mooriſh* Line
Feaſting on Beds where various Colours ſhine,
With ſacred Rites pour out *Lenæan* Wine:

You

You this behold; can Mortals juſtly fear,
When you dart Thunder through the yielding Air?
Or ſtand in awe when Tempeſts roar aloud,
Or dread vain Fire ſtruck from a bladder'd Cloud?
A ſtranger Woman, wandring on our Coaſt,
Who nothing but the Town ſhe bought can boaſt,
To whom I gave the neighb'ring Shore to till,
Upon Conditions ſuited to our will;
Has with diſdain our Royal Bed abhorr'd,
And willingly admits a *Phrygian* Lord;
This other *Paris* with his daſtard Crew
And *Lydian* dreſs, rich *Aſian* ſweets bedew;
His curled Locks by ſtealth have got the Prize,
Yet to your Altars we muſt Sacrifice.
In vain we boaſt the honour of your Line;
Thus he invok'd and graſp'd the holy Shrine:
The Thund'rer heard, to *Carthage* look'd below,
Beheld the Lovers better Fame forego:
Thus to *Cyllenius* ſpoke. Without delay,
Son, call the Weſtern Winds, make haſte away;
Speak to *Æneas* who at *Carthage* waits,
No more regards the Crown aſſign'd by Fates;
Thro' heavenly Orbs convey my Orders down:
'Fair *Venus* never promis'd ſuch a Son,
When twice ſhe ſav'd him from the *Grecian* Sword,
She for a gen'rous Prince engag'd her Word,
Of *Teucer*'s Race, for *Italy* deſign'd,
With Kingdoms loaded, and to Wars inclin'd;

To

To ſtretch th' *Italian* Power from Sea to Sea,
And Mankind govern with Imperial ſway.
If hopes of Glory want the Power to raiſe
His drooping Soul, to dare to merit Praiſe,
Why ſhou'd he envy young *Aſcanius'* Fame,
To found the greatneſs of the *Roman* Name?
What's his deſign of lingring with a Foe?
His Race, *Lavinia*, and a Crown foregoe?
But he muſt ſail with ſpeed, for Flight prepare;
And you muſt the commanding Meſſage bear.
Jove ſaid; *Hermes* obeys in haſte, and ties
Wings to his Feet; fleeter than Wind he flies
O'er Seas and Shores, and cuts the liquid Skies.
Taking his Rod, with which he calls from Hell
Pale Ghoſts, or ſends for ever there to dwell;
It charms with Sleep, Mortals from Sleep can fright,
" And Eyes, though ſeal'd in Death, reſtores to Light.
Arm'd with this Rod he thickeſt Clouds divides,
On driving Winds through airy Regions glides.
" Now ſees the top of *Atlas* as he flies,
' Whoſe rocky Sides ſupport the ſtarry Skies;
' His hoary Head with Piny Foreſts crown'd,
Which Clouds and never clearing Miſts ſurround
With ſtormy Show'rs; there windy Tempeſts blow
His Shoulder's cover'd with eternal Snow;
And from his aged Chin great Rivers riſe,
His horrid Beard hangs dangling full of Ice.

' Here

Here firſt *Cyllenius* ſtopp'd, pois'd on his Wings,
Thence to the Sea with nimble Motion ſprings:
Like River Fowl, who watch to Fiſh their Food,
Hover o'er Rocks and skim along the Flood.
Ev'n thus an airy way *Cyllenius* finds
From *Atlas* top, and cuts oppoſing Winds,
Flying o'er barren Sands on *Lybia*'s Shore;
Soon as his feather'd Feet to *Carthage* bore,
He there *Æneas* rearing Buildings found,
And raiſing loſty Tow'rs from rocky Ground:
Whoſe Sword with ſparkling Jaſper was inlaid;
He wore a purple Robe which *Dido* made,
And wrought with Gold. *Hermes* accoſts: You raiſe
Proud *Carthage* Walls, a ſtately Town, to pleaſe
A Woman's humour; but, alas! forget
Your own Concerns and Buſineſs of your State.
The King of Gods from his eternal Throne,
(Who governs Heaven and Earth) hath ſent me down;
I through the Air his ſtrict commands convey.
What's your deſign on *Lybia*'s Coaſts to ſtay?
If hopes of Glory want the Power to raiſe
Your drooping Soul to dare to merit Praiſe,
Yet mind your Son *Iulus*' ſpringing Fame,
By Fate ordain'd to ſway the *Roman* Name.
Cyllenius ſaid. Then, ſhunning Mortal's ſight,
Vaniſh'd thro' th' Air and mix'd himſelf with Night.
Speechleſs the Hero ſtood, the Viſion rais'd
His ſtartling Hair; diſorder'd and amaz'd

When

When he reflects who brought, who gave command,
" He longs to fly, and loaths that charming Land.
What ſhall he do, alas? or how begin
Diſſembl'd words to ſooth the Love-ſick Queen?
Love, Fear, and Fate his anxious Soul betray,
Now he reſolves to go, and now to ſtay.
At laſt *Æneas* yields, and ſends to call
His Officers, *Cloanthus* chief of all;
He bids them rig the Fleet, their Arms prepare,
And ſhip their Men with ſecrecy and care;
And not to fail to find out ſome pretence
To colour for a time their going hence;
' That he mean while the ſofteſt Hours wou'd chuſe,
' Before the Queen cou'd hear the diſmal News,
Their Loves muſt end; wou'd gentle means invent
To ſooth her Paſſion to a free Conſent.
With ſpeed and joy his Orders are obey'd
(But Lovers are not eaſily betray'd;)
She found their Plot, and their firſt Motion fears,
And moſt ſuſpects where Safety moſt appears:
For the ſame treach'rous Fame, which firſt declar'd
Her ſecret Love, told her the Fleet prepar'd
For ſudden Flight. Bereav'd of Senſe ſhe roams
About the Town, as frantick *Thyas* foams
On Mount *Citharon*, when triennial Rites
And *Bacchus'* Call by Night to Rage excites;
In Fury thus ſpoke to *Æneas* firſt.
Perfidious Man, cou'd I have thought you durſt

But

But hope to hide ſuch Treaſon from my ſight,
And leave my Kingdom by ſo baſe a Flight?
Shall neither Love nor our late plighted Faith,
Nor poor *Eliſa*'s ſure and bloody Death
Perſuade, at leaſt reſtrain, your cruel Mind
From truſting Winter Seas and Northern Wind?
It wou'd not grieve me if you were not bound
To foreign Kingdoms, unknown Coaſts to ſound.
If *Priam*'s Tow'rs in all their Glory ſtood,
Would you in Winter ſail the foaming Flood?
Is it from me you fly?
I, by theſe Tears and your Right Hand, implore
(Since hopeleſs I can boaſt of nothing more)
By our late Marriage, by our Nuptial Joys,
If I deſerve your Thanks; if in your Eyes
Dido was ever fair; if Prayer can yet have room,
In pity ſtop my ſinking Houſe's doom.
'I have incurr'd *Numidian* Tyrants hate,
'' Incens'd the *Lybian* and the *Tyrian* State:
For you I Honour loſt, abandon'd Shame,
My Gueſt is careleſs of my Crown and Fame;
My Gueſt! Alas, you had a kinder Name.
Shall I expect till proud *Pygmalion* come;
Or King *Iarbas* lead me Captive Home?
Were I by you with Off-ſpring happy made
Before your Flight, had young *Æneas* play'd
Within theſe Walls, and ſhew'd his Father's Face,
I were not then deceiv'd, this no abandon'd Place.

She

She ſaid. Immoveable his Eyes he held,
By *Jove*'s command Love's riſing Paſſion quell'd
Within his Breaſt: Then thus himſelf expreſs'd.
Great Queen, I grant you have deſerv'd the beſt,
Nor what your Merit pleads can I deny,
Nor can your Name within my Boſom die.
'Hear what I have to ſay in my defence,
'I never meant to hide my going hence.
Call it not Flight, it is in vain to uſe
The name of Husband, which I muſt refuſe:
I came for no ſuch end, I made no Vow;
And if my rigid Fortune wou'd allow
To ſpend my Days according to my Will,
And my deſires to my own Wiſh fulfil;
I would prefer my native Soil with Joy,
And carefully rebuild the Walls of *Troy*;
King *Priam*'s Throne ſhould in full Glory ſtand,
The *Aſian* Kings ſhou'd bow, and he command:
But to my Fate I muſt my Will reſign,
Fate and *Apollo Italy* enjoin;
There is my Countrey, there is my delight,
If *Carthage* Tow'rs with Pleaſures can invite,
Your ſtay in *Lybia*; though of *Tyrian* Race,
Why ſhould you envy me a foreign Place?
Oft as the ſhades of Night o'erſpread the Pole,
So oft my Father's Ghoſt affrights my Soul.
When twinkling Stars on our Horizon riſe,
His troubled Shade in Dreams ſeems to adviſe;

Aſcanius too, whom I have injur'd more,
A Crown debarring, Fate ordain'd before.
But now, juſt now, the Meſſenger of *Jove*
Brought me through Air, his Orders from above.
I ſwear by both, I ſaw him dazling bright
Enter theſe Walls, his words my Ears ſtill fright.
Forbear complaints, which both with Sorrow fill,
I go to *Italy* againſt my will.
She ſternly ey'd the Hero while he ſpoke,
Survey'd him round, at laſt her ſilence broke;
Inflam'd with Rage and Love, ſhe ſaid with ſcorn,
No *Trojan* was thy Sire, nor thou of *Venus* born,
Got by ſome Monſter, Traytor, thee accurs'd
On *Scythian* Rocks *Hyrcanian* Tygres nurs'd,
Muſt I ſtill feign, wait for a greater ſlight?
Regarded he my Grief, or turn'd his Sight?
Or ſhed a Tear to eaſe a Lover's pain?
I know not which is worſt: Shall Heaven in vain
Great *Jove* and *Juno* unconcern'd behold?
But Juſtice is no more. In want and cold
I warm'd him in my Breaſt; caſt on our Shore
(Fool that I was to ſhare the Crown I bore!)
His Ships refitted, ſav'd his ſtarving Friends;
(Ah! Fury drives too far) now he pretends
Apollo's Oracles for his excuſe,
And *Jove*'s Command, and that the diſmal News
Was brought by *Hermes* through the fleeting Air;
Are quiet Gods diſturb'd with ſuch a Care?

Let

Let me not anſwer you, nor yet detain,
Follow your Courſe, ſeek Kingdoms through the Main:
But if the Gods be juſt they will purſue
'Midſt Rocks and Waves; me preſent ſtill in view:
In tow'ring Flames, in vain you ſhall invoke,
Call *Dido*'s Name: And when the fatal Stroke
Of Death has ſhut my Eyes, where'ere you go
My Ghoſt ſhall haunt you ſtill, and I ſhall know
Your Puniſhment amongſt the Shades below.
Here ſhe abruptly ends, and from him runs;
Him, and the hated Light ſhe fainting ſhuns;
Leaving *Æneas* pauſing what to ſay,
Ling'ring in Fear and Doubt; then ſwoons away,
And her her Servants to her Royal Bed convey.
Now good *Æneas*, though he ſtrove to pleaſe
Her wounded Soul, and all her Sorrows eaſe;
Bending with Grief, and overpower'd with Love,
'Yet ſpeedily obey'd the Will of *Jove*.
'Reviews his Fleet; his Men with eager Care
'Their well-calk'd Gallies for the Sea prepare;
When leafy Oaks for Oars, freſh as they ſtood,
They dragg'd, to fit their Navy, from the Wood.
Thus they remov'd, and from the Town retreat:
As when the Ants invade a Heap of Wheat:
Mindful of Winter goes the dusky Train
Through Lawns, to fill their empty Stores with Grain,
Bearing through narrow Paths; ſome guard the Prey,
Some with more Labour weighty Ears convey;

Some to their Task the ſtragling Troops confine,
Some puſh the ſlow, thus all in labour join.
Ah Queen! what Pangs thy tender Boſom tore,
When all thy Gueſts in hurry hide thy Shore?
What Grief to hear the *Trojans* diſtant Voice,
Mix'd with the rolling Billows murm'ring Noiſe?
O'er human Hearts, dire Love, how great's thy Power!
Again ſhe's forc'd to weep, again implore;
Once more ſubmits to Love's imperious Sway,
Before her Death ſhe would all Means eſſay.
See, *Anna*, how the *Trojans* all prepare;
Their Sails hang ready if the Wind blow fair.
See, from all Parts they crowd with joyful Sound,
And all their Veſſels are with Garlands crown'd.
Had I foreſeen, I might the Blow ſuſtain;
Dear Siſter, help the Hopeleſs once again:
With this falſe Man you always Favour found,
You all the Secrets of his Boſom ſound:
Go, for you only know what time is beſt
To move the haughty Foe with my Requeſt;
Tell him, at *Aulis* that I ne'er combin'd
With *Grecian* Kings, nor with their Navy join'd.
Did ever I *Anchiſes'* Tomb profane?
Why will he hear me thus intreat in vain?
Oh whither flies he? if he can allow
A wretched Lover's Suit before he go,
Then may he freely ſail, then may he find
An eaſie Paſſage and a proſp'rous Wind.

'The

'The Marriage he contemns I urge no more,
'Nor ſtay him from the promis'd *Latian* Shore.
'A ſhort Delay I beg, a ſmall Relief,
Till Love unbend and tune my Soul to Grief:
'Granting in Pity this my laſt Requeſt,
"My Death ſhall leave you of my Crown poſſeſs'd.
Thus begg'd the Queen, and with each Word ſhed Tears:
Her Meſſage to the Prince the pious *Anna* bears:
But neither Tears nor Pray'rs his Mind cou'd move,
'The Fates withſtand and ſtop his Ears to Love.
As when an Oak, which for ſome Ages ſtood,
The Pride and Glory of the ſhady Wood,
The juſtling Winds, contending, ſtrive to rend;
Its ſpreading Branches tow'ring Tempeſts bend,
The ſhaking Trunk o'erſpreads the Ground with Leaves,
Yet to the flinty Rock it faſter cleaves:
Far as in Air the Top is mounted high,
So far the Roots to Earth's deep Center lie.
Ev'n thus the Hero's teaz'd from Day to Day,
All Arguments are us'd to force his Stay;
Though in his noble Breaſt he feels the Pain,
His Soul's reſolv'd, and Tears are ſhed in vain.
Frighted with Fates poor *Dido* longs to die,
Unwillingly beholds the azure Sky:
But what her dire Intent provok'd the more,
And made *Eliſa* Light and Life abhor,

She ſaw, as ſhe hard by the Altar ſtood,
(Things dreadful to relate!) Wine turn'd to Blood,
And Milk and Water to a putrid Flood.
She ſaw this Sight, and what ſhe ſaw conceal'd,
Nor to her Siſter nor her Friends reveal'd.
A Temple ſacred to *Sichæus'* Shade,
In which *Eliſa* Vows and Victims paid,
" With ſnowy Fleeces hung, with Garlands crown'd,
Stood in the Court: From thence ſhe heard the Sound
Of dead *Sichæus*, when obſcuring Night
Looſen'd the Owl, who makes her ſullen Flight
To Roofs abandon'd, ſhrieking woful Strains
Ending in Plaints, and there alone complains.
The Propheſies of ancient Bards afright,
Æneas ſhakes her raging Soul by Night;
She dreams of ſtraying in long Ways unknown,
Seeking her *Tyrians* in waſte Lands alone.
' As *Pentheus* ſaw the Furies, mad with fear,
" He ſaw *Thebes* double, and two Suns appear:
Or like *Oreſtes* running o'er the Stage,
Striving by Flight to ſhun his Mother's Rage;
Who arms with Fire, and twining Snakes, her Hate,
Whilſt at the Door revenging Furies wait.
Now *Dido*, overcome with Grief and Care,
Reſolv'd on Death, and ſunk in deep Deſpair;
The Time from *Anna*, and the Means conceals,
And thus her counterfeited Thoughts reveals:

(Whilſt

(Whilſt chearful Looks varniſh her black Deſign,
And ſeeming Hopes o'er real Anguiſh ſhine)
Siſter, rejoice (ſhe cries) I now ſhall be
Either poſſeſs'd of him I love, or free.
Born near the Boundings of the Weſtern Main,
Where *Atlas'* Arms the ſtarry Frame ſuſtain;
Of *Ethiopia*'s Coaſt the outmoſt Place,
I found a Prieſteſs of *Maſſylian* Race;
Who the *Heſperian* Temple rul'd of old,
And kept the ſacred Tree whoſe Boughs were Gold:
She by her Art the Dragon overcame,
When Poppies mix'd with Honey made him tame.
What Mind ſhe pleaſes ſhe can free from Care,
And can by Numbers plunge in deep Deſpair;
Can turn the Stars, the Courſe of Rivers ſtop;
Can raiſe Nocturnal Ghoſts; and from the top
Of lofty Mountains force tall Aſh Trees down,
And make the Earth beneath her Feet to groan.
By Heav'n I ſwear, and Love which ties our Hearts,
Againſt my Will I uſe the magick Arts.
Within the Court expos'd to Air and Skies,
See that a lofty Pile in ſecret riſe:
Lay on it all the *Trojan* left behind,
The Traytor's Cloaths and Arms, what elſe you find,
Fix'd to my Chamber-Walls; then o'er them ſpread
The Source of all my Woe, my nuptial Bed:
The Prieſteſs bids deſtroy ev'n to the Name
Of every thing that impious Man can claim.

Thus

Thus ſaid the Queen; while fear her Speech reſtrains,
Her dazling Beauty death-like Paleneſs ſtains.
Yet *Anna* could not think ſhe would pretend
Theſe holy Rites to ſuch a fatal end,
Or that her Siſter could ſuch Fury hide,
' Nor fear'd ſhe worſe than when *Sichæus* dy'd:
But carefully obey'd the Queen's Commands.
The Pile of Oaks and Pines rais'd by her Hands
In open Air, *Eliſa* deck'd around
With Wreaths of Flow'rs which Cypreſs' Garlands crown'd.
Æneas' Arms and Robes o'er all ſhe ſpread,
And plac'd his Picture on the fatal Bed.
Secure of her Deſign the Altars round
She and the Prieſteſs ſtood; with dreadful Sound
And flowing Hair the Prieſteſs thund'ring cries,
And thrice invokes the hundred Deities:
With Hell and Chaos calls on *Hecat*'s Name,
Invoking thrice her threefold Virgin Fame:
Feign'd *Stygian* Waters ſprinkling on the Ground,
And hoary Herbs cut with braſs Sickles, found
By Moon-light, with black Juice of Poiſon mix'd,
With them the Philters on Colts Foreheads fix'd;
' Robbing the Mother's Love.
' The hapleſs Queen near to the Altar ſtands,
' And offers leaven'd Cakes with hallow'd Hands:
With Robes girt up (one of her Feet was bare)
Dying ſh' attests the Gods, each conſcious Star,

And

And ev'ry juſt and mindful Pow'r invokes,
Who takes the care of Love's unequal Yokes.
O'er half the Globe Night caſt her ſable Veil,
And pleaſant Slumbers o'er Mankind prevail:
'Still were the Billows of the raging Floods,
'No Winds diſturb'd the Silence of the Woods:
Dead Calm and Quiet reign'd upon the Ground,
'The Stars with Silence in their Orbs went round.
'Beaſts of all kind, the party-colour'd Fowl
'Which haunt in Copſes and the cryſtal Pool,
From Labour free; eas'd all their Cares with Reſt:
No quiet Moment hopeleſs *Dido* bleſt;
Her Eyes ne'er ſhut, her Soul admits no Night,
Redoubl'd Cares and cruel Love ſtill fright.
Her Mind is toſs'd with Hurricanes of Grief,
Within her ſelf ſhe ſaid, Shall I Relief
From former Lovers I contemn'd implore?
Or court *Iarbas'* Bed I ſcorn'd before?
Shall I go with the Navy, and obey
The *Trojans* proud Commands? For ſurely they
Are grateful for the Aid they have receiv'd,
And keep in mind how I their Wants reliev'd.
If I were willing, who wou'd take me in
Aboard their Ship, a poor and abject Queen?
Ah wretched *Dido!* You have little known
The perjur'd Race of falſe *Laomedon.*
Shall I alone go with the churliſh Crew?
Or with my *Tyrians* their whole Fleet purſue?

But they unwilling left their native Clime,
And ne'er will truſt the Sea a ſecond time.
Death I deſerve, and Death's my ſole Relief;
This killing Steel can only eaſe my Grief.
Your fatal Pity plung'd me in this Woe,
You, Siſter, you expos'd me to the Foe.
O had I ſingle liv'd, in open Air,
As Beaſts in Woods, I had not known this Care;
I had not then *Sichæus'* Bed profan'd.
Thus griev'd the Queen, thus inwardly complain'd.
All things prepar'd, *Æneas* ſleeping lay,
High in the Poop, reſolv'd to make his way.
To him *Cyllenius* in a Dream appears,
With the ſame youthful Mien and golden Hairs;
As laſt, and whiſper'd in *Æneas'* Ears.
Prince, now the Wind ſtands fair: how can you lie
Securely ſleeping, and ſuch Dangers nigh?
Dido, reſolv'd to die, with Rage poſſeſs'd
A dire Revenge has form'd within her Breaſt.
Fly hence with ſpeed, while Flight is in your Pow'r,
'Before the Sea with Ships is cover'd o'er,
And Crowds with Firebrands lighten all the Shore.
Be gone e'er you *Aurora* ling'ring find,
(For nothing changes more than Woman's Mind.)
'This ſaid, *Cyllenius* mix'd himſelf with Night:
The Viſion ſtruck the Prince with ſudden fright.

Starting

Starting from Sleep he rouz'd his Men: Away
Friends, ply your Oars (he ſaid) and ſtand to Sea,
Let fly your Sails; a God, ſent from above,
Again commands to go; cut Cables, hence remove.
Bleſs'd Pow'r, we follow thee who e'er thou art,
Once more obey with Joy; propitious Stars impart;
Be preſent with us, and thy Help afford.
Then cuts the Moorings with his flaming Sword.
All haul and pull, their Strength and Ardour meet,
They hoiſt and weigh, Sea lurks beneath the Fleet;
Laborious Oars the foaming Billows ſweep,
And gilded Prows plough up the azure Deep.
'*Aurora* now left *Tithon*'s ſaffron Bed,
And with new Light the roſie Morn o'erſpread:
High from a Tow'r the Queen no ſooner ſpies
'The Day point upward in the eaſtern Skies;
With full blown Sails the Fleet ſcours through the Main,
And not a Veſſel in the Port remain;
Often ſhe ſtruck her Breaſt and tore her Hair,
Great *Jove*, ſhe cry'd, in Fury and Deſpair,
Shall then this Stranger go? and thus deceive
Me, and my Kingdom, thus abandon'd, leave:
And not my People arm? Ruſh from the Town,
And all the Gallies from the Docks haul down:
Run, fly, bring Fire, ſail, row. What was't I ſaid?
Where am I? Whither by my Rage miſled?
When now too late, Falſhood provokes to War,
Unhaypy *Dido!* then ſuch earneſt Care

Be-

Became you better when you gave your Throne:
And yet this Wretch dares Faith and Juſtice own.
Is this the Man who ſav'd his Gods from Fire,
And on his Back brought off his feeble Sire?
I ſhould in Seas his ſcatter'd Limbs have thrown,
' And with the Sword deſtroy'd his Friends and Son;
And to his Father ſerv'd him in a Feaſt:
If Chance of War be doubtful at the beſt,
What Cauſe had I to fear! Reſolv'd to meet
A ſudden Fate, I ſhould have burnt his Fleet;
At once deſtroy'd his Father, Friends, and Son,
My ſelf at laſt in the ſame Fire have thrown.
Sun, who ſee'ſt all below, with piercing Eyes,
Great *Juno*, who preſid'ſt o'er nuptial Ties;
Hecate, ador'd by Night, where three Ways turn,
Avenging Furies; Gods, who 'attend my Urn,
Hear me; and for the Ills which he hath done,
Upon this perjur'd Man pour Vengeance down;
Confirm my Curſes. If he be ordain'd
By *Jove* and Fate on *Italy* to land,
In War his Plague a head-ſtrong moody Race:
Expell'd from Home, ſnatch'd from his Son's Embrace,
Let him implore for Help, and ſee his Friends,
Ignobly fall, and meet unpitied Ends:
When 'gainſt his Honour he hath ſign'd a Peace,
May he not Light enjoy, nor Crown poſſeſs,
' But die untimely by a common Hand,
" And lie unbury'd on the barren Sand.

This

This with my Blood I ſeal, thus dying pray:
This grateful Duty to my Aſhes pay,
Ye Men of *Tyre*; with conſtant Hate purſue
The *Trojan* Off-ſpring; let no Peace renew
The Nations Kindneſs; break all Faith, all Ties,
Some great Avenger from my Aſhes riſe,
To proſecute the Colonies of *Troy*
With Fire and Sword, the *Roman* Name deſtroy.
I imprecate both now, and when they may,
Shores oppoſite to Shores, and Sea to Sea,
State againſt State, continually to jar,
For Generations propagate the War.
This ſaid, her buſie Thoughts were all at Strife,
How ſhe might ſooneſt end her loathſome Life.
Barce ſhe call'd, *Sichæus'* Nurſe, and ſaid,
(For long before, her own in *Tyre* was dead)
Go, haſte, my Siſter *Anna* hither bring:
Sprinkl'd with Water from a living Spring;
Let her the Off'rings bear, ſuch as I told:
You your own Head with ſacred Wreaths infold.
The Rites that are begun to *Stygian Jove*
I mean to end, and all my Cares remove:
The *Trojan*'s Picture in the Fire I'll caſt.
This ſaid, ſhe went, as aged Women haſte.
With her dire Purpoſe tremb'ling, *Dido* ſtood,
Caſting around her Eyes, all ſtain'd with Blood:
Her lovely Cheeks, now ſhiv'ring, pale and wan,
With thoughts of Death, into the Court ſhe ran;

In fury mounts the Pile, then drew the Sword,
For no ſuch uſe giv'n by her once lov'd Lord;
But when ſhe ſaw *Æneas'* Garments ſpread
Upon the too-well known and fatal Bed;
She ſtopp'd her Tears a while; then on it lies,
And thus *Eliſa* ſpeaks before ſhe dies.
Oh lov'd Remains! whilſt Fate and Gods gave leave,
Eaſe all my Grief and Care, my Soul receive:
I've taſted all of Life that Fate cou'd ſhew;
Now my great Soul muſt ſink to Shades below.
My riſing Tow'rs my utmoſt Longings pleas'd,
" *Pygmalion*'s puniſh'd and my Lord appeas'd.
Thrice happy I, if falſe *Æneas'* Hoſt
Had never landed on the *Lybian* Coaſt:
Then kiſs'd the Bed; Though unreveng'd I die,
Yet die I muſt, thus, thus to Death I fly.
Theſe Flames at Sea ſhall glut *Æneas'* Sight,
' May this dire Omen ſtill attend his Flight.
With theſe laſt Words her Servants falling ſpy'd
Upon the Sword, the Blade with Crimſon dy'd:
Her ſnowy Hands diſtain'd with reeking Blood;
Through all the Court they weep and roar aloud.
Fame ſpreads the diſmal News o'er all the Town,
Where doleful Whiſp'rings Cries of Women drown,
Which fill the Court, and in the Air expire,
As if the Foes ſack'd *Carthage* or old *Tyre*,
The Towns and ſacred Buildings ſet on fire.

Breath-

Breathleſs and panting, almoſt dead with fear,
Beating her Breaſt, tearing her Face and Hair,
Her Siſter *Anna* ruſhes through the Crowd,
And dying *Dido*'s Name invok'd aloud.
Thus you reſolv'd, dear Siſter, to beguile,
For this I built this Altar, rais'd this Pile!
Of what ſhall I, abandon'd, firſt complain?
Could you my Company in Death diſdain?
Our mutual Love this Favour might intreat,
That we at once ſhou'd ſhare one bloody Fate:
My wretched Hands prepar'd this fun'ral Pile,
Our Gods with Pray'rs invoking all the while.
Ah cruel I, to leave you all alone
Plung'd in Deſpair; your Death has all undone,
Your Siſter, Senate, People, and your Town.
'Bring Water, I will bathe the gaping Wound
And catch her Breath, if any Breath is found:
Then mounts the Pile, and in her Boſom warms
Her dying Siſter, lock'd within her Arms.
She ſigh'd, and ſtrove in vain to ſtop the Blood:
The gaping Wound wells out a crimſon Flood,
Poor *Dido* try'd in vain to raiſe her Eyes,
Heavy with Death again ſhe fainting lies:
Thrice on her Elbow reſts, and thrice turns round,
Seeks Light with glimm'ring Eyes, and groans when found.
In pity *Juno* from her heav'nly Throne,
To haſte her ling'ring Fate ſent *Iris* down,

To free her Body from the Bonds of Life,
And eaſe her anxious Soul's convulſive Strife.
For ſince nor Crime nor Nature caus'd her Death,
But Love, enrag'd, untimely ſtopp'd her Breath,
Proſerpine had not ſeiz'd the Treſſes, crown'd
Her Head, nor doom'd her to the *Stygian* Sound.
Iris on ſaffron Wings array'd with Dew
Of various Colours, through the Sun-beams flew;
And, hov'ring near the dying *Dido*, ſaid:
'I ſet thee free from Fleſh, devote thee to the Dead:
'This Off'ring to th' infernal King I bear:
She ſaid, and ſtrait ſhe cut her yellow Hair;
'Heat ſlip'd away, her Life diſſolv'd in Air.

The End of the Fourth Book.

VIR-

VIRGIL's

ÆNEIS.

BOOK V.

The CONTENTS.

This Book contains the ſecond Part of Æneas's *Voyage, from* Carthage *back again to* Sicily, *and from thence to* Cumæ *near* Naples. Æneas *ſetting ſail from* Carthage *in the Night, (as is related in the fourth Book) ſailing directly for* Italy, *is driven by a Storm a ſecond time upon the Coaſt of* Sicily, *where he is moſt kindly welcom'd by King* Aceſtes, (*of* Trojan *Extraction.*) *This falling out near the anni-*

verſary Day of his Father's Death; in honour of Anchiſes' *Memory, he celebrates four ſeveral Sorts of Games or Exerciſes; for all which he propoſeth Prizes. Firſt, A Rowing-match of four Gallies, in which* Cloanthus *is crown'd Victor. Secondly, A Foot-race, in which* Euryalus *gains the Prize. Thirdly, A kind of Fight with a Weapon call'd* Ceſtus, *like our Gauntlets;* Dares *a* Trojan, *and* Entellus *a* Sicilian, *engage; the laſt is Conqueror. Fourthly, A Match of ſhooting with Bows and Arrows, at a Pidgeon ty'd to the top of a Maſt. In this Exerciſe King* Aceſtes *gains the Victory, though the other three ſhot better, and the third had kill'd the Pidgeon as ſhe was on the Wing; but by reaſon that* Aceſtes's *Arrow fired in the Air by a ſtrange Prodigy,* Æneas *awarded him the Prize. To theſe four* Aſcanius (*with the* Trojan *Youths of his Age*) *adds a Tilting, or Juſting on Horſeback. In the mean time* Juno *watching her Opportunity,* (*while the Men were intent on the Game*) *ſends* Iris *to the* Trojan *Dames in the Form of* Beroé, *who perſuades them to fire the* Trojan *Fleet, and ſettle in* Sicily: *Which they do by her Example.* Iulus *runs from the Tilting to ſave the Fleet, and after him* Æneas *and his Captains.* Jupiter *ſends a great Shower of Rain, and puts out the Fire, four only being burnt. Old* Nautes *perſuades* Æneas *to leave the Matrons, with the old and faint-hearted Men in* Sicily; *which* Anchiſes' *Genius confirms to him in a Viſion by Night, and adviſed him ſo ſoon as he landed on* Italy, *to go to the* Cumæan Sibyl, *who would conduct him to the* Elyſian *Fields, where his*

his Ghoſt would inform him fully of the great Actions of his Poſterity. Æneas obeys exactly the commands of Anchiſes's *Genius, and builds the Town* Aceſta *in* Sicily, *for thoſe he left behind. And being ſupply'd with all neceſſaries by* Aceſtes *King of* Sicily, *and kindly and honourably diſmiſs'd; and* Neptune *reconciled to the* Trojans *by the means of* Venus, Æneas *with his Fleet ſets ſail for* Italy. *In his way, his Pilot* Palinurus *is drowned by* Somnus, *the God of Sleep. This Book is copied from the twenty third of the Iliads of* Homer, *where* Achilles *celebrates Games at the Tomb of his Friend* Patroclus.

ÆNEAS now ſecure, and on his way
With full blown Sails cut through the foaming Sea:
To *Carthage* Walls his lingring Eyes he turns,
Shining in Flames while poor *Eliſa* burns;
'The Cauſe unknown: yet Paſſion in a Breaſt,
To Fury loving and to Fury preſt,
Gave Bodings what a Woman in Deſpair,
To Rage abandon'd in her Rage might dare.
Now far at Sea they ſaw no Land around.
But diſtant Skies and Waves the proſpect bound:
'A hov'ring Storm ſtands low'ring o'er their Heads,
And Night and Horror on the Billows ſpreads.
'When *Palinurus* from the Poop aloud
'Calls out, what Guſts are gath'ring in that Cloud!

All

All hands aloft, my Mates. At his Command
The Seamen fit their Oars, and Tackle hand,
He luffs: Then turning to the Prince (he cries)
Not *Jove* cou'd ſteer to *Latium* with ſuch Skies;
Winds ſhift about, and from the Weſtward riſe,
The Waves ſwell to the Clouds: nor Ships can live
In ſuch a Sea, nor we with Nature ſtrive:
Fortune prevails, let Fortune guide our Oars,
Your Brother *Erix'* hoſpitable Shores
Lie on your Starboard Bow, not diſtant far,
If rightly I obſerve my Marks and Star.
" *Æneas* then reply'd. Too well I find,
' You ſtrive in vain to bear againſt the Wind;
No longer lie this courſe, I wiſh to ſee
No Soil with more deſire than *Sicily*:
Heav'n this a Seat for old *Aceſtes* choſe,
And here my Father's ſacred Bones repoſe.
This ſaid, they ſtand to Shore, and ſcud away
Before the Wind, and make the friendly Bay.
Far from a Hill *Aceſtes* ſaw the Fleet,
And joys, and wond'ring runs his Friends to greet;
Fierce in his Arms, as in the Dreſs he wore;
Spoils of a *Lybian* Bear. *Trojan Egeſta* bore
This Prince to God *Criniſus*, on this Shore.
The King recall'd from whence his Lineage ſprung,
And on their Necks in pleaſing Tranſport hung:
Joys to review his Friends, who now repair
' Their Bodies, overſpent, with homely Fare.

Soon

Soon as the Morning of the following Day
With brighter Rays had chas'd the Stars away,
Æneas ſummons all; they gather round
' Their Chief, who ſpeaks thus from a riſing Ground.
Ye *Trojans*, God-deſcended Friends, the Sun
His glorious Circle of the Year has run,
Since my bleſs'd Father's ſacred Corpſe I laid
In mouldring Earth, and fun'ral Duties paid:
The Day's at hand, that mournful Day ſhall be
(So Heaven will have it) honour'd ſtill by me.
Not Baniſhment on *Africk*'s ſavage Sands,
Nor *Grecian* Chains where proud *Mycenæ* ſtands,
Could hinder me the ſolemn Pomp to pay,
Or pious Gifts upon the Altars lay.
Since Pow'rs eternal, not our own deſign
Have driv'n us on this Coaſt, to bleſs'd *Anchiſes*' Shrine,
' Let us with joy perform his Honours due,
' And ſacred Vows for fairer Winds renew;
Pray that his glorious Rites we may proclaim
In Towns and Temples, ſacred to his Fame.
' Two Steers *Aceſtes* on each Ship beſtows,
" His Gods and ours ſhall ſhare your equal Vows.
If the ninth Morn prepares a glorious Day,
' And chearful Beams unclouded Light diſplay,
To ſolemn Games your Courage I invite,
Whoſe Galleys ſwifter row, or who in Fight
With Gauntlets conquer; who excel in ſpeed
And nimble Force, or in their Darts exceed,

Or

Or with their Bows; ſhall find Rewards from me,
And Gifts and Palms ſhall crown their Victory.
'Now for the Rites prepare, with Garlands crown'd.
'This ſaid, with Myrtle Wreaths his Brows he bound:
Then *Helymus* and *Acceſtes* crown their Heads,
And all the Youths whom young *Iulus* leads.
The *Trojan* Hero from the Aſſembly went,
Follow'd by thouſands to the Monument:
Two hallow'd Bowls with ſprightly Wine he fill'd,
And on the Ground, the Rites obſerving, ſpill'd;
With two of Milk, and two of Victims Blood:
Then ſcatter'd purple Flowers; and cry'd aloud.
Bleſs'd Parent, hail, all hail bleſs'd Shade again,
'Hail ſacred Duſt that I review in vain!
Heaven gives me *Latium*, but denies to ſee
Thoſe fated long-expected Plains with thee,
'Or *Tyber*'s Stream, whatever Stream it be.
He ſaid, when from the Shrine a Serpent glides
In ſeven-fold Wreaths; in ſeven ſleek Volumes ſlides,
Around the Tomb its harmleſs Circles roll'd;
Then to the Altar paſs'd; with Green and Gold
Its Creſt enamel'd, mingling Beauties twine;
Like *Iris*' Bow, where Rays reflected ſhine.
Æneas ſtood amaz'd. Amidſt the Bowls,
And poliſh'd Cups the harmleſs Serpent rolls;
Feeds on the Off'rings, gently then retires
Deep in the Tomb, and leaves the ſacred Fires.

The

The Prince in honour of his Father's Shrine,
'With greater Zeal renews the Rites divine:
'Doubtful if 'twere the Genius of that Coaſt,
'Or elſe the Guardian of his Father's Ghoſt;
Then, as of old, five Steers of ſable Hue,
Five bleating Sheep, five briſtly Swine he ſlew:
Then gen'rous Wine pours from a hallow'd Bowl,
And from the *Elyſian* Fields calls great *Anchiſes'* Soul.
Each *Trojan* in his Rank a Preſent made,
And bleeding Victims on the Altars laid:
'Some place the Chargers on the verdant Soil,
'Some Fires prepare, and offer'd Entrails broil.
The ninth and long'd-for Morn dawns from the Sea,
And chearful *Phœbus* brings a glorious Day:
The People round are ſummon'd in by Fame,
'Call'd to the Games in great *Aceſtes'* name;
'The winding Shore loud Acclamations fill,
'They come to ſee the *Trojans*, or to prove their Skill.
Within the Cirque before their wondring Eyes,
They place the Gifts and Crowns, the Victor's Prize;
There Palms and Tripods, Arms and Habits lie,
With Gold emboſs'd, and of the *Tyrian* Die:
Gold heap'd, and ſilver Hills o'erload the Ground,
And now the Games begin and Trumpets ſound.
'Firſt four tall Gallies in the Liſts appear,
'Drawn from the Fleet, which equal Rowers bear.

'The

'The ſpeedy Dolphin noble *Meneſtheus* led,
Of all the gen'rous *Memmian* Race the Head.
The great *Chimæra* mighty *Gyas* bore,
'Huge as a Town; three *Trojans* tugg each Oar,
'With luſty ſtrokes the foaming Billows roar.
Sergeſtus in the monſtrous *Centaur* came,
Who gave the *Sergian* Family the name.
'On Sea-green *Scylla*'s Deck *Cloanthus* ſtood,
'And thou *Cluentius* ow'ſt to him thy Blood.
'Againſt the foaming Shore a Rock there lies
Cowring in breaking Waves, o'er which they riſe
When Winter Storms obſcure the dusky Skies:
But when in Calms the Tides more ſmoothly run,
By basking Fowl ſought to enjoy the Sun:
On this a Mark, a green and new fell'd Oak
The Hero fix'd to guide the Rowers ſtroke.
'To bear with this, with ſteddy Helms they ſtand,
Then, rowing round, ſweat to the former Land:
They took their place by Lots.--------
Upon the Deck each graceful Captain ſtands
In Gold reflecting Robes, and dy'd by *Tyrian* hands.
The Youths their Heads with Poplar Wreaths entwine;
'Their naked Arms, with Oil anointed, ſhine,
And on their Seats, attentive, wait the ſign.
The fear of loſing, hopes of gaining, Praiſe,
At once their Courages abate and raiſe.

The

The ſignal giv'n by the ſhrill Trumpet's ſound,
They ſtart, and echoing Skies with Shouts reſound.
Their equal ſtrokes the foaming Surges ſweep,
Their brazen Prows plough up the briny Deep.
' Not fiery Courſers, harneſs'd for a Race,
' Part from the Liſts with half ſo ſwift a Pace,
When looſen'd Reins the eager Drivers yield,
Laſhing and ſcowring o'er the duſty Field.
The mix'd beholders earneſt Thoughts divide,
Who ſhout and murmur as they like the ſide:
From neighb'ring Groves ſhouts of Applauſe rebound;
The Hills and Shores repeat the joyful ſound.
Thus, while the crouded Land with clamours rung,
' The mighty *Gyas* from the others ſprung:
" *Cloanthus*, better mann'd, purſu'd him faſt,
' Whoſe heavy Galley lagg'd, and check'd his haſte.
' The *Dolphin* and the *Centaur* on a Line
Come after, and with equal vigour join.
' And now the way the *Centaur*'s Rowers lead,
' And now the nimble *Dolphin* is a-head:
' Now board to board they with like ardour vie
To gain the Prize; and o'er the Billows fly.
They all approach the Mark, *Chimæra* bore,
The conqu'ring *Gyas* merrily before;
Who to his Pilot call'd, Ho, Port, Port, ſtand
' To Shore, and let your Oars ev'n skim the Sand;
" Let others bear to Sea. *Menætes* fear'd
' The hidden Rocks, and out to Sea he ſteer'd.

Hard Helm a Weather, (*Gyas* call'd again)
Make to the Rock: Thus turn'd him from the Main:
'And then *Cloanthus* at his Stern he ſaw
'Fetching him up, and near the Shelvings draw;
Who cloſe between the Mark and *Centaur* ſtood,
Soon paſs'd them both, and ſafely ſcowr'd the Flood.
Then *Gyas* curs'd: nor weigh'd he what became
A chief, not all their Lives, with his affronted Fame:
Nor cooler thoughts his boiling Veins afford:
But hurls the cautious Dotard over-board,
And ſeiz'd the Helm: No Pilot now they knew
But him; he ſteers to rights to land, and chears his Crew.
'Hardly above the Waves at laſt appears
'*Menœtes*, ſtruggling with his Cloaths and Years,
Who gains the Rock, and while he ſits to dry,
The mocking Rout derides his Miſery.
New hopes and courage rais'd *Sergeſtus*' Mind
And *Mneſtheus*, when *Chimæra* lagg'd behind,
To gain the Rock *Sergeſtus* ſtrains before,
Yet *Mneſtheus*' Prow along his Mid-ſhip bore;
Who from the Poop on his Companions calls.
O *Hector*'s Friends, whom from the ſmoaking Walls
Of *Troy* I chuſe my Mates; now ply your Oars
With Strength and Fire, as when on *Africk* Shores,
Or when on the *Ionian* Seas you row'd,
Or through the dangers of *Malea*'s Flood.

Though

Though my ambitious Thoughts to Glory riſe,
I wiſh not to be firſt to gain the Prize!
Yet oh! But let the Crown unenvy'd be
His Lot, to whom the Gods the Crown decree:
Be only not the laſt, my Friends, 'tis baſe;
Let's ſtrive to conquer in a ſecond place.
" Now one and all they tug, the brazen Prow
Quivers, and ducks again with ſuch a Row;
The ſinewy *Trojans* ſweat, and pant, and blow.
Chance gave his wiſh: *Sergeſtus*, bent to win,
Raſhly with Rocks and Shelves locking his *Centaur* in,
Strives to haul out, but could not clear a Rock:
' His Galley ſtruck, and bulging with a Shock,
" Her Oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her Head ſhe broke:
The Rowers from the Banks ſtart up, and try
To heave her off; their iron Poles they ply,
And work for Life and not for Victory.
Their ſhatter'd Oars which floated on the Flood
They fiſh'd aboard. Now daring *Mneſtheus* proud
Of this ſucceſs, with joy the Winds implores,
And ſkims the open Sea with chearful Oars.
" As when a Dove her rocky hold forſakes,
' Rouz'd by ſome fright, her ruſtling Wings ſhe ſhakes,
The flutt'ring noiſe makes all the Cavern ring:
' Leaving her callow Young ſhe takes the Wing,
And cuts through liquid Skies her airy way:
Thus *Mneſtheus* now enjoys the foaming Sea.

' *Sergeſtus* in the *Centaur* firſt he paſs'd,
' Who, wedg'd in Rocks and Shallows, ſticking faſt,
Strives to get free, in vain their Aid implores,
' And practiſes to row with broken Oars.
Now overtakes *Chimæra*, then out-flies,
Who, having loſt her Pilot, yields the Prize.
" *Scylla* unvanquiſh'd only now remains,
" Her he purſues, and all his Vigour ſtrains.
The *Dolphin* all applaud, redoubl'd cries
Aſcend, repeated by reſounding Skies:
Theſe all the glory they had reap'd diſdain,
Deſpiſe half praiſe, and vow to die or gain.
Succeſs the others rais'd, and not a Man
But thinks to win, becauſe he thinks he can:
And equal Wreaths at laſt had crown'd their Brows,
But now to Sea his hands *Cloanthus* throws,
And, eager with the Gods, he made his Vow.
Ye Pow'rs, who rule the Seas through which I row,
If mine the Laurels prove, by you decreed,
' A ſnow-white Bull upon your Shores ſhall bleed;
Your greedy Waves ſhall taſte his reeking Blood,
And Wine in ruddy Rivers ſwell your Flood.
The *Nereids*, *Phorcus*, all the Sea-green Quire,
And *Panopea* favour his deſire.
' And old *Portunus* with his mighty hand
The Galley thruſts; with that ſhe ſtretch'd to Land;
' As Arrows ſwift, ſwift as the Wind ſhe flies,
And darts into the Port, and gains the Prize.

Æneas

Æneas ſummons all by Forms of Games;
They come; the Herald then aloud proclaims
Cloanthus Victor: Laurels crown his Brows:
On every Ship the Hero Gifts beſtows,
Three Steers, a ſilver Talent, Jars of Wine;
The Captains merits, in his Preſents ſhine.
A noble Robe he on the Conqu'ror throws,
' Where Gold and Purple wave in double rows.
' The Royal Youth is wrought with lively Art,
' Chaſing through *Ida*'s Groves the panting Hart:
Eager and ſtraining he their ſpeed out-vies,
Jove's Eagle ſtoops, and bears him to the Skies:
His aged Keepers to the Heav'ns complain,
His faithful Dogs howl through the Air in vain.
Bold *Mneſtheus* then, who by his Conduct ſhar'd,
The next in Fame, receiv'd the next Reward,
' A Coat of Mail: This fierce *Demoleus* wore,
' And fierce *Æneas* from his Shoulders tore
On *Simois*' Banks; 'twas wrought with plates of Gold,
And Chains of Iron link'd its treble fold;
Both to adorn in Arms and to defend.
Huge *Sagaris*, and brawny *Phegeus* bend
Beneath the load. Thus arm'd in bloody Fight
Demoleus chas'd the *Trojans* in their Flight.
Gyas who did at leaſt the third ſucceed,
Receives two Bowls and Chargers for his Meed;
' Of Silver thoſe, maſſive, and richly wrought,
' Theſe caſt of Braſs, and from *Dodona* brought.

While *Punick* Filleting their Temples ties,
Thus, loaded with their Gifts, their chearful Eyes,
Sparkling with manly Pride, confeſs their joys.
" At laſt with Toil *Sergeſtus* clears the Rock,
" But all his Larboard ſhatter'd with the Shock.
" And as a Snake, ſurpriz'd upon the Road,
Bruis'd by the Wheels of ſome o'erwhelming Load,
Or half divided by ſome Shepherd's wound,
Crawls heavily, and wreathes upon the Ground:
Fierce in her ſounder part, and burning Eyes,
She foams, her Scales in rage and torture riſe;
Dragging with Pain the wounded Tail behind,
That twiſts in Knots, which on her foldings bind.
Thus her unequal way the *Centaur* trails,
Yet ſafely gains the Port with lab'ring Sails;
The promis'd Gifts (ſuch as his Pains deſerv'd)
Both for his Galley and his Men preſerv'd:
" *Pholoe* the *Cretan* Slave, rewards his Care,
" Beauteous her ſelf, with ſmiling Twins as fair.
" From thence his way the *Trojan* Hero bent,
" Into a graſſy Plain, with Mountains pent:
" Whoſe brows were ſhaded with ſurrounding Wood;
" Full in the midſt of this fair Valley ſtood
" A native Theatre, which, riſing flow
" By juſt degrees, o'erlook'd the Ground below:
" High on the new rais'd Turf their Leader ſat;
" A num'rous Train attend in ſolemn State.

" Here

" Here thoſe who in the rapid Race delight,
" Deſire of Honour and the Prize invite;
" The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* mingl'd ſtand,
With *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, the foremoſt of the Band:
' *Euryalus* with Youth and Beauty crown'd,
" *Niſus* for Friendſhip to the Boy renown'd.
" *Diores* next, of *Priam*'s regal Race,
" Then *Salius* join'd with *Paron* took their place:
' But from *Epirus* one deriv'd his birth,
' The other ow'd it to *Arcadian* Earth.
" Then two *Sicilian* Youths, the names of theſe
' Were *Helymus* and lovely *Panopes*;
' Two jolly Huntſmen, in the Foreſt bred,
" And owning old *Aceſtes* for their head;
' With many others of obſcurer name,
" Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to Fame.
To theſe *Æneas* in the midſt aroſe,
And pleaſingly did thus his mind expoſe.
Not one of you ſhall unrewarded go,
On each I will two *Cretan* Spears beſtow
Pointed with poliſh'd Steel, a Battel-axe too
With ſilver ſtudded: Theſe in common ſhare.
The foremoſt three ſhall Olive-garlands wear.
The Victor, who ſhall firſt the Race obtain,
Shall for his Prize a well-breath'd Courſer gain,
' Adorn'd with Trappings. To the next in Fame
" The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,

" With

" With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well ſupply'd,
Hung on a golden Belt, and with a Jewel ty'd.
" The third this *Grecian* Helmet muſt content,
" He ſaid. To their appointed Baſe they went,
" With beating Hearts th' expected ſign receive,
' And, ſtarting all at once, the Station leave:
" Spread out, as on the wings of Winds, they flew,
" And ſeiz'd the diſtant Goal with eager view.
" Shot from the crowd, ſwift *Niſus* all o'erpaſt,
" Not Storms nor Thunder equal half his Haſte.
" The next, but, though the next, yet far disjoyn'd
' Came *Salius*; then a diſtant ſpace behind
Euryalus the third ---------
" Next *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd
" Step after Step, and almoſt Side by Side;
" His Shoulders preſſing, and in longer ſpace
" Had won, or left at leaſt a doubtful Race.
" Now ſpent, the Goal they almoſt reach at laſt,
" When eager *Niſus*, hapleſs in his Haſte,
" Slipt firſt, and, ſlipping, fell upon the Plain,
" Moiſt with the Blood of Oxen lately ſlain:
" The careleſs Victor had not mark'd his way,
" But, treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
" His Heels flew up, and on the graſſy Floor
" He fell, beſmear'd with Filth and holy Gore.
" Nor mindleſs then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
" Nor of the ſacred Bonds of Amity:

' He

" He ſtrove th' immediate Rival to oppoſe,
" And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he roſe:
" So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain;
" *Euryalus* ſprings out the Prize to gain,
" And cuts the Crowd: applauding Peals attend
" The Conqueror to the Goal, who conquer'd through his Friend.
" Next *Helymus*, and then *Diores* came,
" By two misfortunes, now the third in Fame.
" But *Salius* enters, and, exclaiming loud
" For Juſtice, deafens and diſturbs the Croud:
" Urges his cauſe may in the Court be heard,
" And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
" But favour for *Euryalus* appears;
" His blooming Beauty and his graceful Tears
" Had brib'd the Judges to protect his Claim;
" Beſides, *Diores* does as loud exclaim,
" Who vainly reaches at the laſt Reward,
" If the firſt Palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.
" Then thus the Prince: Let no diſputes ariſe,
" Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize;
" But give me leave her Errors to amend,
" At leaſt to pity a deſerving Friend.
Thus having ſaid, ----------
A Lion's Hide, amazing to behold,
Tondrous with Briſtles and with Paws of Gold,

He

He gave the Youth, which *Niſus* griev'd to view
" If ſuch Rewards to vanquiſh'd Men are due,
" (Said he) and falling is to riſe by you,
" What Prize may *Niſus* from your Bounty claim;
" Who merited the firſt Rewards and Fame?
' In falling both did equal Fortune try;
Wou'd Fortune make me fall as happily!
" With this he pointed to his Face, and ſhow'd
' His Hands and Body all beſmear'd with Blood.
" Th' indulgent Father of the People ſmil'd,
" And caus'd to be produc'd a maſſy Shield;
" Of wondrous Art by *Didymaon* wrought,
" Long ſince from *Neptune*'s Bars in triumph brought:
With this the graceful Youth he gratify'd,
Then the remaining Preſents did divide.
Stand forth who boaſt your force (*Æneas* cries)
And lift your Arms and Gauntlets to the Skies.
We double honours for the Fight ordain,
A Bull with Trappings ſhall the Victor gain;
A Sword and Helmet to the vanquiſh'd ſhare,
They merit who unfortunately dare.
Without delay huge *Dares* took the Field,
Applauding Hums the crowded Valley fill'd;
Of wondrous Stature and prodigious Bone,
Paris himſelf he had oppos'd alone.
'Twas he, who at the Tomb of *Hector* ſlew
Victorious *Butes*, half a Monſter too;

Sprawling

Sprawling upon the Sands thoſe Limbs he flung,
Which (as he bragg'd) from King *Amycus* ſprung.
Thus *Dares* eager to engage appears,
His brawny Back, and ſpreading Shoulders bares,
Around his Head his nervous Arms he throws,
Whirling the Air that whiſtles with his blows.
'His match is ſought, but none of all the Band
Durſt anſwer, or the fierce Encounter ſtand.
Now *Dares'* Tranſport ſparkles in his Eyes,
Without a Rival hopes to gain the Prize:
Seizing the Bull, thus to the Prince he ſaid.
O Goddeſs born, why are thy Gifts delay'd?
Since none appears who dare the Combat try:
How long muſt I the daſtard Crowd defie?
The *Trojans* all aſſent to his deſire,
Aud beg his Merit may receive its Hire.
Aceſtes then *Entellus* thus upbraids,
Who ſat a bare Spectator in the Shades.
In vain your noble Acts in former Days
Acquir'd you Honour and deſerv'd the Bays,
If you your Glory tamely now forego,
And ſee the Victor crown'd without a Foe.
Where is your God, the Patron you adore,
Eryx? Or where the Fame you ſought before,
Which through *Trinacria* rung your warlike Toils;
Adorn'd, and even hid our Walls with Spoils?
Entellus thus replies: That thirſt of Fame
Was never quench'd by fear. But oh the name!

The

The feeble Shadow only of your Friend
Remains; beneath o'er-labour'd Years I bend,
My Blood runs cold, my Soul's unedg'd by Time.
But were *Entellus* in that wanton Prime
Which *Dares* truſts; the Brave, who now defies,
Should feel this Arm, untempted by the Prize.
Then threw two pond'rous Gauntlets on the Field,
'Which mighty *Eryx* did in Combat wield;
And which the Hides of ſeven ſtrong Bulls compoſe,
Loaded with leaden Knobs, that iron Hoops encloſe.
The Cirque was ſtunn'd at the amazing Sight,
Dares was ſcarce ſo eager for the Fight.
The Prince admires them, turns, their Foldings weighs,
With wonder weighs them; when *Entellus* ſays,
What if *Alcides* Gauntlets you had ſeen,
'Or the ſtern Combat on this very Green?
'*Eryx*, your Brother, once theſe Gauntlets wore;
'You ſee them horrid ſtill with Brains and Gore.
With theſe he did oppoſe *Alcides'* Arm.
I us'd them while my youthful Blood was warm,
E'er Winter of my Days; the ſad decay
That ſprinkles on my Head this envious Grey.
If *Dares* is not fond of things like theſe,
And native Weapons more our Judges pleaſe:
Come boldly on, your *Trojan* Arms reſign,
To gratifie you, I can part with mine.

'This

'This said, he strips, and for the Fight prepares,
His manly Joints and brawny Arms he bares,
And in the Lists the bold Defier dares.
'But then *Æneas* equal Arms supply'd,
"Which round their Shoulders to their Wrists they ty'd:
'Stretch'd in their full Extent their Crests they rear,
And swing their Steel-clinch'd Fingers in the Air.
To ward the Strokes their working Heads retire,
And clashing Gauntlets flake their Fists with Fire:
His youthful Limbs more nimbly *Dares* plies,
This in his Strength exceeds, and Giant size:
But stiff with Age, his lab'ring Joints bend slow,
He shakes with panting, and his Nostrils blow.
Equal as yet they strike, and equal wound,
Their Back-bones echo, and their Chests resound:
A Shower of Thumps about their Temples fly,
And ratling Jaws their nervous Fists defy:
Entellus stands his Ground and wards but with his Eye.
Dares, like one who has beleaguer'd round
Some Fort or Town, on a commanding Ground,
Searches th' Approaches with his piercing Eyes,
But all his Skill as vain, as Valour tries.
Entellus stretching out, discharg'd a Blow,
But *Dares* slipp'd aside and shuns the Foe,
And down his Arm and he together go.
'So falls a hollow Pine, which Ages stood
In *Ida*'s or the *Erymanthian* Wood:

Both Nations riſe eager with Hope or Fear,
And rend with diff'rent-ſounding Cries the Air.
Swift to his Aid the firſt, *Aceſtes* flies,
And helps his equal aged Friend to riſe.
Undaunted he, nor ſlower to engage,
Is warm'd back forty Winters by his Rage;
Shame and his conſcious Worth his Boſom fill'd,
And now he chaces *Dares* through the Field;
' Nor Reſt nor Breath he to his Foe allows,
" But Storms of Strokes deſcend about his Brows,
" A ratling Tempeſt, and a hail of Blows.
Æneas then commands the Fight to ceaſe,
And ſtops the Conqu'ror while his Stroke increaſe;
Saving the Youth, and generouſly kind,
Thus ſtrives to ſooth his Shame, and raiſe his Mind.
What fury, *Dares*, does thy Courage warm,
To fight the more than Human in his Arm?
Or not perceive, ſupply'd by Strength divine
He ſtrikes; yield to a God. Thus both their Arms reſign.
' The fainting *Dares* ſpouts a clotting Flood,
" And pounded Teeth come guſhing with the Blood;
Trailing his Legs, and toſſing with his Head
His Friends ſupport, and to his Galley lead.
' The Sword and Cask are ſent to eaſe his Pain,
" And for his Foe the Palm and Bull remain.
Who cries, exalted with his proud Succeſs,
O Son of *Venus*, and you, Friends, confeſs

The

The Spright and Vigour of my youthful Nerves,
And from what Fate your Breath my Foe preſerves.
Then pois'd his Fiſt, and ſtood before the Bull,
And juſt between his Horns diſcharging full,
He lodg'd his maſſive Gauntlet in his Skull.
In Life's laſt fare-well Pangs on Earth he ſprawls;
Entellus then to mighty *Eryx* calls.
This Victim in the ſtead of *Dares* take,
The lateſt Off'rings which my Arms ſhall make.
Next by the Hero's Orders they expoſe
The Gifts, and to the Sports invite their Bows.
Sereſtus' Maſt they from the Galley tore,
Erecting it upon the neigh'bring Shore.
' With Cords upon the top a Dove they tye,
" (A living Mark, at which their Arrows fly,)
The Lots then from a brazen Helmet drew;
Hippocoon's firſt, and joyful Shouts purſue
His Chance. Next *Mneſtheus*, who at Sea had won
The Wreaths of Olive, which his Temples crown.
Eurytion, *Pandarus*'s Brother's Name,
Appears the third, known by a fatal Fame;
'Twas he that broke the Peace, and aim'd his Dart,
By *Pallas* urg'd, at *Menelaus'* Heart.
Aceſtes laſt, (his Name at bottom lay)
Whoſe Hands durſt yet the Toils of Youth eſſay:
' Straight all with Vigour bend their yielding Bows,
" And each his Arrows from his Quiver choſe.

Hyrtacides the firſt his Shafts lets fly
Whizzing in th' Air, and quiv'ring through the Sky:
It ſtruck the Maſt, which trembl'd with the Wound,
The Pidgeon flutters, and loud Shouts reſound.
Bold *Mneſtheus* ſtrongly drew, and with his Eye
Directs his Aim and Arrow to the Sky:
The Bird he miſs'd, (too eager in his haſte)
But cut the Knots which ty'd it to the Maſt:
She ſtretch'd her Wings, and to a Cloud they climb.
Eurytion ſtanding ready watch'd his time,
(Invoking *Pandarus* his Brother's Aid)
And pierc'd the Dove; upon her Wings diſplay'd
" She dies aloft, and quickly ſtrikes the Ground,
" And renders back the Arrow in the Wound.
Hopeleſs of Victory, *Aceſtes* now
Remains alone, yet draws his ſounding Bow
To ſhew his Art, and lets his Arrow fly;
That mounts with an amazing Prodigy:
A dreadful Omen, and too quickly found,
And which too late the Augurs ſhall expound.
The chafing Arrow, firing as it flies,
Leaves flaming Tracts behind, and burning Skies;
Till ſpent in Wind, the fainting Blazes fail
Like falling Stars, which draw a glaring Trail.
Both *Trojans* and *Sicilians* ſtood amaz'd,
And to the Gods their loud Devotion rais'd.
All but the Prince confeſſing their Surprize,
Who joyfully the King embracing (cries)

Al-

Almighty *Jove* your Merit has decreed
In new form'd Wonders; let my Gifts ſucceed:
Receive this Cup with Figures wrought in Gold,
" Which *Thracian Ciſſeus* gave my Sire of old.
This royal Pledge their laſting Friendſhip bound,
He ſaid, and then *Aceſtes* Victor crown'd.
" Nor did *Eurytion* envy him the Prize,
" Though he transfix'd the Pidgeon in the Skies.
Mneſtheus next him rewarded. He the laſt,
' Who with his Arrow ſtruck the trembling Maſt.
' *Æneas* juſt before the Prize was won,
" Call'd *Periphantes*, *Epytus*'s Son,
Guide and Companion of *Iulus*' Years,
And whiſper'd ſoftly in his faithful Ears.
Haſte, bid my Son, if he has arm'd, appear.
And in his Grand-Sire's Honour throw his Spear.
Then clears the Cirque, the Crowds on ev'ry ſide
Retire, at his Commands the Liſts ſet wide.
' The noble Youths (whoſe gilded Harneſs ſhine)
" Advance before their Parents on a Line.
The mix'd Beholders both admire and praiſe
Their graceful March, their Caſques are crown'd with Bays:
Pointed with Steel two Cornel Darts they hold;
Some carry'd Quivers, all had Chains of Gold.
Three Troops they were, each twelve; a Space divides
The Troops, the Chiefs have Maſters by their ſides:

Polites' Son, (call'd by his Grand-Sire's Name)
Young *Priam* led the first; the Youth whose Fame
Shall add new Honour to th' *Italian* Race.
His party-colour'd Courser bred in *Thrace*;
" White was the Fetlock of a Foot before;
White as the Star his lofty Forehead bore.
Young *Atis* led the next, (*Iulus'* Friend)
The Latin *Atti* from his Loins Descend.
In Order last, in Beauty far before,
A *Syrian* Courser young *Ascanius* bore,
Which *Dido* gave the Princely Youth to move
A grateful Memory of Royal Love.
The other Youths from King *Acestes* bred,
Were mounted each on a *Sicilian* Steed:
They praise their bashful Grace, th' Assembly joys
To see their Youth new sprouting in their Boys;
The tender Warriors view their Parents round,
The Signal *Periphantes'* Lashes sound,
The Body moves, then in three Squadrons parts,
By order wheel, they meet, and throw their Darts;
Then other Motions try, and Circles run
Troop against Troop, their Fellows charge and shun:
Fly, rally, and their Foes with Jav'lins dare,
In all its hurry representing War.
' At last (with Motions scarce discern'd) they join,
" And march together in a friendly Line.
' And as of old the *Cretan* Lab'rinth, fam'd
For turning Walls, with winding Mazes fram'd;

While endleſs ſecret Ways on ev'ry ſide
'Involv'd the Error, and receſs deny'd:
Thus *Trojan* Boys reſiſt their Fellow's way,
Fighting and flying in a warlike Play.
So harmleſs Dolphins with each other vie
In *Lybian* Seas, and wheeling Bodies ply.
This way of Juſting great *Aſcanius* brought
To *Alba*, and to ancient *Latins* taught
The Sports, which he in childiſh Years eſſay'd,
Which *Alban* Fathers to their Sons convey'd:
From them all-conq'ring *Rome* theſe Juſts proclaims,
And from their Founders call them *Trojan* Games.
Thus end the Sports at bleſs'd *Anchiſes* Urn,
Fortune which ſmil'd before begins to turn.
(The *Trojans* at their ſolemn Rites intent)
Revengeful *Juno* on new Miſchiefs bent,
Down to the *Ilian* Fleet her *Iris* ſent.
Supports her by the Wind; the Goddeſs flew,
Wrapp'd in a maze of Colours hid from view.
She ſaw vaſt Crowds upon the Coaſt reſort,
The Fleet unguarded in th' abandon'd Port:
'Saw *Trojan* Matrons by themſelves alone,
'Far on the Shore *Anchiſes* Loſs bemoan;
They view the Deep, and dolefully bewail
The tedious Voyage they had yet to ſail:
They jointly all refuſe to truſt the Floods,
And beg a City from th' immortal Gods.

Eager

Eager on Miſchief, *Iris* lay'd aſide
Her heavenly Form, and *Beroe*'s Shape ſupply'd.
Doryclus' aged Wife, who gain'd a Name
From noble Birth, her Off-ſpring and her Fame.
Her Voice the Matrons hear, while *Iris* ſpeaks:
She cries, Ah wretched Friends! by Flames and *Greeks*
Why were we ſpar'd, and from our ruin'd State
Sever'd, to languiſh in a ſlower Fate?
Seven Years are paſt ſince Royal *Priam* loſt
His Life and Crown; ſince we by Tempeſt toſt
From Sea to Sea, through Climates and through Lands,
" Inhoſpitable Rocks and barren Sands,
Have ſought th' *Italian* Coaſt, and ſeek in vain,
Yet ſtill we rove, ſtill tumble on the Main.
' Since ſafely here arriv'd, who can withſtand
' Our raiſing Walls on *Eryx*' friendly Land,
Where King *Aceſtes* bears ſupreme Command?
' O *Troy*, O houſhold Gods, preſerv'd in vain
From Foes and Flames! Ah, ſhall no Town retain,
' *Ilium*, thy Name? Nor we thy Walls renew?
Or *Simois*' Stream and *Xanthus*' Flood review?
' Haſte, join with me, let raging Flames deſtroy
' Th' unlucky Fleet: The Propheteſs of *Troy*
Aſleep I ſaw, ſhe held a flaming Brand.
Here fix your Seat, this is your promis'd Land,
Caſſandra ſaid; let us not loſe a Day;
We ſlight the Ghoſt when ſlowly we obey.

' See

'See *Neptune*'s Altars burn, the Gods inſpire
'Our Hearts to dare, and furniſh us the Fire.
'This ſaid, from hallow'd Flames a Brand ſhe drew,
'Toſs'd it aloft, and midſt the Navy threw.
The Women ſtood amaz'd in Doubts and Fears,
Then *Pyrgo* cry'd, (of all the firſt in Years,
Who nurs'd the Off-ſpring of King *Priam*'s Line:)
This is not *Beroe*, mark her Eyes, they ſhine
Divinely bright; *Ambroſian* Breath! what Grace
Adorns her Voice, and Majeſty her Pace!
'*Beroe*, but now I left, who grieving lay,
That ſhe alone ſhould be debarr'd to pay
The ſolemn Honours to *Anchiſes*' Shrine,
By Sickneſs hinder'd from the Rites divine.
Thus *Pyrgo* ſaid; the Dames divided ſtand
With Love to this, and Hope of promis'd Land;
While anxious Thoughts increaſe their doubtful Care,
They wildly on the *Trojan* Navy ſtare.
'On equal Wings to Heav'n the Goddeſs flies,
And ſpreads a dazling Rainbow through the Skies:
They ſhriek, aſtoniſh'd with th' amazing Sight,
And tear the Altars, driven by Rage and Fright.
They fire the gilded Sterns, the Banks and Oars,
And *Vulcan* through the Fleet triumphant ſoars.
The News *Eumelus* to the Cirque convey'd;
The Flame and Smoke more than his Words perſuade.
Aſcanius firſt, who proudly led the Van
With his young Troop, urging his Courſer ran

Straight

Eager on Miſchief, *Iris* lay'd aſide
Her heavenly Form, and *Beroe*'s Shape ſupply'd.
Doryclus' aged Wife, who gain'd a Name
From noble Birth, her Off-ſpring and her Fame.
Her Voice the Matrons hear, while *Iris* ſpeaks:
She cries, Ah wretched Friends! by Flames and *Greeks*
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Sever'd, to languiſh in a ſlower Fate?
Seven Years are paſt ſince Royal *Priam* loſt
His Life and Crown; ſince we by Tempeſt toſt
From Sea to Sea, through Climates and through Lands,
" Inhoſpitable Rocks and barren Sands,
Have ſought th' *Italian* Coaſt, and ſeek in vain,
Yet ſtill we rove, ſtill tumble on the Main.
' Since ſafely here arriv'd, who can withſtand
' Our raiſing Walls on *Eryx*' friendly Land,
Where King *Aceſtes* bears ſupreme Command?
' O *Troy*, O houſhold Gods, preſerv'd in vain
From Foes and Flames! Ah, ſhall no Town retain,
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' Haſte, join with me, let raging Flames deſtroy
' Th' unlucky Fleet: The Propheteſs of *Troy*
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The Flame and Smoke more than his Words perſuade.
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With his young Troop, urging his Courſer ran

Straight

Straight to the Port; his Teachers ſtrive in vain
To match his Speed, or ſuch a Haſte reſtrain.
What Frenzy, Friends, he cries, can thus deſtroy
With *Phrygian* Hands, the only Hopes of *Troy*?
Theſe are not *Grecian* Ships: He then threw down
His Helmet; and, to be the ſooner known,
Calls out, Behold *Aſcanius*, Friends, your own.
Thither *Æneas* and his *Trojans* run,
By different ways the frighted Matrons ſhun
Them, and the Light: In Woods to Rocks they climb,
Themſelves abhorring as they hate their Crime:
Now know their Friends, by cooler Thought poſſeſs'd,
When *Juno*'s Rage no more their Souls oppreſs'd.
'Not ſo devouring Flames their Fury ceaſe,
'Now 'twixt the Seams they lurk, and then increaſe
Among the Shrowds; with rolling Clouds of Smoke
They feed on wet, and rage on ſeaſon'd Oak:
O'er Decks, o'er Tranſons, o'er the Hulls prevail,
Nor Men, nor Seas in Buckets daſh'd avail;
'*Æneas* tears his *Trojan* Robe, and throws
"To Heav'n his Hands, and with his Hands his Vows.
Almighty *Jove*, if all the *Trojan* Race
Be not decreed to fall, or if your Grace
Our Toils can merit, help our ſinking State,
And ſave our ſmall Remains of *Troy* from Fate.
If this my Sins deſerve, at me alone
Your Thunder aim, let me for all atone.

He

He ſaid, and ſcarce had ſaid, when Storms ariſe,
Which ſouthern Winds drive rattling through the Skies:
The Heaven and Sun their Eyes beheld no more;
The Clouds flaſh all their Day; loud Tempeſts roar;
The Mountains tremble, and the Plains reſound,
And ſhoreleſs Oceans deluge on the Ground,
The burning Fleet's in danger to be drown'd.
Floods overcome, the Gallies flame no more;
And Fire and *Juno* conquer but in four.
This diſmal Chance the Hero half oppreſs'd,
'And anxious Thoughts divide his troubled Breaſt:
Forgetting Fate in this Perplexity,
He ſcarce reſolves to ſail from *Sicily*.
Old *Nautes* then, whoſe Soul *Tritonia* fir'd,
And long experienc'd Truths divine inſpir'd,
Gave this Advice, and ſooth'd the Hero's Mind,
Urg'd by Decrees of Fate, or by ſome God more kind.
Let us (ſays he) the Steps of Fate purſue,
'Yielding to Fortune, Fortune we ſubdue;
To old *Aceſtes* (of your Race divine)
Your Thoughts impart, and let his Counſel join.
To him deliver thoſe who did belong
To Ships now burnt, with all the uſeleſs Throng,
Of old and feeble, thoſe who love their Eaſe,
'Faint-hearted Youths and Dames, who dread the Seas:
'Here let them ſtay and build a Town for all,
'Which from *Aceſtes'* Name, *Aceſta* they ſhall call.

The

The words of *Nautes* ſtruggling Thoughts inſpire,
And combating deſigns his Boſom fire.
'Twas Night when bleſs'd *Anchiſes'* Soul appears,
(Sent from the Stars) and thus the Hero chears.
Dearer than Life, before that Life I loſt,
To you my Son, (by *Troy*'s Misfortune toſt)
Jove ſends me down; *Jove*, who your Ships preſerv'd,
And ſhew'd at laſt the Pity you deſerv'd.
The ſound Advice which *Nautes* gives purſue,
The young and brave ſhall *Italy* ſubdue;
Thither the boldeſt of your Troops convey,
And meet fierce Foes who dare oppoſe your way.
'But firſt you ſhall to *Pluto*'s Kingdoms go,
" And ſeek my Shade among the bleſs'd below;
Where with the Choirs of happy Souls I dwell,
Remote from all the damn'd and pains of Hell.
Black Victims to the Pow'rs infernal pay;
'The chaſte *Sibylla* waits to guide the way:
There you ſhall know your Fate, and all your Line,
What Walls for you and yours the Gods deſign.
Farewel, I go, Night half her courſe has run,
My airy form dreads the approaching Sun.
This ſaid, like Smoke the empty Shadow flew
To open Air, and diſappear'd from view.
O whither, Father? where? (*Æneas* cry'd)
'Why to your Son is your Embrace deny'd?

Then

Then Fires in Embers lurking he reſtores,
‘ Old *Veſta* and the *Trojan* Gods adores,
“ With Cakes and Incenſe he their Aid implores.
“ Next for his Royal Hoſt and Friends he ſent,
‘ And when they met, declares the Gods Intent
Related by his Father; lets them ſee
What he reſolv'd; to which they all agree:
They liſt the Matrons Names, and thoſe who fear
Alike the Praiſe and Dangers of the War;
‘ The Brave remaining, (though in Number few)
“ Oars, Planks, and Cables, half conſum'd, renew.
‘ And now *Æneas* with a Plough deſigns
The Circuit of the Town, the Buildings parts with Lines,
Calls them by honourable Names of *Troy*.
His new got Throne *Aceſtes* mounts with Joy;
A Seat of Juſtice founds, together draws
The Senators, and gives the People Laws.
On *Eryx*' lofty Top proud Temples riſe
To *Venus*' Fame, and neighbour on the Skies.
Next for *Anchiſes*' Shrine a Prieſt ordains,
And ſacred Groves ſurround his bleſs'd Remains.
‘ Nine Days in Feaſts the joyful People ſpent,
And on the Gods their juſt Devotions bent.
When gentle Breezes ſmooth'd the liquid Plain,
And Southern Gales invite them to the Main;
Sad Lamentations fill the pitying Sky,
All Day they hug Farewels, all Night they cry.

The Matrons now, and those who fear'd the Rage
Of stormy Seas, repent, and wou'd engage
In all the Tossings of the Sea and Wind,
And only dread their being left behind:
'These with soft Words the kind *Æneas* chears,
And to *Acestes* recommends with Tears.
Three Calves to *Eryx*, to the Storms he slays
'A bleating Lamb; his Haulsers slips and weighs;
'With Olive crown'd high on the Prow he stood,
And dashes Wine and Entrails in the Flood.
'The Wind blows full a Stern, the Rowers vie
"With equal Strokes, and o'er the Billows fly.
'Fair *Venus* now, with Cares and Sorrows press'd,
'Her sad Complaint to *Neptune* thus address'd.
The Rage of *Juno*, fierce and undecay'd,
Force me on you and all the Means of Aid;
'Nor Time nor Merit can allay her Hate,
Nor *Jove*'s Commands, nor the Decrees of Fate.
To level *Ilium* with the *Phrygian* Plains
Suffices not, she hunts the poor Remains,
And wou'd the Ashes of its Name destroy:
You know, why first she persecuted *Troy*.
"You saw the Storms she rais'd in *Libyan* Floods,
'Which mix'd the foaming Surges with the Clouds:
She vainly trusting *Æolus*'s Aid,
In your own Empire durst your Pow'r invade.
O horrid Malice! she the Rage inspir'd,
When frantick *Trojan* Dames their Navy fir'd;

'My

My Son compell'd (ſo many Gallies loſt)
'To leave his Friends upon a foreign Coaſt.
O grant my Prayer, propitiouſly convey
The *Trojan* Fleet with Safety through the Sea
To *Tyber*'s Banks, if Heaven with equal Grace
And Fate decree them to the *Ilian* Race.
To her the Trident-bearing God replies:
Youts is the Pow'r, where-e'er my Empire lies:
From thence you ſprung, and there you bore Command,
I plead a higher Merit from your Hand,
My Care preſerv'd your Son no leſs at Land.
'Let *Simois* and *Xanthus*' Gods atteſt,
'When flying *Troy* the fierce *Achilles* preſs'd
Back to their Walls, and round their Slaughter ſpread,
The mourning Rivers ſtraiten'd in their Bed;
Damm'd by the Slain, to me no more they flow'd,
Their Waves congealing with their Childrens Blood.
'I threw a Cloud before *Achilles*' Sight,
And ſav'd your Son from the unequal Fight:
And yet I wiſh'd to level with the Ground,
The perjur'd *Ilium* which my Hands did found:
Nor am I alter'd, baniſh from your Breaſt
Your Fears and Cares, and on my Conduct reſt.
My Floods ſhall to *Avernus*' Ports convey
Your Son, but one ſhall periſh in the way,
One ſingle Head for all the Fleet ſhall pay.

When *Neptune* thus had ſooth'd the Goddeſs' Mind,
He mounts his Chariot, while his Horſes, join'd
With foaming Bits, receive the looſen'd Reins:
His azure Throne ſcours o'er the glaſſy Plains.
Clouds diſappear, the Swellings of the Sea
Beneath the thund'ring Axle-tree give way.
His different Guards ariſe upon the Main,
Vaſt Whales and Dolphins, all green *Glaucus'* Train;
Palæmon, and the nimbler *Tritons* bend
Towards the Right, and *Phorcus'* Troops attend.
Bright *Thetis*, on the Left, and *Panopea* glide,
With all their Nymphs and *Nereids* by their Side.
New Hopes, new ſmiling Joys again review
The Hero's Breaſt; he calls to every Crew
'To raiſe their Maſts, and all their Sheets diſplay;
They hawl their Bolines and prepare their way:
The Starboard and the Larboard Brails unbind,
'They ſet their Sails and ſcud before the Wind.
'Ahead of all old *Palinurus* ſteer'd,
'And as he led, the *Trojan* Navy veer'd.
Night now had run half of her ſilent Way,
" The drowſy Rowers on their Benches lay;
When Sleep, deſcending with a lagging Flight,
Diſpels the Shadows of the gloomy Night.
Ah *Palinurus!* 'tis to thee he flies,
And fatal Reſt brings to thy harmleſs Eyes.
The God, like *Phorbas*, on the Stern appears,
And kindly whiſpers in the Pilot's Ears.

Come

Come *Palinurus* (ſince fair leading Gales
Conduct our Fleet, and fill our ſtretching Sails)
Allow an Hour for Sleep; ſnatch for a while
Your Eyes from watching and your Limbs from Toil;
'For that ſhort time I will your Place ſupply.
With Eyes half ſhut the Pilot made reply.
Have I ſo little try'd the Floods to truſt
Their treach'rous Smiles? Or can you think it juſt
I ſhould the great *Æneas* thus betray
To faithleſs Winds, ſo oft deceiv'd at Sea?
This ſaid, he graſp'd the Helm, no Minute ſpares,
Keeps on his Courſe, and gazes on the Stars.
'The God a Branch at both his Temples threw,
'In *Lethe* dipp'd and charm'd with *Stygian* Dew.
Immediate Sleep his glimm'ring Eye-lids ſeiz'd,
Scarce had ſurprizing Reſt his Sinews eas'd;
'The God falls heavy on him, in the Main
'He plung'd him with the Helm, calling for Help in vain.
Then pois'd on nimble Wings flew to the Skies,
Its ſteddy Courſe no leſs the Navy plies,
And, *Neptune* guiding, all Events defies:
Making the *Sirens* Rocks, a dangerous Shore,
Cover'd with Bones and Skulls in times before,
Where Waves againſt the rocky Shelvings roar.
Soon as *Æneas* felt his Galley toſs'd,
He by her Way perceiv'd his Pilot loſt;

His careful Hands upon the Helm attend,
And thus with friendly Wailings blames his Friend.
Too much you trusted to the fawning Sky,
And naked now on Shores unknown must lie.

The End of the Fifth Book.

G.R.e III. BR. MUS.